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PALANQUIN AND BEARERS.

# THE EARTH GIRDLED

The World as Seen To-Day

BY

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D. D.



Dr. Talmage's description of  
his journey to

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS  
THE SAMOAN GROUP  
NEW ZEALAND  
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CEYLON, EGYPT  
BIBLICAL ISLES OF THE  
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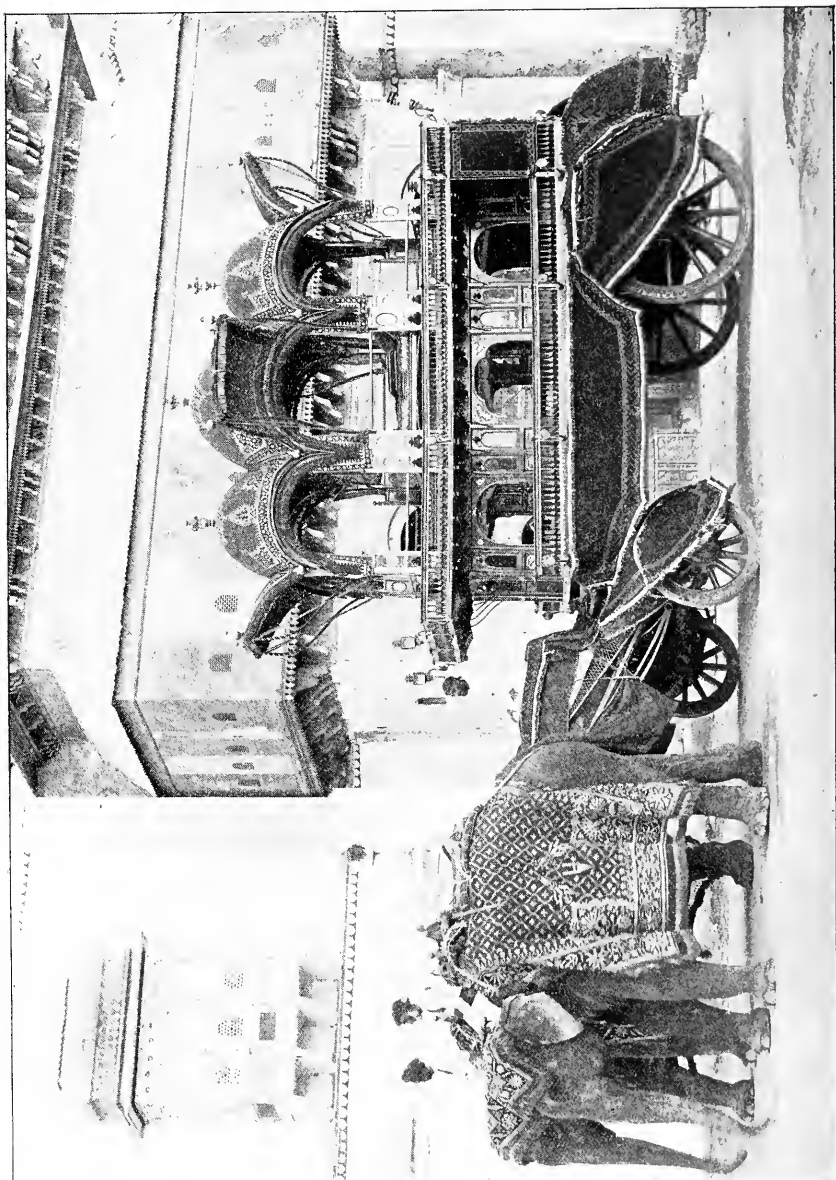
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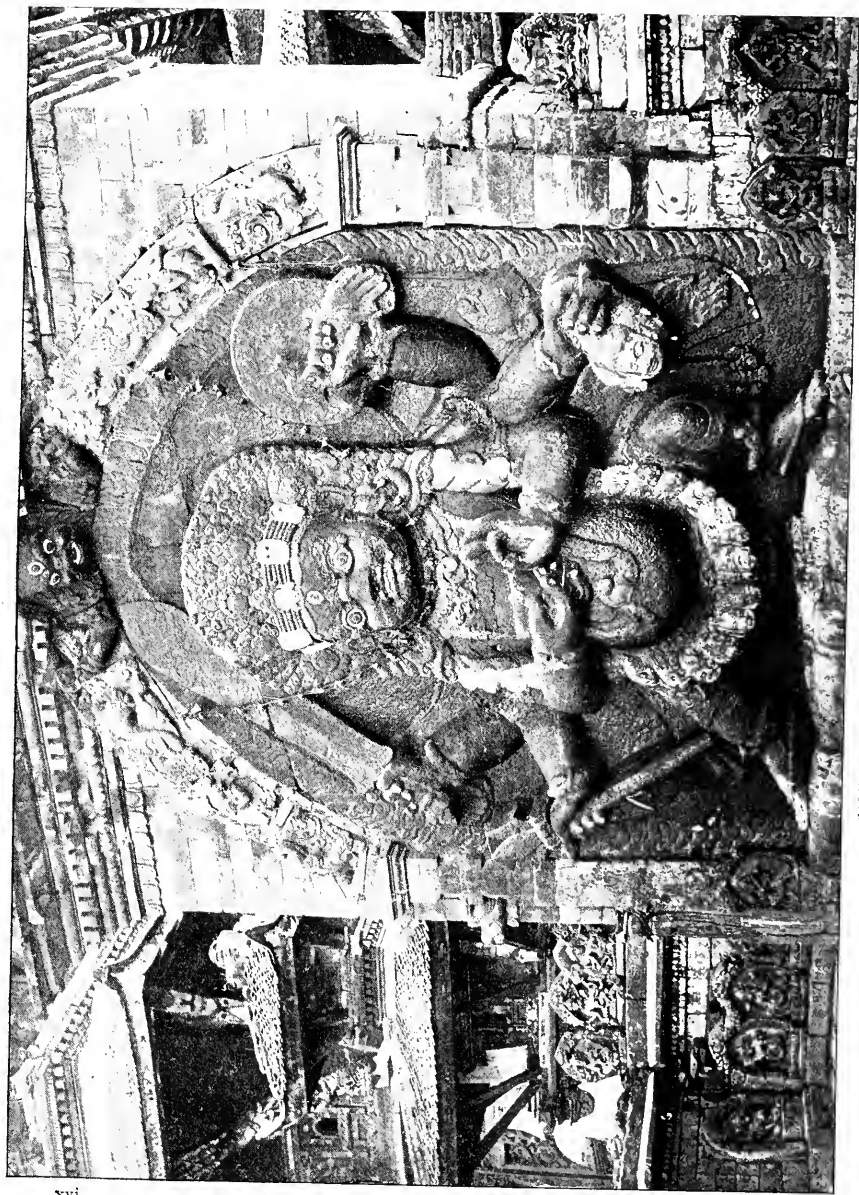
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5. King Thebaw's Prima Donna.
6. Children of the Orient.
7. Golden Pagoda.
8. Palace of an Indian Queen.

Choice Initial Letters.

Presentation Plate.



CARVED REPRESENTATION OF HEATHEN DEITY, INDIA.

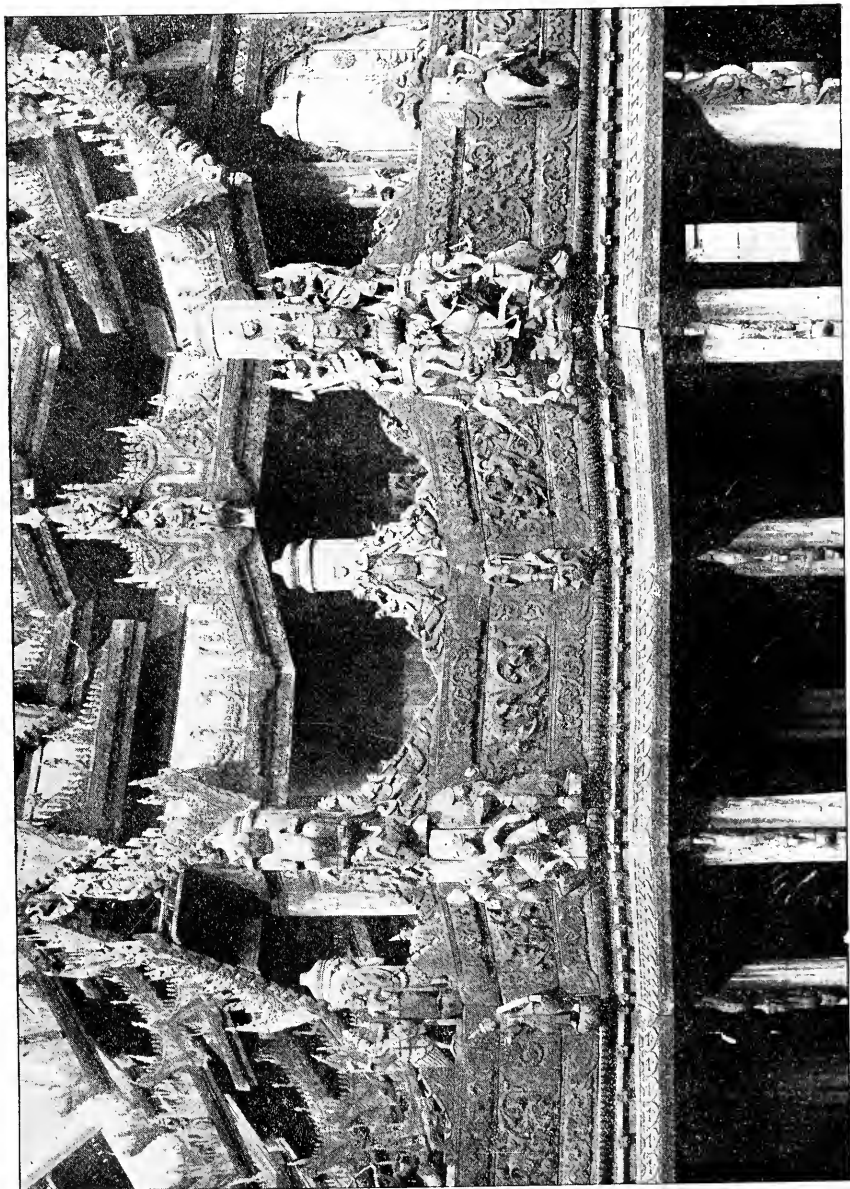
## AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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THE preface is something that must be done. A book without a preface is a house without a knob on the door, and without front steps. A book cannot look you full in the face until it is introduced by such a prefix. But in the millennium there will be no prefaces. They belong to the imperfect ages. If a book be good it needs no preface, and if it be useless or bad no amount of literary genuflexions at the start can save it. Beside that, if the author tells in a preface what he is going to do in the subsequent pages, he robs them of novelty. If you want to know what this book is, read it. Suffice it to say that it is an account of one journey around the world, with here and there a scene from my previous journeys to complete the links of the story.

*T. de Witt Talmage*

WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
March 2, 1896.



CARVING IN BALCONY, KYAUNG, AT MINGYIDU, EAST INDIA.

## Publisher's Preface

...Concerning...

### Dr. Talmage's American Celebration and Reception Before Starting on His Earth-Girdling Tour.

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HERE are heroes of peace greater, because more glorious in their usefulness, than demi-gods of war. He who builds is better than he who destroys; that one who binds up a wound is nobler than he who strikes down. The truly illustrious, the lordly, the blessed, are they who add to the joys of life, whose lives are at once song, fragrance, sunshine and example. It is infinitely better to endure for all time in the hearts of men, than to rest under the most splendid monument that pride can rear to genius, for one speaketh continually while the other becomes dumb and forgotten under the rust of age. A man's reputation should be measured not only by the esteem of his contemporaries, but also by his deeds and works for mankind, which will live after him. By such an appraisalment of man's value, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage must be regarded as a conspicuous example of worldly benefice as well as an instrument in God's hands for infinite good. His life is like a benediction, for he makes every man his brother; he scatters kindness as the sower scatters seed; he is a Samaritan among the needy, a defender of the weak, a Samson that gives battle to the lions of evil. People often ask, "To what denomination does Dr. Talmage belong?" The answer must be given that while he is a member of one church he is a clergyman of all churches that teach Christ. Not one who prepares the way as did the Baptist, nor as one who establishes churches as did Paul, but he is a disciple and evangelist; a teacher not of doctrines, but of brotherhood; who talks to the human heart, and who dispenses joy and love to all people, whose tabernacle is the heavens above, and the world his congregation.

For twenty-five years Dr. Talmage ministered to a charge in the city of Brooklyn, New York. He went to that place a stranger, and he began preaching there to small audiences, but his friends multiplied, his hearers rapidly increased in numbers, his popularity grew apace, and very soon the church in which he discoursed was found to be too small to accommodate all who came to hear him. A larger one was erected, but in a few years it too became inadequate, both in size and convenience. A fire destroyed it, without loss of life, and then a larger tabernacle was built, but his congregation increased so rapidly that, large as the structure was, it could not contain all that would hear him. A second time the tongue of flame touched and consumed his church edifice, but fire purifieth, and with unruffled resolution, unquenchable and unconquerable spirit, Dr. Talmage took upon himself the burden of raising a sum of money with which to build the largest tabernacle in America; a temple of worship that would give opportunity to thousands who had been denied the privilege of listening to his eloquence; large enough not only to receive his regular congregation, but sufficiently ample to also hold the great number of

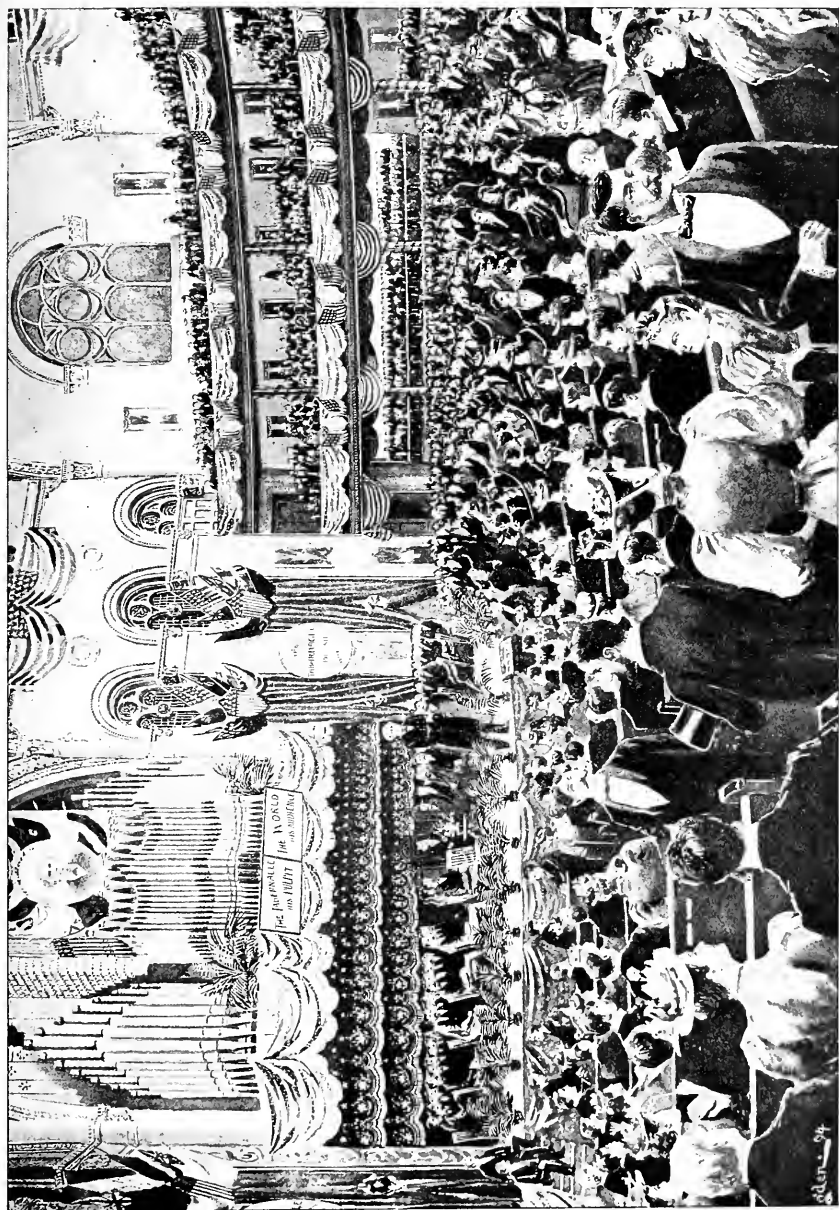
strangers who, visiting New York, sought the chance of hearing the most famous divine of the century. In this work of designing, and of raising funds, Dr. Talmage contributed all the energies of his tongue, pen and means. He preached, lectured, wrote and appealed; every day of the week his efforts were exerted in this splendid enterprise. No other man gave so liberally as he, both of work and money, toward carrying his conception of a colossal, grand, triumphant tabernacle to success. At last the great edifice was completed; the most glorious hour of his life was when the oratorio of dedication resounded through its spacious naves, and the world accepted the Brooklyn Tabernacle as a monument to the indefatigable energies and wide-reaching influence of Dr. Talmage, as well as a magnificent temple for the worship of God, the doors of which were thrown wide open to people of every faith, and in which charity and brotherhood had an unalterable abiding place.

Dr. Talmage has always been an immense worker; who that has read his sermons, has read his contributions to the press, has read the books which pour from his pen, has seen, or can understand, the numerous duties which devolve upon him as pastor of the largest congregation in America; the lectures which he delivers, the traveling that he is forced to do, the entertainments which his position requires him to attend, the correspondence which occupies so much of his time; who that considers all this, will fail to wonder how he manages to do so much, and above all how human mind can accomplish what he does so well. But there is a limit even to his marvelous spirit and endurance, though his genius seems to rise above all physical limitations. He felt not the heavy hand of years so much as the burdens of manifold exactions and increasing requirements. When, therefore, the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate in Brooklyn was about to close—twenty-five years of unremitting labor that would have crushed any man of less resolution—Dr. Talmage, through the urgings of his own congregation as much as by reason of an appreciation of his own physical needs, resolved to take an outing. He cannot endure rest, but he longed for recreation, for a change from the exhausting duties which had enslaved him for many years, and for the freshness of God's mornings in the wide pastures of the world. So, his determination having been made to take a vacation, he resolved to make a tour of the globe; not as a tourist, but rather as a pastor who visits his communicants, for as Dr. Talmage has for a long while preached through the newspapers to more than twenty-five millions of persons every week, and in nearly all the languages of civilization, wherever he might travel he would be certain to find many who are regular readers of his sermons.

When the purpose of Dr. Talmage became known, it was immediately proposed by many prominent citizens of Brooklyn to fittingly celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate in that city. The suggestion was hailed with such universal approval that the movement spread all over the country, and thence to Europe, and to all Christendom, until, to satisfy the demand, the demonstration took the form of a national and international reception, which was to be given in the Great Tabernacle on the tenth and eleventh of May, 1894, three days before the day he had appointed for starting upon a circumnavigation of the earth.

For this magnificent jubilee commemoration, which was at once ovation and pæan, the great church building was splendidly and elaborately decorated with banners and flags. On the front of the great organ was a large portrait of Dr. Talmage surrounded by a cluster of American and flags of other nations. Underneath these was the inscription: "The Tabernacle his pulpit; the world his audience." The back of the platform was hung with crimson plush, embroidered with gold. In the centre stood an enormous bouquet of lilies and roses. The front of the galleries was draped with blue plush, heavily embroidered in gold, and





CELEBRATION IN THE TABERNACLE OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR OF DR. TALMAGE'S BROOKLYN PASTORATE.

everywhere were the Stars and Stripes, draping the cornices and windows, twined about pillars and outlined against the other hangings, so that the American flag dominated the building, and the occasion. And how grandly appropriate were these embellishments, for next to his allegiance to Christ Dr. Talmage acknowledges with loyal pride his loving fealty to his country.

Eight o'clock was the hour appointed for the beginning of the celebrative services in the Tabernacle, but long before that time a tremendous crowd had gathered about the building completely blocking, with a jam of eager humanity, several squares. By seven o'clock, before the front doors were opened, the immense edifice, capable of seating comfortably 5000 persons, was filled to its utmost limit, save the platform, which had been reserved for special guests and those having in charge the commemorative exercises. When the hour of eight arrived services were opened by the organist, Henry Eyre Brown, rendering a brilliant composition of his own for the occasion, entitled "The Talmage Silver Anniversary March," which was received with a great applause.

When the last note of the organ died away, and expectation was on tip-toe, a distinguished company of participants, headed by the Mayor of Brooklyn (Mr. Schieren), filed out of the pastor's room and onto the platform, followed by Dr. Talmage himself, whose face was radiant with goodwill and gratitude. The exercises of celebration began by the entire audience singing the doxology, after which the Rev. James M. Farrar offered a prayer, then followed the introduction by Mr. Dimon, one of the trustees, of Mayor Schieren, who had been chosen to preside.

The first night of the commemoration was a distinctively Brooklyn celebration, and nearly all the speakers were notables of that city, among the number being distinguished Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and representatives of other denominations, besides the most prominent officials and citizens of Brooklyn. Mayor Schieren welcomed the vast audience in a speech of much warmth and congratulation, wherein he paid a splendid tribute to Dr. Talmage and to his congregation; other eloquent speakers delivered encomiums on the genius and work of the great preacher, which were received with the heartiest acclamations from the delighted gathering. Those who thus addressed the vast audience on the first night of the celebration were: Hon. Charles A. Schieren, Editor Bernard Peters, Rev. Father Sylvester Malone, Rev. Dr. John F. Carson, ex-Mayor David A. Boody, Rev. Dr. Gregg, Rabbi F. De Sol. Mendes, Rev. Dr. Louis A. Banks, Hon. John Winslow, Rev. Spencer F. Roche, Rev. A. C. Dixon.

At the reception, Thursday evening, Rev. Dr. Gregg, among other things, said:

"There is only one Dr. Talmage. There is more or less Talmage in every minister, but he is all Talmage. He lives among us unique. There is but one man in the American pulpit that can draw, and hold, and thrill, twice every Sabbath the year round, an audience of 8000. There is but one man on the globe that preaches the gospel every week through the press to 25,000,000. There is only one man living who, in taking a trip around the world, can say: 'I am simply out for a season of pastoral calls. I am taking a walk among the people of my congregation.' [Laughter and applause.] There is only one Dr. Talmage. With this fact before my mind I come to this great meeting to-night to congratulate our municipality that Dr. Talmage is a citizen of Brooklyn; to congratulate this vast church that Dr. Talmage is still the pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and to congratulate my brethren in the ministry that Dr. Talmage is still a member of the Brooklyn Presbytery in good and regular standing. [Laughter.] As his nearest Presbyterian neighbor, and as one of the delegates of the Brooklyn Presbytery appointed to stand on this platform, I bring to

Dr. Talmage and his great flock the goodwill and the prayers and the Godspeed of the Presbyterian community in this city of churches. I have come to this meeting to-night for another reason. It is a reason which all the ministers here have for coming. I come, as my brethren here come, to demonstrate to the public the freedom from jealousy which characterizes the men of the American pulpit. [Applause.] We heartily rejoice in the success of every true man of God, and we are glad of the opportunity to pay to every such man the tribute which he has lawfully earned. While I disclaim all jealousy and to-night willingly pay the tribute of praise to my beloved brother who rounds out a quarter of a century of multitudinous and successful labors in this tabernacle, I am honest enough to confess that I should like to be able to preach with a power that could set all these flags afloat and at full mast. The man who can do that is entitled to be circled round and round and to be saluted by these flags as Dr. Talmage is on this occasion. [Applause.] As I have seen Dr. Talmage from the pew I consider him the greatest word painter on any continent of earth. He paints for Christ. He thinks in pictures, and he who thinks in pictures thinks vividly. He paints with a large brush, with colors that burn and glow, and nations gather around his pictures and feel an uplift and a holy thrill. There is one thing which Dr. Talmage is able to use beyond any man I have ever heard speak, and that is the rhetorical pause. He makes his sermons vivid and impressive with the flash of a golden silence. Having rounded his period and finished his point he stops until the hush of heaven fills the house and until the audience has felt the power of God's truth."

Among other things Rev. Dr. Banks said:

"I am very glad, Mr. Chairman, of the opportunity of bringing my handful of wild flowers from the Oregon hillsides where I first came to know and admire Dr. Talmage (and where I never dreamed that I should ever live to see him in the flesh, much less take him by the hand), and add them to the garland we are weaving for the head of the most widely known chieftain of the American pulpit—indeed, I doubt not, the most universally read of all preachers now living in the world. I am glad to do this for several reasons. First, because Dr. Talmage has, in my judgment, done more to revolutionize preaching in respect to its being made entertaining and interesting, than any other man now among us.

"It is equally true to say that no other minister of our time has done so much to give consecrated individuality the right of way. I believe that in no other way has humanity lost so much as in the repression of individuality. Against the tendency to cut all ministers off of the same piece of cloth, make them up in the same style and hold them to a sort of sanctified dudgeon, midway between a corpse-like dignity and pious imbecility, Dr. Talmage has stood as a pulpit Gibraltar, and thousands of young ministers, encouraged by his example and inspired by his independence, have been brave enough to be themselves and live their own lives and do their own work in their own way."

At the close of the meeting Dr. Talmage was called for, and as he came forward the audience hailed him with such applause that it was several minutes before quiet could be restored sufficiently for him to speak. His response to this ovation was as follows:

"Dear Mr. Mayor and friends before me, and friends behind me, and friends all around me, and friends hovering over me, and friends in this room and the adjoining rooms, and friends indoors and outdoors—forever photographed upon my mind and heart is this scene of May 10, 1894. The lights, the flags, the decorations, the flowers, the music, the illumined faces will remain with me while earthly life lasts, and be a cause of thanksgiving after I have passed into the great beyond. Two feelings dominate me to-night—gratitude and unworthiness; gratitude, first to God, and next to all you who have complimented me by

your presence or your speech, or who have by letter or telegram or cablegram sent salutations; and unworthiness—for who would dare to take to himself one-half of the applaudatory things here to-night uttered? While our magnetic and eloquent friends were speaking it seemed that they must mean some other man than myself, someone with more gifts and holier life and higher achievements. What a commingling of all religions! Surely upon no platform since the world stood have there been gathered so many different styles of belief. This is a section of the millennium let down. The lamb and the lion here lie down together, and you cannot tell who is the lion and who the lamb. The same spirit reigns here that the Quaker expressed to George Whitfield, when Whitfield in his clerical gown was disposed to criticise the broad-brimmed hat of the Quaker, and the latter said: ‘George, I am as thou art. I am for bringing all men to the hope of the gospel; therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my broad brim, I will not quarrel with thee about thy black gown. George, give me thy hand.’ God bless the mayor, the ministers, the lawyers, the doctors, the merchants, the citizens, the splendid men and the magnificent women of Brooklyn. I am not surprised at what a policeman told me on the Brooklyn bridge a few days ago, when he said that he would rather be hung in Brooklyn than die a natural death in any other city. I cannot quite adopt that sentiment, but I do believe that Brooklyn is a lovely place for residence. There are three classes of people whom I especially admire: Men, women and children. All this scene to-night confirms me in the idea I long ago adopted, that this is the brightest and best world I ever got into. The fact is, I can stand as much kindness as any man I ever knew. My twenty-five years in Brooklyn have been happy years. Hard work of course. This is the fourth church in which I have preached since coming to Brooklyn, and how much of the difficult work of church building that implies you can appreciate. This church had its mother and its grandmother and its great-grandmother. I could not tell the story of disasters without telling the story of heroes and heroines, and around me in all these years have stood men and women of whom the world was not worthy. But for the most part the twenty-five years have been to me a great happiness. With all good people here present the wonder is, although they may not express it, ‘What will be the effect upon the pastor of this church of all this scene?’ Only one effect, I assure you, and that an inspiration for better work for God and humanity. And the question is already absorbing my entire nature, ‘What can I do to repay Brooklyn for this great uprising?’ Here is my hand and heart for a campaign of harder work for God and righteousness than I have ever yet accomplished. I have been told that sometimes in the Alps there are great avalanches called down by a shepherd’s voice. The pure white snows pile up higher and higher like a great white throne, mountains of snow on mountains of snow, and all is so delicately and evenly poised that the touch of a hand or the vibration of air caused by the human voice will send down the avalanche into the valleys with all encompassing and overwhelming power. Well, to-night I think that the heavens above us are full of pure white blessings, mountains of mercy on mountains of mercy, and it will not take much to bring down the avalanche of benediction, and so I put up my right hand to reach it, and lift my voice to start it. And now let the avalanche of blessing come upon your bodies, your minds, your souls, your homes, your churches and your city. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory! Amen and amen!”

At the conclusion of Dr. Talmage’s remarks and thankofferings the audience applauded most heartily and then further manifested their feelings of loving appreciation and endearment by singing

“God be with you till we meet again.”

The services of the first day of celebration were concluded by the organist playing the march from "The Queen of Sheba," but it was not until after midnight that the gathering dispersed, so delightful had been the entertainment, in correspondence with the warmth of their affectionate esteem for the universally beloved pastor.

#### SECOND DAY OF THE CELEBRATION.

The evening of May 10, 1894, will ever be a memorable anniversary for the people of Brooklyn, for upon that date, it will long be remembered, was given to Dr. Talmage such an ovation as few if any other civilians have ever received at the hands of their friends. The celebration of the conclusion of his twenty-five years of active ministerial labor in that city was made an event not only municipal, not only national, but international as well. The first evening of the services of commemoration was largely devoted to an expression of the loving regard in which Dr. Talmage is held by the people of his own city, but all Christendom wanted a voice in this service of celebration, approbation and admiration, and the occasion was therefore at hand upon which to express it. The second evening was accordingly made an international observance of the silver anniversary, and the participants, by presence, speech and letters, were from all parts of the world; great men and distinguished women, thankful for the opportunity to offer their tributes to the preacher who every week sermonizes to people of every civilized land.

The exercises of the second evening of celebration were opened with prayer by the eloquent Dr. Milburn, chaplain of the United States Senate, followed by the rendering of the "Talmage Silver Anniversary March" by the organist. Hon. B. F. Tracy, ex-Secretary of the Navy, was chosen to preside during the evening, and in accepting the position spoke as follows:

#### SPEECH OF GENERAL TRACY.

*"Ladies and Gentlemen—*Among the great cities of the Union Brooklyn has many claims to distinction, and not the least of these is to be found in the learning, ability and patriotic zeal of its clergy. I speak only the simple truth when I say that the fame of Brooklyn rests largely upon the fame of its great preachers. It will, I think, be admitted by all that the people of Brooklyn are able to recognize a great preacher when they hear him, and when they call him to one of their churches they take him as a man takes the partner of his life, for better or worse so long as they both shall live. No really great preacher once settled in Brooklyn has ever left it to take up his field of labor elsewhere. Brooklyn is not a commercial city in the sense that is true of New York, Chicago, Boston or San Francisco. It is a city of homes and there is something in the strength and purity of its home influence and in the love of its people for a home life that has contributed largely to the marked success of its great public teachers. It has been called the City of Churches, not so much I apprehend because the proportion of churches to the population exceeds that of other cities as because of the deeper hold of the churches themselves upon the life of the people as well as the exceptional ability and devotion of the ministers that have filled their pulpits. Brooklyn does not postpone the just recognition of the services of its great religious teachers until after they are gone, but assists and co-operates with them in their good work by extending to them in their lifetime words of praise and encouragement. Such is the object and purpose of this celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the pastorate of Dr. Talmage in Brooklyn. Last evening Brooklyn honored itself by a celebration, local in character, but this evening the celebration takes a wider scope. It becomes national and

even international in its character. And it is fitting that it should be so. While Dr. Talmage for the last twenty-five years has been heard in Brooklyn, his sermons delivered here have been read the world over. No preacher of to-day, or of any day, or of any time, has been so generally heard and so widely read as Dr. Talmage. His sermons are published every week in more than three thousand different newspapers, each of which reaches thousands upon thousands of readers. There is scarcely a city or village in the United States from Maine to Texas, or from New York to San Francisco, in which the sermons delivered in this Tabernacle are not regularly published in full every week. The same is true of Great Britain. They are also published in Australia, New Zealand and in India, and they have been translated into more than half a dozen different European languages. It is believed that the sermons of Dr. Talmage enter week by week more than five millions of homes and are placed within the reach of more than twenty millions of people. And this has been so now for many years. No minister of the gospel in the world's history ever commanded in his lifetime so great an audience, and no stronger proof could be given that this man teaches what the world needs to hear, that he truly ministers to the souls of men. This is the secret of the influence which our friend has exerted, that in bearing his message he speaks a language that finds a response in every human heart. The breadth and depth and strength of that influence are attested by the warm and kindly greetings that we shall hear to-night from men of worth not only in this country, but throughout the world, men whose esteem and friendship are a valued possession to all who have been fortunate enough to win them. Many such men have come here to do him honor. Others, who could not come in person, take part in this celebration by sending their earnest congratulations. Among them are Senators of the United States, Governors of States, clergymen of distinction all over the world, the bishops of other churches and public men of foreign lands, and foremost among these last is that prominent statesman and scholar, only recently retired full of years and of honors. I mean the late prime minister of Great Britain, William E. Gladstone. Upon such men has the influence of the teachings of Dr. Talmage made itself felt. It has been diffused over all lands and among all classes and conditions of humanity. It has reached the furthest boundaries of the civilized world. It has touched those who guide and direct the affairs of nations as well as the humblest citizen. Such an influence is a powerful instrument for good. It is a common boast in this country that there is no connection between church and State, and in the sense that the State seeks not to control the church or the convictions of its members the boast is justified. But there is a broader meaning than this to the relation of church and State, which lies in the influence for good by the membership of the church upon the State and those who direct its affairs. And by the church I mean no sect or denomination, but the whole body of Christian believers. In this sense the connection cannot be too close, and it is far from being as close as it ought to be to-day. The church should exact the same standard of right in the conduct of public affairs that it exacts in the private lives of its members. It should tolerate no divergence from the straight path of public integrity. It should not palter with wickedness, even when the wickedness is sought to be excused on the ground that the offence is political rather than personal in its character. It should teach and should enforce the same code of morals and honesty in public life as in private life. It should crush out the theory which has been the root of much evil in our political system, that there is one code of morals in affairs of the State and another code of morals in the conduct of private relations. A man cannot be honest in streaks or in spots. An honest man must be an honest man throughout. A man who is not honest may simulate honesty for years, though his heart is rotten all the

while. It is only the temptation and the opportunity that are wanting to show him in his true character. A man with such a character, raised to eminent public office, engaged in the administration of public affairs, may work incalculable mischief both to the morals of the community and to the welfare of the State; but so long as his dishonesty is against the State it is too often condoned and forgotten. To correct this error is one of the foremost duties of Christian citizenship in this age and in this country, and it is, I believe, in recognition of this fact and to do honor to one fearless in the discharge of his duty as a Christian teacher, in public as well as in private affairs, that we are assembled here to-night."

General Tracy was followed by the Hon. William M. Evarts, who spoke in a similarly eulogistic strain, after which Hon. Patrick Walsh, United States Senator from Georgia, delivered a most eloquent tribute which brought forth repeated applause. Hon. Joseph C. Hendrix, Congressman from Brooklyn, delighted the immense audience with many witty references, and also with unstinted praise for Dr. Talmage, at the conclusion of which letters, telegrams and cablegrams were read from hundreds of persons, all expressive of great admiration for the subject of this grand and fitting international reception. Among those who thus participated in spirit in the celebration were Mr. Gladstone, the Arch-Deacon of London, Canon Wilberforce, Professor Simpson of Edinburgh, Thain Davidson, the Bishop of London, the Governor-General of Canada, Count Andre Bobrinskoy, of St. Petersburg, ex-President Harrison, Senator John Sherman, Governor McKinley, and in fact Governors of nearly all the States, many members of the United States Senate, prominent ministers of various denominations, members of the Supreme Court, General Schofield, commander of the armies of the United States, and from distinguished persons in the various walks of life.

Among the hundred or more letters and cablegrams containing congratulations that were read, were the following:

Letter from Herbert Gladstone, Dollis Hill, N. W.:

Mr. Gladstone, being somewhat out of health, has to restrict his correspondence as much as possible, but he desires me to say for him that Dr. Talmage always has his best wishes, and that he remembers with much interest the occasions when he has had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Talmage.

HERBERT GLADSTONE.

Cablegram from London:

Cordial congratulations; grateful acknowledgment of splendid services in ministry during last twenty-five years. Warm wishes for future prosperity.

ARCHDEACON OF LONDON,  
CANON WILBERFORCE,  
THAIN DAVIDSON,  
PROFESSOR SIMPSON,  
JOHN LOBB,  
BISHOP OF LONDON.

Letter from Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, Ottawa:

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the twenty-third of April, inviting me to be present at the reception to be tendered to the Rev. Dr. Talmage on the eleventh.

I regret that, owing to engagements here, I am compelled to decline the courteous invitation thus extended to me, but I beg to offer good wishes in relation to this demonstration of esteem and goodwill toward Dr. Talmage.

*Albion*

## THE EARTH GIRDLED.

Russian cablegram from Count Andre Bobrinskoy, St. Petersburg, Russia :

Heartfelt congratulations from gratefully remembering Russian friends.

Letter from United States Senator John Sherman :

Your kind invitation in behalf of your committee that I attend the reception to be tendered to Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., LL.D., on the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate in Brooklyn is received. There is no one for whom I would more cheerfully express my sincere regard and my hearty appreciation of his wonderful ability than Mr. Talmage. I have heard him and heard of him for so many years, and have read so many of his sermons that I hold him in my estimation as the greatest preacher of our time. All this and much more I could say for him if I were at liberty to attend, but I feel that my official duties here will not permit me to leave at a time when so many interests are involved in the legislation of Congress.

Thanking you for your kind invitation, I am,

Very truly yours,

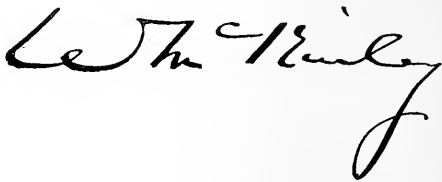


Letter from William Walter Phelps, ex-Minister to Germany, Hot Springs, Va. :

I shall not be well enough to accept the invitation, of which I would gladly avail myself, to testify that an acquaintance of a score of years, renewed at home and abroad, in public and private, has only increased my admiration for the amount of patriotic, social and religious work which that impetuous, unselfish and gifted man, Dr. Talmage, has done.

Letter from Governor McKinley :

I feel honored by the invitation you have sent me to take part in the reception to be tendered to the Rev. Dr. Talmage in celebration of the twenty-fifth year of his pastorate at the Brooklyn Tabernacle. While it is impossible for me to be present, I take occasion to give expression to the great respect and esteem in which I hold Dr. Talmage. The American people, irrespective of denominational differences, have a pride in the ability and public services of Dr. Talmage. His influence for good, in the direction of public sentiment, extends far beyond his own church and his own congregation ; it is felt all over our country, and even beyond the seas. Please convey to the Doctor my regards and congratulations. Very truly yours,



The Governor of Virginia, Hon. Chas. T. O'Ferrall, wrote :

Among the clergy of America he is the foremost man of the age, and his influence is felt at almost every Christian fireside, while his scholarly ability and eloquence have won him a world-wide reputation. The compliment to be conferred upon him is a well-merited one, and is, after all, but another laurel added to the honors of a long and useful life.

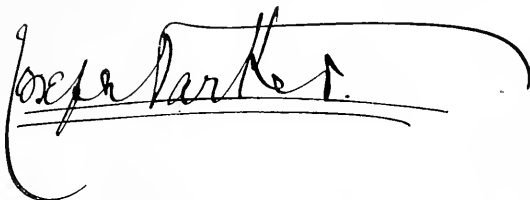
The Governor of Wyoming, Hon. John E. Osborn, wrote :

No name stands higher in the galaxy of great American names than that of Dr. Talmage. No man has done more for the lasting benefit of the race than he, and no one has done more for the dissemination of the doctrine of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, the beautiful religion of the Carpenter of Nazareth, than he, and there is, I think, no true American citizen but feels a wave of admiration and love swell in his breast at the mention of the great teacher of the Brooklyn Tabernacle.



## Letter from Joseph Parker :

I have so often expressed my appreciation of Dr. Talmage that I feel it to be quite needless to add one word of eulogy, even in view of the impending celebration of his twenty-fifth pastoral anniversary. I have been asked to join others in sending a telegram of congratulation, but I do not wish to be one of a number in recognizing an event which is so intensely personal. In the realm of religious imagination, power, fertility, and ardour of fancy, Dr. Talmage stands in my esteem absolutely without a rival in the Christian pulpit of to-day. It is within my certain knowledge that not only is his ministry imaginatively and verbally splendid, but that it carries with it converting and elevating power. This is of course the highest tribute which can be paid to any ministry ; and I do nothing but the barest justice to a brother minister in thus solemnly and gratefully recording the fact. Association with Dr. Talmage is most discouraging to men of smaller capacity and feeblar nerve. We can only stand back from him and each say, "I, too, am a preacher." I offer him my love, and confidence, and gratitude, on the occasion of his Silver Wedding with the church in Brooklyn.



## The Governor of Michigan, Hon. John P. Rich, wrote :

While Dr. Talmage has been pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle for the past twenty-five years, he has had the nation, and to a large extent the civilized world, for an audience.

## United States Senator James K. Jones wrote :

The results of his great labors will be felt to the last syllable of recorded time, and his name will be honored through all the future as it is loved by those who know him now.

## Bishop John F. Hurst wrote :

The church in this and all other countries has been enriched by his labors. Many a life has become beautiful through his teachings. All classes have shared in the benefactions of his heart and hand.

## Bishop John H. Vincent wrote :

I rejoice in all successes which crown Dr. Talmage, the brilliant and loyal American preacher.

After more than an hour spent in reading these congratulatory tributes, Rev. Charles L. Thompson spoke eloquently of Dr. Talmage's genius, work and influence, followed by Murat Halstead, as representative of the press, who in turn was succeeded by Rev. Dr. J. J. Lansing. At the conclusion of the latter's remarks Gen. Tracy called for Dr. Talmage, who responded to the ovation tendered to him as follows :

## SPEECH OF DR. TALMAGE.

"Whether to address the presiding officer of this evening as one of the heroes of the United States army and call him General, or as recently a member of presidential cabinet, who helped lift the navy from insignificance to a war armament that commands the respect of the world, and call him ex-Secretary ; or as one of the brilliant leaders in the American court-room and call him attorney-at-law, I am undecided, and so will do neither, but address him as Mr. Chairman. God bless you for your kindness in coming here to-night to preside over this audience. What in this scene has made the deepest impression upon

the mind of this audience I do not know. The most vivid on my mind is an impression that has no reference to myself at all. We have been told that religion is a weak thing, fit for the weak mind, and an obsolete affair belonging to the ages of superstition. I point to the group of illustrious men on this platform to prove that the brain, the learning, the eloquence, the splendid manhood of America is on the side of Jesus Christ. If religion had been a sham, these are the men who would have found it out. We have in this land and on this platform the man who, after filling the office of Secretary of the United States, and belonging to two Presidential Cabinets, and pleading in the most important cases that ever came before judge or jury, stands now a combination of Edmund Burke and Daniel Webster—I mean William M. Evarts. We have been led to-night in prayer by the John Milton of the American pulpit, like the one after whom I call him, his eye-sight blasted by excess of vision, turning aside from the United States Senate to pray for us at the time when the Senate most needs his prayers to help them in the struggle with the Wilson bill. Georgia sends to us its distinguished citizen, the achievements of his great editorial pen now to be eclipsed by his mighty mission in the United States Senate. Henry W. Grady and Senator Colquitt have passed away, but, thank God, we have in their place Hon. Patrick Walsh. On this platform we have a member of another branch of the national legislature, but whether he is on the way to gubernatorial or presidential chair I know not, but this I do know: He is our joy and our pride, Hon. Joseph C. Hendrix. But the committee of reception does full honor to my own profession; and so they invited to this platform a minister of the gospel who after rousing the cities of the west with his superb work now stands in New York Sabbath by Sabbath telling the sweetest story that was ever told, as he only can tell it—Dr. Charles L. Thompson. Boston also must be heard from, and Boston is here in the pastor of the most historical pulpit in that city, the Park Congregational—my friend of many years, the Rev. Dr. Lansing. And there is here Murat Halstead, our great editor, and one of the grandest acquisitions Brooklyn has ever had. Oh, I forgot that this meeting somewhat refers to myself, and that makes me feel a little weaker than I ever felt before. A hundred thousand thanks. I suppose I may as well make it a million."

Dr. George W. Bethune, once a great preacher on Brooklyn Heights, was stopping over night at a Pennsylvania farm-house. In the morning the Doctor sat at the breakfast table alone, for the good housewife felt that was the best way to honor him. And when the buckwheat cakes were put upon his plate the good woman stood by him with the molasses cup to pour the sweetness on his cakes, and she said to him, 'How will you take this molasses on these cakes? Will you take it crinkle-crinkle or all in a puddle?' To-night to me the sweetness has come in the latter way, and all in a puddle. This is the supreme hour of my life. Many emotions stir my soul, but neither the Brooklyn City reception last night nor the national and international reception to-night, so far as I know my own heart, has created in me one feeling of exultation or pride. It has only stirred in me a profound wish and prayer that I might hereafter prove myself worthy of all this kindness. Up till forty years of age a man may have ambition for himself, but for the most part after that it is ambition for his children; and I shall hand over to my children in every form that I can preserve the memories of last night and to-night. I shall tell them never to forget the men who stood on this platform and when the sons of these men come on the stage of action, to seek to cheer them as much as their fathers have cheered me. The fact is, that to all of us life is a struggle. By kind thoughts and kind words and kind deeds, let us help each other on the way and then may we all meet coming up from north and south and east and west, and

from both sides of the sea, in our Father's house, where so many of our loved ones are now awaiting our arrival. Myself having thanked the gentlemen who have taken part in this meeting, I ask this audience, when I shall give them the signal, to rise and take out their handkerchiefs and wave them and give three cheers for the illustrious guests of the evening."

The audience was dismissed with benedictions, but it was not until the early morning hours that the Tabernacle was entirely emptied and Dr. Talmage was finally permitted to retire.

The whole meeting seemed an echo of the appreciation expressed by Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon, of London, when he wrote to Doctor Talmage on the receipt of a book of sermons twenty-three years ago:

I shall greatly prize the volume you have sent me. The discourses I have read before, but from the giver I had not ere this received special greeting. Fellow-soldier, I return your salutation most heartily. The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour! So may He ever be with thee till the campaign closes with victory.

I am indeed glad of your voice. It cheers me intensely. You love the gospel and believe in *something*, which some preachers hardly do. I feel sure you will give us a full Puritanic theology. There are those about who use the old labels, but the articles are not the same.

May the Lord win armies of souls to Jesus by you. I am astonished when God blesses *me*, but somehow I should not be so much surprised if He blessed *you*. Indeed I see much to admire in your speech, and feel that God will bless it. It shall be as He wills. Yours most heartily.



The meeting seemed also an echo of the appreciation expressed by Canon Wilberforce when introducing Dr. Talmage, in 1879, to an audience in Southampton, England. The Canon remarked: "I used to read Doctor Talmage's sermons, but I have ceased to do so, because the temptation to reproduce them is too strong."

The Silver Jubilee, the magnificent celebration, the splendid tribute, the international commemoration of the twenty-fifth year of Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn pastorate, was concluded with the Sabbath noon service, May 13, 1894. The immense temple, reared with sacrifices and dedicated with reverence, was packed with people who came with eagerness and affection to hear the farewell sermon of the beloved preacher, who was to start on the morrow for a tour around the world. Every face in that tremendous audience was aglow with blessings, yet sorrow at the early parting showed in every eye. Dr. Talmage had been overwhelmed with three days of jubilation, wherein he had been made the central figure of an outpouring of Christendom such as no other minister in the world's history had ever provoked or received. But he manifested no fatigue, his spirit was even more buoyant under the stimulus of the ovations that attested the appreciation and love in which he is held by Christians of every land. Six thousand people attended this last service, and twenty-five infants were baptized by his hands and blessed by his benediction.

The subject of his discourse was "A Cheerful Church," and his text was from Solomon's Song, "Behold thou art fair, my love," which he treated in a most eloquent manner, concluding with such feeling words as to his going away that tears glistened in every eye.

At the conclusion of the sermon Dr. Talmage invited every one forward that they might have a farewell international handshake, which nearly all persons in the vast audience accepted, then the benediction was pronounced and while the organist played the Talmage Jubilee March the great gathering was dismissed.

God's providence was perhaps never more distinctly manifested than on this occasion, for when less than twenty persons were still in the Tabernacle, lingering to speak a last word with their pastor, Mrs. Talmage discovered a tongue of flame leaping from the top of the organ upon which Prof. Brown was still playing his "Silver Jubilee March." Suppose the fire had broken out a few minutes sooner, when the vast auditorium was choked with human beings! Hearts are sickened by the very thought.

When Dr. Talmage was appealed to by his friends to run for his life, he showed no excitement, but turned into his study to get his hat just as several of the large false pipes of the great organ fell with a mighty crash upon the very spot where he had a moment before been standing. By another door he rejoined his family, at the sight of whom he exclaimed, "Thank God all are saved, but the church is certainly lost." But he was still reluctant to leave the Tabernacle, esteeming that he might be of service to assist some one who had not yet escaped, though, thanks be to God, the now fiery temple contained no lingering one. During this interval the flaming demons were working a swift destruction, and spreading with inconceivable rapidity. They caught the silver jubilee bunting and whirled it aloft as if it had been made of tissue paper. They fastened their teeth of flame upon the ceiling so richly



MY TRAVELING COMPANION IN THE JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.  
REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE.

decorated and substantial looking, but which, made of papier maché, was as inflammable as if it had been saturated with kerosene. A cloud of smoke, black as the wrath of the gods, collected about the great and beautiful dome and slowly descended to the floor, masking the glorious cathedral windows, shutting out the sunlight which had for the last time lit up the cheerful interior of this almost cathedral church, and choking those who were still inside. And then with a sudden burst of venom, and with the jingle, far from merry, of broken glass, it burst its way out through roof and window and sent a black and noisome column



MOHAMMEDAN RAJAH AND COURT OFFICERS.



far up into the blue-topped sky, and following fast upon the smoke came licking flames, and after them a rosy fury.

The alarm was promptly sounded, but the fire so quickly obtained mastery that human power could not save the great Tabernacle nor could the valorous brigade of fighters keep the long fingers of flame from grasping adjoining buildings. "Doomed, doomed," was the cry; and so it proved. When the Tabernacle had, within ten minutes' time, become an inextinguishable furnace, the magnificent Hotel Regent, filled with guests, became an accession to the pyre and with this increase the holocaust was intensified till the fiends of fire crackled with glee and whelmed the whole city with lambent ire. It was the most extensive conflagration that ever visited Brooklyn, the losses being as follows:

The Tabernacle, . . . . .	\$450,000
Regent Hotel, . . . . .	700,000
Private houses, . . . . .	72,000
Summerfield Church, . . . . .	4,000
Total . . . . .	\$1,227,350

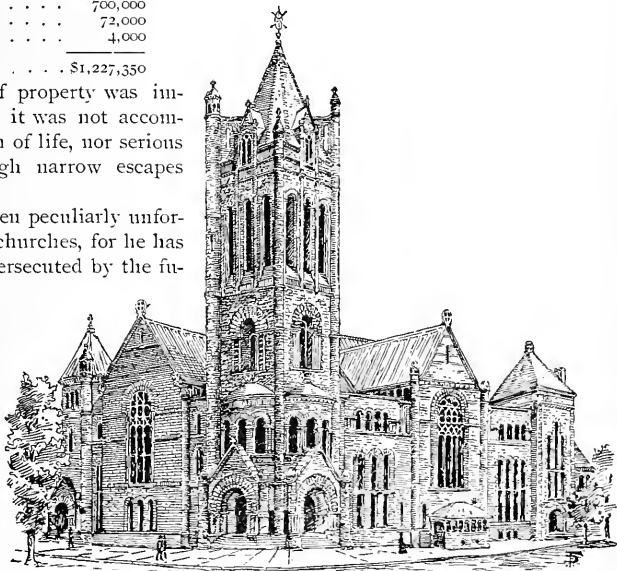
But while the loss of property was immense, thanks be to God it was not accompanied by any destruction of life, nor serious injury to any one, though narrow escapes were numerous.

Dr. Talmage has been peculiarly unfortunate in respect to his churches, for he has been both pursued and persecuted by the furies of fire, as the following brief record of his losses will show:

In 1869 Dr. Talmage received, while a pastor in Philadelphia, a "call" from three churches, one in San Francisco, another in Chicago and the third in Brooklyn. After due consideration he selected Brooklyn as his future field of labor. At that time the Brooklyn Tabernacle congregation was composed of but a few worshipers—a mere handful. The neighborhood, however, was thickly settled.

The young clergyman began work with his whole heart, and before a year had passed the barnlike edifice in which he and his people met was much too small for the crowds that wished to enter it. Accordingly, in 1871, a new Tabernacle of corrugated sheet iron was erected, and that, too, was packed every Sunday. All the seats were free, and the work was supported by voluntary contributions, which were enormous.

On Sunday morning, December 22, 1872, this building was burned to the ground. When the pastor arrived at the usual hour for beginning service he found his great congregation watching the conflagration. But, like the Rev. Robert Collyer at the ruins of Unity Church in the Chicago fire, he was animated with new vigor, and there by the



THE GREAT BROOKLYN TABERNALE BEFORE THE FIRE.

blazing timbers, he told his friends that the church just burned had never been large enough, and that, by God's providence, they would at once erect another on the ruins. Plans were immediately drawn for another, which, when completed, proved to be what at that time was one of the largest Protestant edifices in America. It was a splendid, spacious Gothic pile—cathedral-like above and theatre-like in the main body, with a seating capacity of from 5000 to 6000, according to the packed condition of the aisles and space around the pulpit, where extra seats accommodated 1000 more on special jubilee occasions. This new church, which soon had world-wide fame, was dedicated on January 22, 1874. It soon became one of the chief churches of the country, and the centre of evangelical activity in Brooklyn. Copies of the sermons delivered in it were sent out broadcast by a special syndicate arrangement, and translated into French, German, Italian, Swedish and Russian. But this great church, like its predecessor, was doomed to burn. It went up in smoke and ashes on October 13, 1889.

Again the fire broke out on a Sunday morning. Only four blackened walls greeted the sorrowing congregation. All was lost—the grand organ, the collection of choice music and the big library. From his bed-room window Dr. Talmage saw the wild spectacle, “the destruction of the temple of his heart and soul, wherein all his earthly hopes were centred.” But, as he said in speaking of it, neither he nor his people were dismayed at this new and still greater calamity. Once again skillful architects were asked to prepare plans for a new Tabernacle, larger and more magnificent than either of the other churches.

On the morning of October 28, 1890, ground was broken at the northeast corner of Clinton and Greene avenues, Brooklyn. Work was pushed with a will, and by the following spring the building was ready for worshipers. It was formally opened by Dr. Talmage on his return from his famous journey to the Holy Land, in May of that year, 1891. The architects were J. B. Snook & Sons, of Brooklyn, who were credited with accomplishing the remarkable task of completing the vast edifice on time. It was this church that burned May 13, 1894. It was considered the largest Protestant church in America, and would seat 5000 persons comfortably. On extra occasions, by throwing open the doors leading into the Sunday-school annex, 2000 more could find seats in full view and within hearing of the preacher. It was called the most imposing church structure in Brooklyn, and it cost \$350,000.

The style of architecture was Norman, solid, massive and imposing, of rich, dark, umber-colored granite, with facings of Lake Superior brownstone. The striking characteristics of the exterior were a high tower at the corner and two gables on each facade, with small towers at the extreme ends of each facade. The corner tower went up 160 feet high from the ground to the finials. The church's general form was square, but over the two principal entrances was a rounded projection which was carried up two stories. The interior was in the form of an amphitheatre. There were two galleries, and on the Waverly avenue side a commodious lecture-room and reading-room. On each side of the main auditorium were Bible and class-rooms, separated from the main room by sliding doors that could be pushed aside on special occasions, making one great room. There were also two large reception-rooms near the lobbies, for the exclusive use of strangers and visitors. The lobbies and passageways were spacious—none less than eight feet wide. There were no winding staircases. The idea was to have the church easy of entrance and egress. It has been specially arranged to prevent “choking” in case of a panic by fire, or accidents of any kind. Electric lights were used in every part of the structure. The windows were of cathedral glass, richly stained, and the much-praised rose window was considered particularly



fine. Of the interior it was written that the upholstery in the pews was "in warm, cheerful colors, and the prevailing effect (in harmony with the fine roof timbers in their natural colors) of orange and subdued tints." In every respect it was a magnificent building, original in design and a very model of adaptation to congregational uses. But it too was a shining mark for the demons of pyrotechny, who, despite its consecration, devoured the sacred edifice, and again left Dr. Talmage churchless. It is consoling to know, as a New York newspaper said the day following the fire: "Flames have destroyed the Tabernacle of Dr. Talmage, but fire can never destroy the splendor of his career."

Dr. Talmage was interviewed in the afternoon of the day of the fire, and his indomitable spirit, profound and unswerving faith in God, and unchangeable cheerfulness of heart are manifest in his answers. Said he: "It is a great disaster, a great disaster, but the mercy of God overpowers the disaster."

"You wish for my version of the catastrophe?" he said. "Here it is: At the close of the church service this morning I was shaking hands with a great multitude of people at the foot of the pulpit platform. I was about through, and went down the body of the church to speak to my wife, who was standing there. She immediately called my attention to a fire that was spouting from the top of the altar. When I saw it was under full headway, my first impulse was to look around and see who was there in the church. To my delight there were but about twenty. I said to myself, there are twenty people and twenty-five doors, and every one will escape. I then went over the shoulder of the burning platform and entered my study. Then I thought, 'Is it manly to run?' and continued walking up and down the study. I had just made up my mind to walk out and see if every one had escaped, when a New York friend rushed in and said: 'Get out! Get out! Mr. Talmage, you must leave at once!' We went out through the Greene avenue door and walked around to the front entrance, from which place I could see the fire blazing, and knew that the church was doomed."

In spite of his calm manner, Dr. Talmage was deeply affected, and tears came into his eyes at the recollection of that last moment in the monument he had reared.

"Yes," he repeated, "the mercy of God overpowers the disaster. If this had occurred half an hour before it did there would have been the calamity of the century. There were at least 6000 persons packed into the church and lecture-room, and in the panic which must needs have ensued many would have been trampled under foot. If it had occurred during the Sunday-school hours God knows what horrors would have ensued. While the calamity has been infinite, the mercy has likewise been infinite.

"Personally, I feel not one iota disheartened. I never had more faith in God, or a brighter hope for the future. As nearly as I can find out, the church officers feel the same way. It is a long procession of church disasters that is inexplicable. It may be likened to a family in which four or five children die of scarlet fever. You can't explain, and you just accept the facts. It's the same with the church. The matter is a mystery which I adjourn to the next world. I do not try to explain, but just bow submissively to the mercy of the Lord.

"As far as I can learn, there were no fatal accidents. However, two of our trustees, Thomas Pitbladdo and T. G. Matthews, had very narrow escapes from death. They, with other trustees, were in a room in the turret, and their first intimation of danger was from smoke that filled the room. Their escape was providential.

"I believe also that Elder Lawrence crawled out through the smoke on his hands and knees."

When asked his theory as to the cause of the fire, Dr. Talmage said: "Electricity beyond a doubt. That is something that is only partly harnessed, and even when bridled breaks its harness. I am confident there was a misarrangement of wires. Electricity destroyed our other church, and I am confident it did this one.

"What is the meaning of the three fires which have destroyed Brooklyn Tabernacle? As I leave, people in many lands are discussing that question, for telegrams from across the Atlantic, as well as from many parts of this country, show that the fiery news had leaped every whither. Three vast structures dedicated to God and the work of trying to make the world better, gone down, and all this within a few years. They were well built as to permanence and durability. All the talk about these buildings as mere fire-traps is the usual cant, for there is as much secular cant as religious cant. Have you heard in the last



GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

forty years of any church, or any hall, or any theatre which, after destruction, was not called a fire-trap? That charge always makes a lively opening for any description of a fire. There have been no better structures, secular or religious, put up in the last twenty-five years than the three Brooklyn Tabernacles, and the modes of egress from them so ample that the thousands of worshipers assembled in any of them could be put safely on the street inside of five minutes. The fact is that there is nothing in this world incombustible. When the great Chicago and Boston fires took place they burned up stone and iron. The human race will go on building inconsumable churches, and inconsumable banks, and inconsumable storehouses, and inconsumable cities, and then all will be consumed in the world's last fire.

"Builders, who had large experience and established reputation, pronounced the Brooklyn Tabernacles perfect structures. But what is the meaning of the three fires?

There may be a hundred different lessons learned by a hundred different people and legitimate lessons. As for myself, I adjourn most of the meaning to the next world. We will learn there in two minutes more than we can find out here in fifty years. With that anticipation, mysteries do not often bother me.

"One reason for these consecutive disasters may be that the patience of the best people in the world, the members of Brooklyn Tabernacle, was to be perfected. 'Purified by fire.' Mighty discipline for one of the Lord's hosts. Whether I ever meet them on earth or not, it will be a theme of heavenly reminiscence. We shall talk it all over, the story of the three fires.

"Another reason why the last church went down may have been that some of us were idolizing the building, and the Lord will not allow idolatry. The house was such a Midsummer Night's Dream of beauty. Enchantment lifted in galleries and sprung in arches and glorified in the light which came through windows touching it with their dearest fingers. The acoustics so rare that thousands of ears were in easy reach of common accentuation. An organ which was a hallelujah set up in pipes and banked in keys, waiting for a musician's manipulation, that would lead the congregational song as an archangel might lead heaven. Glorious organ! When it died down into the ashes of that fire, perhaps its soul went up where Handel and Haydn began to play on it. The most superb audience-room that I ever gazed on or ever expect to see, until I enter the Temple of the Sun. On one memorial wall of that building, a stone which I had rolled down from Mount Calvary, where our Lord died, and two tables of stone that were sawed off from Mount Sinai, and brought on camels across the desert by my arrangement, and a part of Paul's pulpit, which the Queen of Greece allowed me, from Mars Hill. Architecture so chaste, so grand, so appropriate, so suggestive, so stupendous! One of the doxologies of heaven alighted. Well, perhaps we thought too much of it. When we think too much of our children, the Lord takes them, and when we think too much of our church, the Lord summarily removes it.

"I suppose another reason for the departure of that house was that it had done its work. Church buildings, like individuals, accomplish what they were built for and then go. One person lives ninety years, another forty years, another three years, and when God takes an individual, whether at ninety, or forty, or three years, his mission is ended. This last church stood three years, and any person who knows what multitudes have there assembled, and what transactions for eternity have there taken place, will admit that it was well to build it, even if we had known at the start that it would only last from 1891 to 1894.

"Another reason why I think this last church went down was to keep me humble. The Lord had widened my work through Christendom, and with two receptions the week before the conflagration, the one a city reception presided over by our mayor, and the other a national and international reception presided over by one of the chief men of the nation, who had recently stepped from the Presidential cabinet, and the occasion honored by addresses and letters and cablegrams from men of world-wide fame in Church and State, and the whole scene brilliant beyond description and in compliment to myself, who was brought up a farmer's boy, there was danger that I might become puffed up and my soul weakened for future work. I did not yet feel any stirrings of that sort, and had only felt an humble gratitude for what had been said and done by friends, transatlantic and cisatlantic, but I had ordered full reports of the meeting laid aside for future perusal, and I had engaged the fleetest stenographer I know of to take down every word, from the opening doxology of the first reception to the benediction of the last reception, and sometime, when less busy, I would take in all the eloquence and kindness and splendor of that memorable

week. What might have been the result upon myself I know not. I have seen upon others the withering effect of human praise. A cold chill of the world's neglect is no more destructive than the sunstroke from too much heat of popular approval. The disaster may have been needed, and it came so close upon the adulation that it acted as an everlasting prevention. In the light of that awful blaze of that Sabbath in May, 1894, no self-sufficiency could stand a second.

"Another reason for the fires I think is that somehow, and in a way that I know not, my opportunities are to widen. After each of the other fires new doors were open. I prayerfully expect that such will be the sequence of the last conflagration.

"Will the Brooklyn Tabernacle be rebuilt? I know not. What or when or where shall be my work I cannot even guess, nor have I the least anxiety. Nothing but an inspired utterance of the Bible could bear such repetition as I have for the last twelve days given to the words of the Psalmist: "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

No lamentations nor discouraging wails escaped the lips of this most optimistic of men; like Job, he submitted to whatever it was the will of God to send; that as rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust, so does adversity know no distinction in its visits, and he who loveth the Lord should therefore accept whatsoever it seemeth good to Him to send. Sometimes the rod that chasteneth buds forth with blessings; sometimes the heavy yoke becomes a crown; sometimes the burden is a cross. And in this divine spirit of resignation Dr. Talmage watched the great Tabernacle, built with so much effort, dedicated with so much reverence, sustained by so much good, beautiful with so much promise, crumble into ashes, dissolve forever in a fiery embrace of the red wraith whose breath is destruction. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

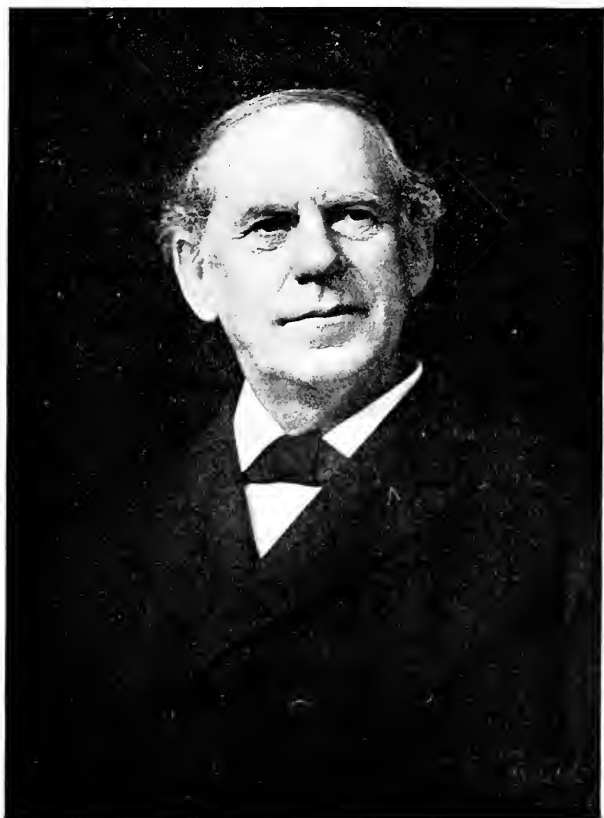


# THE EARTH GIRDLED.

## CHAPTER I.

### TRANSCONTINENTAL.

**A**T half past nine o'clock, on the night of May 14, 1894, I descend the front steps of my home in Brooklyn, New York. The sensation of leaving for a journey around the world is not all made up of bright anticipation. The miles to be traveled are so numerous, the seas to be crossed are so treacherous, the peradventures are so great, that the solemnities outnumbered the expectations. My family accompany me to the railway train;—will we all meet again? The climatic changes, the ships, the shoals, the hurricanes, the bridges, the cars, the epidemics, the possibilities, hinder any positiveness of prophecy. I come down the front steps of my home; will I ever again ascend them? The remark made by Honorable William M. Evarts a few evenings before, at the public reception on the conclusion of my twenty-fifth year of Brooklyn pastorate, though uttered in facetiousness, was consolatory. He said: "Dr. Talmage ought to realize that if he goes around the world, he will come



TAKEN ON HIS JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD, JULY 27, 1894, AT SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

out at the same place from which he started." May the God who holds the winds in one fist, and the ocean in the hollow of the other hand, protect us.

I leave home while the timbers of our destroyed church are still smoking. Three great churches have been consumed. Why this series of huge calamities, I know not. Had I not made all the arrangements for departure, and been assured by the trustees of my church that they would take all the responsibilities upon themselves, I would have postponed my intended tour, or adjourned it forever; but all whom I have consulted tell me now is the time to go, and so I turn my face toward the Golden Gate.

I do not leave America because there are not wonders enough to look at between the Atlantic and Pacific. Before any one leaves this country for a tour around the world he ought to see the Yosemite, Yellowstone Park, Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and Lookout Mountain. On your way across the continent sweep round by this last wonder of the planet. I took a carriage and wound up Lookout Mountain. Up, up, up! Standing there on the tip-top rock I saw five States of the Union. Scene stupendous and overwhelming! One almost is disposed to take off his hat in the presence of what seems to be the grandest prospect on this continent. There is Missionary Ridge, the beach against which the red billows of Federal and Confederate courage surged and broke. There are the Blue Mountains of North and South Carolina. With strain of vision, there is Kentucky, there is Virginia. At our foot, Chattanooga and Chickamauga, the pronunciation of which proper names will thrill ages to come with thoughts of valor and desperation and agony. Looking each way and any way from the top of that mountain, earthworks, earthworks—the beautiful Tennessee winding through the valley, curling and coiling around, making letter "S" after letter "S," as if that letter stood for shame, that brothers should have gone into massacre with each other, while God and nations looked on. I have stood on Mount Washington, and on the Sierra Nevadas, and on the Alps; but I never saw so far as from the top of Lookout Mountain. I looked back thirty-one years, and I saw rolling up the side of that mountain the smoke of Hooker's storming party while the foundations of eternal rock quaked with the cannonade. Four years of internecine strife seemed to come back, and without any chronological order I saw the events: Norfolk Navy Yard on fire; Fort Sumter on fire; Charleston on fire; Chambersburg on fire; Columbia, South Carolina, on fire; Richmond on fire. And I saw Ellsworth fall, and Lyon fall, and McPherson fall, and Bishop Polk fall, and Stonewall Jackson fall. And I saw hundreds of grave trenches afterward cut into two great gashes across the land, the one for the dead men of the North, the other for the dead men of the South. And my ear as well as my eye was quickened, and I heard the tramp of enlisting armies, and I heard the explosion of mines and gunpowder magazines, and the crash of fortification walls, and the "swamp angel," and the groan of dying hosts falling across the pulseless heart of other dying hosts. And I saw still further out, and I saw on the banks of the Penobscot and the Oregon and the Ohio and the Hudson and the Roanoke and the Yazoo and the Alabama, widowhood and orphanage and childlessness—some exhausted in grief and others stark and mad, and I said, "Enough, enough have I seen into the past from the top of Lookout Mountain. O God! show me the future." And standing there, it was revealed to me. And I looked out and I saw great populations from the North moving South, and great populations from the South moving North, and I found that their footsteps obliterated the hoof-mark of the war chargers. And I saw the Angel of the Lord of hosts standing in the national cemeteries, trumpet in hand, as much as to say, "I will wake these soldiers from their long encampment." And I looked and I saw such snowy harvests of cotton and such golden harvests of corn as I had



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.  
As we ascended and descended it.

never imagined, and I found that the earthworks were down, and the gun-carriages down, and the war barracks were all down, and I saw the river winding through the valley, making letter "S" after letter "S"—no more "S" for shame, but "S" for salvation. And as I saw that all the weapons of war were turned into agricultural implements I was alarmed, and I said, "Is this safe?" And standing there on the tip-top rock of Lookout Mountain, I was so near heaven that I heard two voices which some way slipped from the gate, and they sang, "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." And I recognized the two voices. They were the voices of two Christian soldiers who fell at Shiloh; the one a Federal, the other a Confederate. And they were brothers!

After you have visited that historical place you had better come up by the Mammoth Cave. With lanterns and torches and a guide, we went down into that cave. You may walk fourteen miles and see no sunlight. It is a wonderful place. Some parts the roof of the cave a hundred feet high. The grottos filled with weird echoes, cascades falling from invisible height to invisible depth. Stalagmites rising up from the floor of the cave—stalactites descending from the roof of the cave, joining each other, and making pillars of the Almighty's sculpturing. There are rosettes of amethyst in halls of gypsum. As the guide carries his lantern ahead of you, the shadows have an appearance supernatural and spectral. The darkness is fearful. Two people, getting lost from their guide only for a few hours, years ago, were demented, and for years sat in their insanity. You feel like holding your breath as you walk across the bridges that seem to span the bottomless abyss. The guide throws his calcium light down into the caverns, and the light rolls and tosses from rock to rock, and from depth to depth, making at every plunge a new revelation of the awful power that could have made such a place as that. A sense of suffocation comes upon you as you think that you are two hundred and fifty feet in a straight line from the sunlit surface of the earth. The guide, after a while, takes you into what is called the "Star Chamber," and then he says to you: "Sit here," and then he takes the lantern and goes down under the rocks, and it gets darker and darker, until the night is so thick that the hand an inch from the eye is unobservable. And then, by kindling one of the lanterns, and placing it in a cliff of the rock, there is a reflection cast on the dome of the cave, and there are stars coming out in constellations—a brilliant night heavens—and you involuntarily exclaim: "Beautiful! beautiful!" Then he takes the lantern down in other depths of the cavern, and wanders on, and wanders off, until he comes up from behind the rocks gradually, and it seems like the dawn of the morning and it gets brighter and brighter. The guide is a skilled ventriloquist, and he imitates the voices of the morning, and soon the gloom is all gone, and you stand congratulating yourself over the weird and enchanting spectacle.

Before taking steamer at the Pacific coast, you ought certainly to visit the two National Parks—Yosemite and Yellowstone Park. Who that has seen Yosemite and the adjoining Californian regions can think of them without having his blood tingle? Trees now standing there that were old when Christ lived! These monarchs of foliage reigned before Cæsar or Alexander, and the next thousand years will not shatter their sceptre! They are the masts of the continent, their canvas spread on the winds, while the old ship bears on its way through the ages!

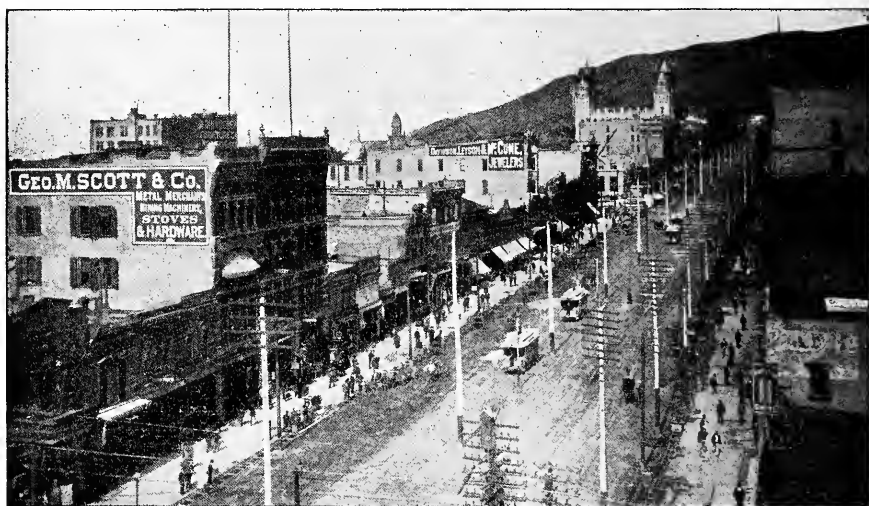
That valley of the Yosemite is eight miles long and a half-mile wide and three thousand feet deep. It seems as if it had been the meaning of Omnipotence to crowd into as small a place as possible some of the most stupendous scenery of the world. Some of those cliffs you do not stop to measure by feet, for they are literally a mile high. Steep so





RIVER STYX, MAMMOTH CAVE, KENTUCKY.  
It seemed to us worthy of its name.

that neither foot of man nor beast ever scaled them, they stand in everlasting defiance. If Jehovah has a throne on earth, these are its white pillars! Standing down in this great chasm of the valley, you look up, and yonder is Cathedral Rock, vast, gloomy minster built for the silent worship of the mountains! Yonder is Sentinel Rock, 3270 feet high, bold, solitary, standing guard among the ages, its top seldom touched, until a bride, one Fourth of July, mounted it and planted there the national standard, and the people down in the valley looked up and saw the head of the mountain turbaned with Stars and Stripes! Yonder are the Three Brothers, 4000 feet high; Cloud's Rest, North and South Dome, and the heights never captured save by the fiery bayonets of the thunder-storm! No pause for the eye; no stopping-place for the mind. Mountains hurled on mountains. Mountains in the wake of mountains. Mountains flanked by mountains. Mountains split. Mountains ground. Mountains fallen. Mountains triumphant. As though Mont Blanc and the Adirondacks and Mount Washington were here uttering themselves in one magnificent



MAIN STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, WHERE THE CHIEFS OF MORMONISM CAME TO MEET ME.

chorus of rock and precipice and waterfall. Sifting and dashing through the rocks, the water comes down. The Bridal Veil Fall so thin you can see the face of the mountain behind it. Yonder is Yosemite Fall, dropping 2634 feet, sixteen times greater descent than that of Niagara. These waters dashed to death on the rocks, so that the white spirit of the slain waters ascending in robe of mist seeks the heavens. Yonder is Nevada Fall, plunging 700 feet, the water in arrows, the water in rockets, the water in pearls, the water in amethysts, the water in diamonds. That cascade flings down the rocks enough jewels to array all the earth in beauty, and rushes on until it drops into a very hell of waters, the smoke of their torment ascending forever and ever.

But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone Park.

My visit there made upon me an impression that will last forever. After all poetry has exhausted itself, and all the Morans and Bierstadts and the other enchanting artists



MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS, COLORADO.  
One of the most suggestive appearances that ever enchanted me.

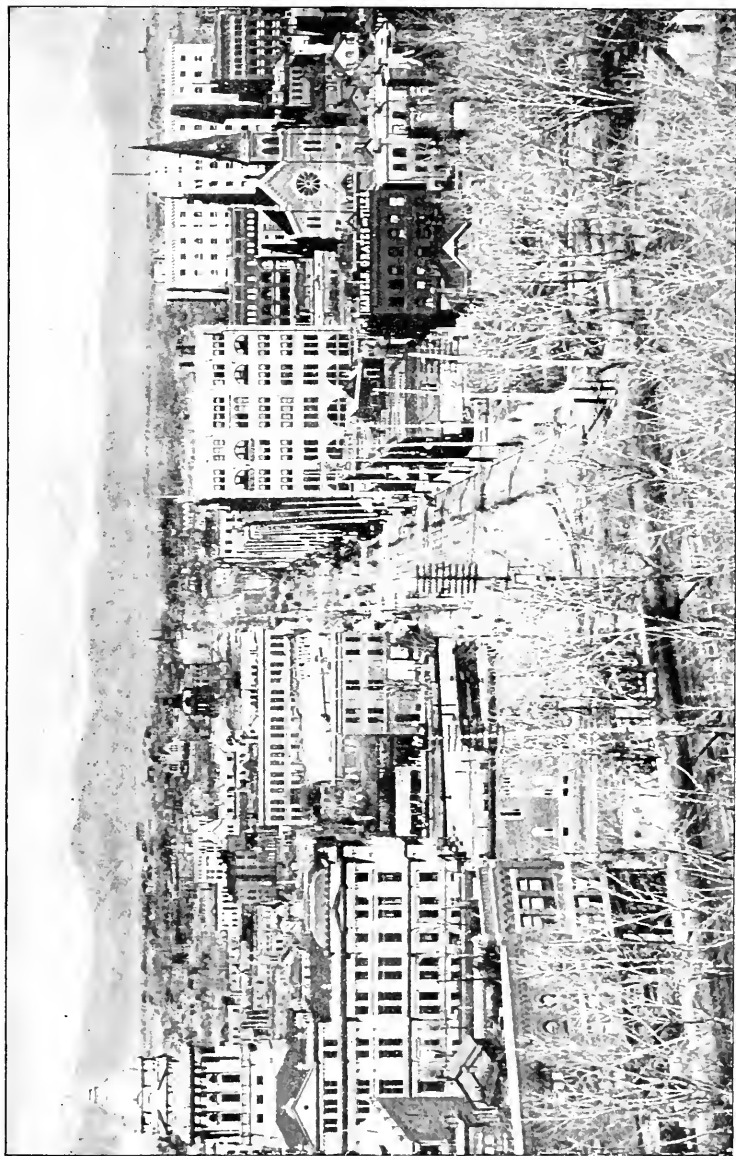
have completed their canvas, there will be other revelations to make, and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited. The Yellowstone Park is the geologist's paradise. By cheapening of travel may it become the nation's playground! In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage terrific. Geyser cones or hills of crystal that have been over five thousand years growing! In places the earth, throbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking with aqueous paroxysm. At the expiration of every sixty-five minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water 185 feet in the air and then descending into swinging rainbows. Caverns of pictured walls large enough for the sepulchre of the human race. Formations of stone in shape and color of calla lily, of heliotrope, of rose, of cowslip, of sunflower, and of gladiolus. Sulphur and arsenic and oxide of iron, with their delicate pencils, turning the hills into a Luxembourg or a Vatican picture-gallery. The so-called Thanatopsis Geyser, exquisite as the Bryant poem it was named after, and Evangeline Geyser, lovely as the Longfellow heroine it commemorates.

Wide reaches of stone of intermingled colors, blue as the sky, green as the foliage, crimson as the dahlia, white as the snow, spotted as the leopard, tawny as the lion, grizzled as the bear, in circles, in angles, in stars, in coronets, in stalactites, in stalagmites. Here and there are petrified growths, or the dead trees and vegetation of other ages, kept through a process of natural embalmment. In some places waters as innocent and smiling as a child making a first attempt to walk from its mother's lap, and not far off as foaming and frenzied and ungovernable as a maniac in struggle with his keepers.

But after you have wandered along the geyserite enchantment for days, and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the peroration of all majesty and grandeur, the Grand Cañon. It is here that it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed Himself. It seems a great gulch let down into the eternities. Here, hung up and let down, and spread abroad are all the colors of land and sea and sky. Upholstering of the Lord God Almighty. Best work of the Architect of worlds. Sculpturing by the Infinite. Masonry by an omnipotent trowel. Yellow! You never saw yellow unless you saw it there. Red! You never saw red unless you saw it there. Violet! You never saw violet unless you saw it there. Triumphant banners of color. In a cathedral of basalt, Sunrise and Sunset married by the setting of rainbow ring.

Gothic arches, Corinthian capitals, and Egyptian basilicas built before human architecture was born. Huge fortifications of granite constructed before war forged its first cannon. Gibaltars and Sebastopols that never can be taken. Alhambras, where kings of strength and queens of beauty reigned long before the first earthly crown was empearled. Thrones on which no one but the King of heaven and earth ever sat. Fount of waters at which the hills are baptized, while the giant cliffs stand round as sponsors. For thousands of years before that scene was unveiled to human sight, the elements were busy, and the geysers were hewing away with their hot chisel, and glaciers were pounding with their cold hammers, and hurricanes were cleaving with their lightning strokes, and hailstones giving the finishing touches, and after all these forces of nature had done their best, in our century the curtain dropped, and the world had a new and divinely inspired revelation. The Old Testament written on papyrus, the New Testament written on parchment, and this last Testament written on the rocks.

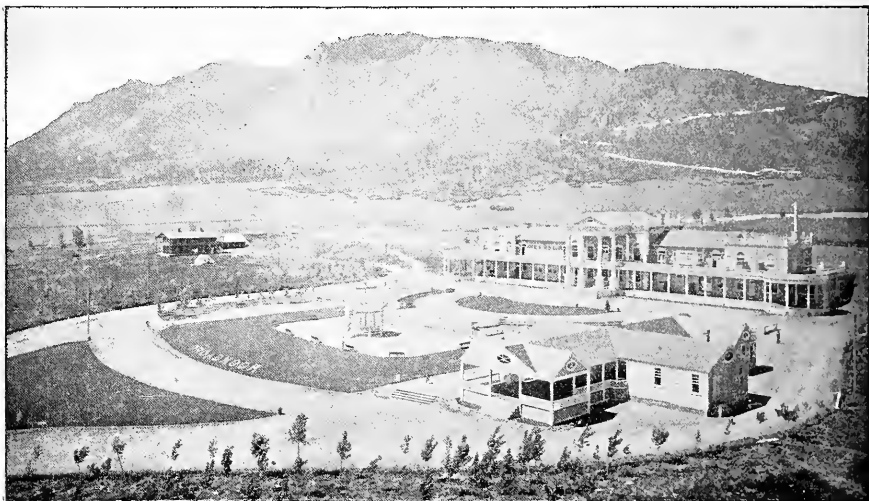
Hanging over one of the cliffs, I looked off until I could not get my breath; then retreating to a less exposed place I looked down again. Down there is a pillar of rock that



DENVER, FROM THE CAPITOL.  
As it surprised me the day I entered it.

in certain conditions of the atmosphere looks like a pillar of blood. Yonder are fifty feet of emerald on a base of five hundred feet of opal. Wall of chalk resting on pedestals of beryl. Turrets of light tumbling on floors of darkness. The brown brightening into golden. Snow of crystal melting into fire of carbuncle. Flaming red cooling into russet. Cold blue warming into saffron. Dull gray kindling into solferino. Morning twilight flushing midnight shadows. Auroras crouching among rocks.

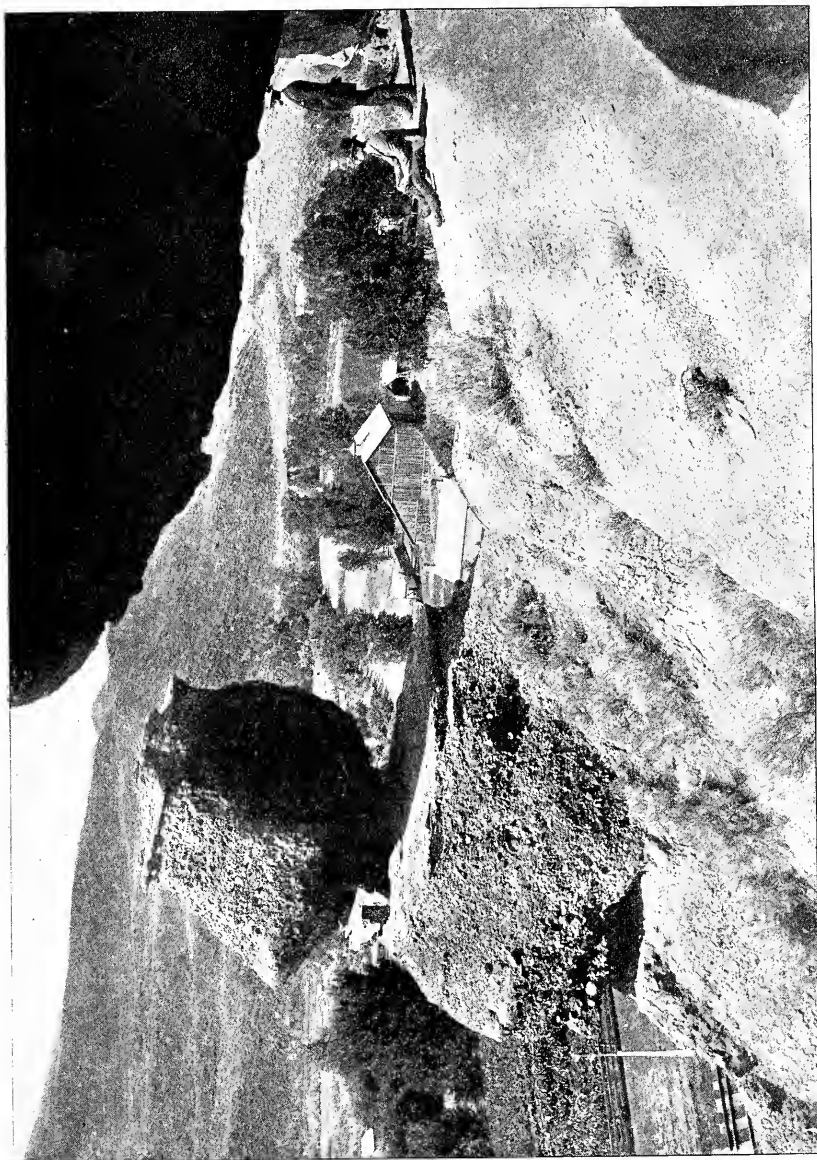
Yonder is an eagle's nest on a shaft of basalt. Through an eye-glass we see among it the young eagles, but the stoutest arm of our group cannot hurl a stone near enough to disturb the feathered domesticity. Yonder are heights that would be chilled with horror but for the warm robe of forest foliage with which they are enwrapped. Altars of worship at which nations might kneel. Domes of chalcedony on temples of porphyry. See all this carnage of color up and down the cliffs; it must have been the battlefield of the war of the



BROADMOOR CASINO AND CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN, COLORADO SPRINGS.

elements! Here are all the colors of the wall of heaven; neither the sapphire, nor the chrysolite, nor the topaz, nor the jacinth, nor the amethyst, nor the jasper, nor the twelve gates of twelve pearls, wanting. If spirits bound from earth to heaven could pass up by way of this cañon, the dash of heavenly beauty would not be so overpowering. It would only be from glory to glory. Ascent through such earthly scenery, in which the crystal is so bright, would be fit preparation for the "sea of glass mingled with fire."

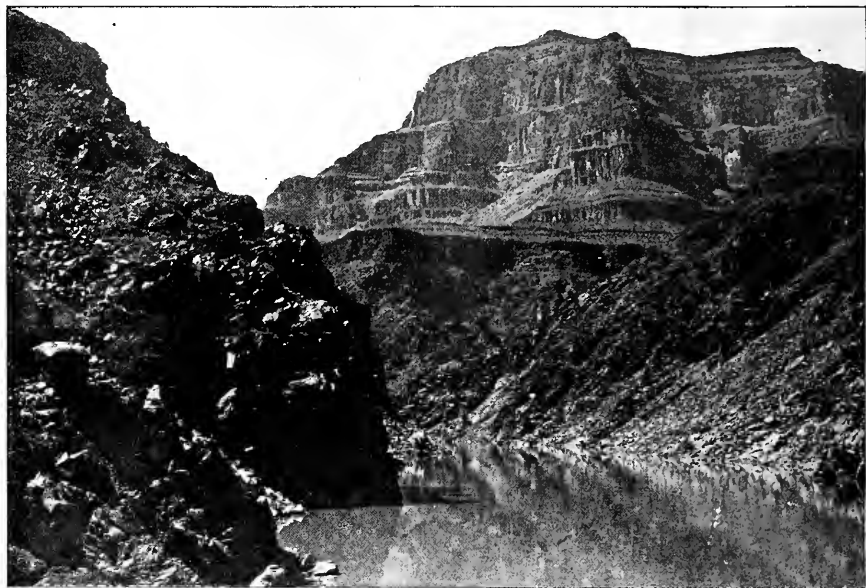
Standing there in the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone Park, for the most part we held our peace, but after a while it flashed upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades: "What a Hall this would be for the last Judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbows at the foot of it! Those waters congealed and transfixed with the agitations of that day, what a place they would make for the shining feet of the Judge of quick and dead! And those rainbows look now like the crowns to be cast at His feet. At the bottom of this great cañon is a floor on which the nations of the earth might



PULPIT ROCK, ECHO CAÑON, UTAH.  
What sermons still preached from it!

stand, and all up and down these galleries of rock the nations of heaven might sit. And what reverberation of archangels' trumpet there would be through all these gorges and from all these caverns and over all these heights. Why should not the greatest of all the days the world shall ever see close amid the grandest scenery Omnipotence ever built?

Oh, the sweep of the American continent! Sailing up Puget Sound, I said, "This is the Mediterranean of America." Visiting Portland and Tacoma and Seattle and Victoria and Fort Townsend and Vancouver, and other cities of the northwest region, I thought to myself: These are the Bostons, New Yorks, Charlestons and Savannahs of the Pacific coast. But after all, I found that I had seen only a part of the American continent, for

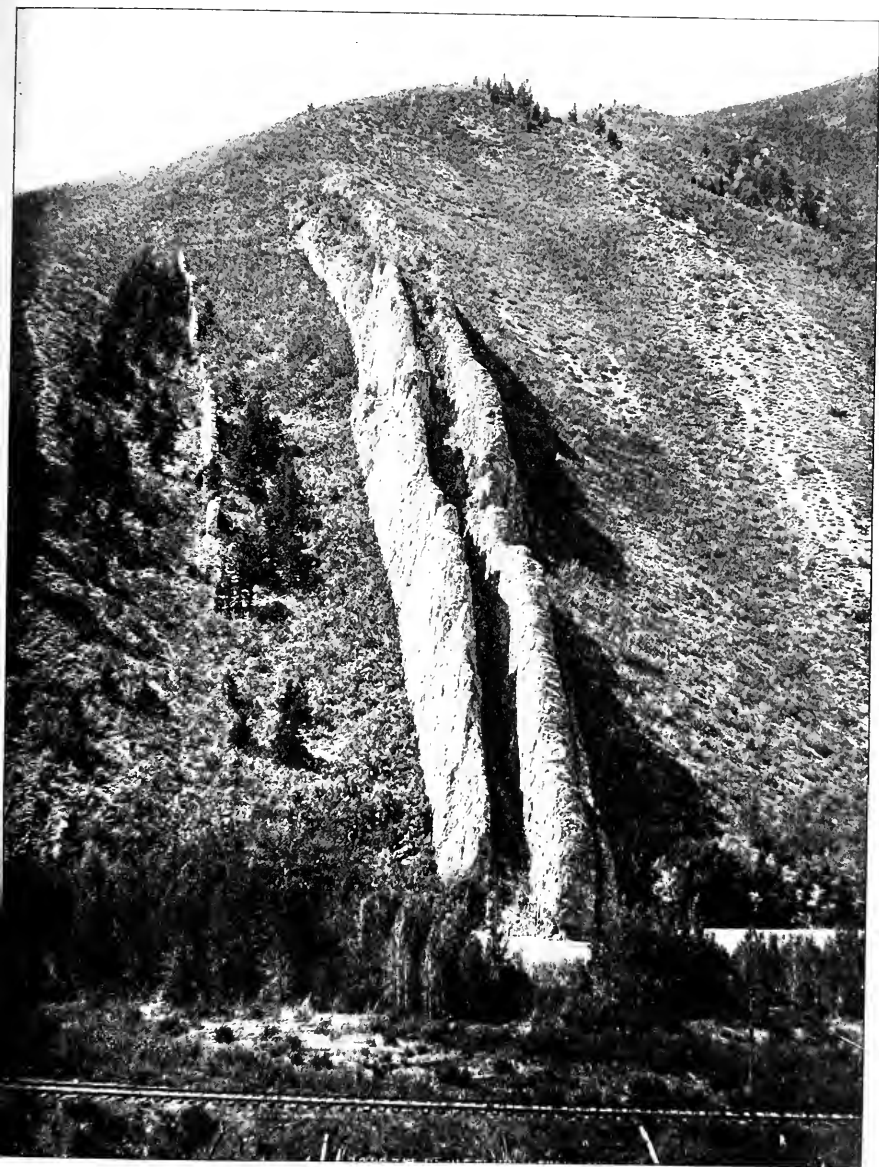


GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO.

Alaska is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of it, so that the central city of the American continent is San Francisco.

Six times before this have I crossed the American Continent, and I have seen the sun rise from the golden cradle of the eastern sky and seen him buried beneath the pomp of the western horizon. Three girths have been put around the American Continent; the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific. All these girths have been tightened, and the buckles are moving from one puncture to another until the continent is less and less in circumference. When I first crossed it, it took fully seven days. Instead of the elegant dining cars of to-day, we stopped at restaurants with table covers indescribable, for they had on them layers of other strata of breakfasts insulting in appearance. The first time I ever saw Judge Field, of the United States Supreme Court, was at one of these tables on the Rocky Mountains.





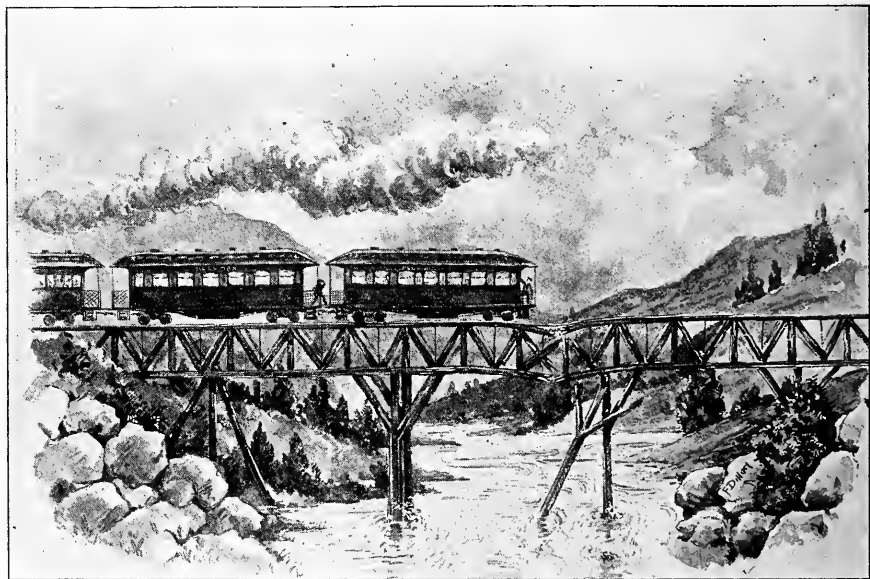
DEVIL'S SLIDE, WEBER CANYON, UTAH.

A misnamed place, for Satan never had anything to do with such grandeur.

## CHAPTER II.

### ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

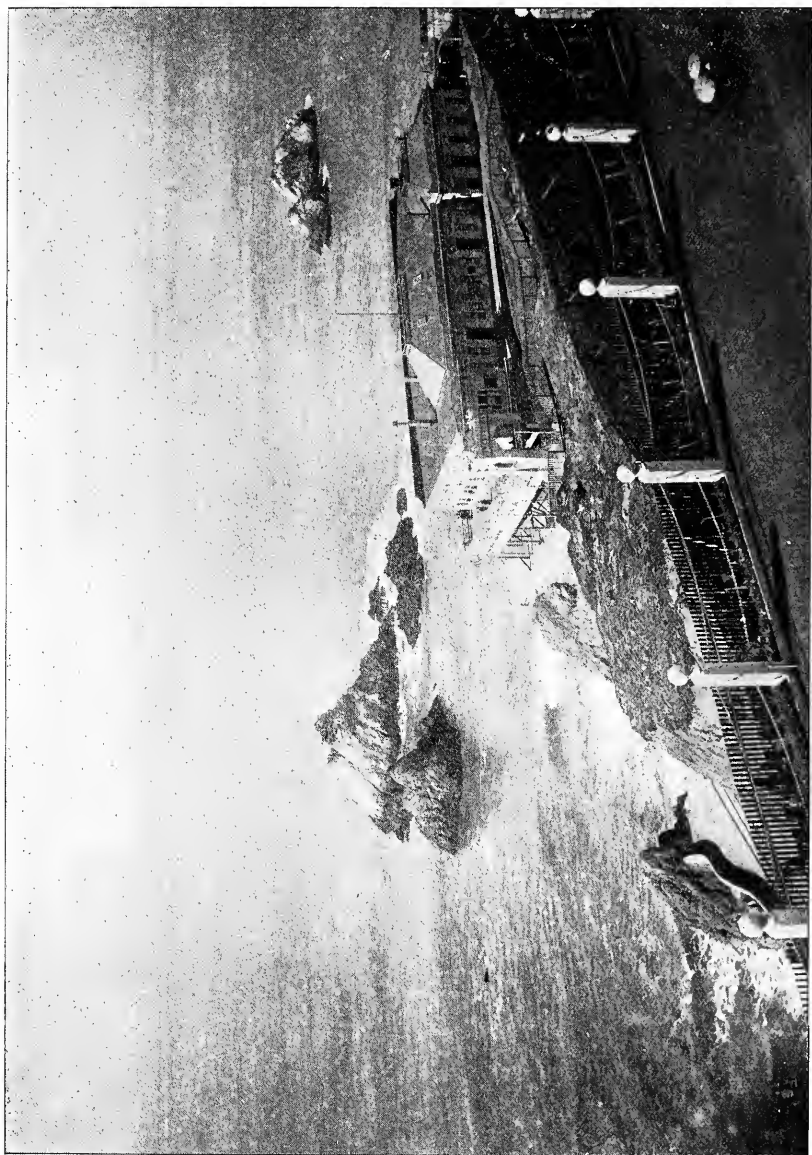
OUR journey across the continent was prosperous. One day, however, was bounded on one side by a broken bridge and on the other by an avalanche of rocks. Before rising in the morning the Pullman sleeper gave a half dozen angry jerks, showing that we were derailed, or that the track was deranged. The train halted, and it was found that a bridge had been washed loose by a mountain torrent, and the track was crooked and uneven and ready to fall. But it held us until we got over. We all stood and looked at the broken bridge and felt thankful to have crossed without damage. Indeed that broken bridge attracted more of our attention



THE BREAKING RAILROAD BRIDGE THAT WE PASSED OVER.

than the hundreds of faithful bridges that had put us across the chasms, and those few crooked rails, than the two thousand miles of track that had kept straight while we passed over it. So it is in all kinds of life, one crooked man excites more attention than a hundred thousand who preserve their integrity or maintain their usefulness, and one man who breaks down under the heavy pressure of life is more remarked upon than whole communities of men who stand firm and true, though long trains of disaster roll

over them. Thousands of homes moving on quietly and happily make not so much excitement as one family derailed by infelicity, or gone down the divorce embankment. Tens of thousands of banks, of insurance companies, of monetary institutions day by day causing no remark, but one absconding cashier converges all the pens and all the types and all the eyes of a nation upon the one recalcitrant. Thousands of consecrated men are preaching the Gospel and doing their work year after year, and nothing especial is said of them, but some man in canonicals gets off the track about who wrote the Pentateuch or about the miracles, or about immortality, and all Christendom is shaken. The theological professors who, during the last fifteen years, have become famous would never have been heard of, if they had not got off the track. It was not an excess of brain or consecration that made the disturbance, but the big jolt they gave the churches. A sudden wash-out loosened the pier of one of the bridges. The day in Colorado of which I spoke as opened with a disrupted bridge, closed with a descent of rocks directly across our iron way. After several hours of attempt by the railroad men to remove the obstruction the mountains roared with an explosion. What lever and wedge and crowbar failed to do, powder accomplished, and the rocks which had rolled down from one side the gorge, rolled over to the other. The saying that the age of miracles is passed is an untrue saying. Every mile of the great transcontinental railroad is a miracle, yea twice a miracle, a miracle of Divine power that heaved up the mountains, and a miracle of human engineering by which they were gashed and tunneled. But do you know what in some respects is the most remarkable thing between the Atlantic and Pacific? It is the figure of a cross on a mountain in Colorado. It is called the "Mount of the Holy Cross." A horizontal crevice filled with perpetual snow, and a perpendicular crevice filled with snow, but both the horizontal line and the perpendicular line so marked, so bold, so significant, so unmistakable that all who pass in the daytime within many miles are compelled to see it. There are some figures, some contours, some mountain appearances that you gradually make out after your attention is called to them. So a man's face on the rocks in the White Mountains. So a maiden's form cut in the granite of the Adirondacks. So a city in the morning clouds. Yet you have to look under the pointing of your friend or guide for some time before you can see the similarity. But the first instant you glance at this side of the mountain in Colorado you cry out "A cross! A cross!" Do you say that this geological inscription just happens so? No! nothing in this world just happens so. That cross on the Colorado Mountain is not a human device, or an accident of nature, or the freak of an earthquake. The hand of God cut it there and set it up for the nation to look at. Whether set up there in rock before the cross of wood was set up on the bluff back of Jerusalem, or set at some time since that assassination, I believe the Creator meant it to suggest the most notable event in all the history of this planet, and He hung it there over the heart of this continent to indicate that the only hope for this nation is in the Cross on which our Immanuel died. The clouds were vocal at our Saviour's birth, the rocks rent at His martyrdom, why not the walls of Colorado bear the record of the crucifixion? I take it that this engraving on one of the most conspicuous places of the American continent means that this country belongs to Christ, and that He will yet take possession of all of it. Human device has baptized with Satanic nomenclature much of the scenery between the Atlantic and Pacific, and some of the rocks are called the "Devil's Pulpit," and the "Devil's Saw Mill," and the "Devil's Spinning Wheel," and the "Devil's Slide," and is it not high time that the world finds out that the Devil is as poor now as when on the top of the Temple, and not owning an acre of real estate, he offered Christ the kingdoms of this world, and that instead of the human and

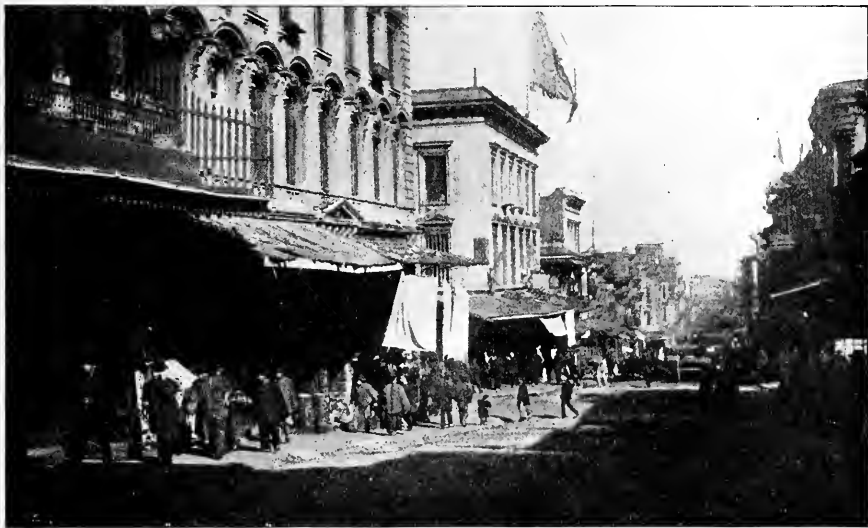


CLIFF HOUSE AND SEAL ROCKS, SAN FRANCISCO.

A vivid picture, bringing back the day we saw the seals playing up and down in the breakers.

blasphemous assigning of this or that part of the continent to Diabolus, we take this high-up and stupendous sign on the Mount of the Holy Cross in Colorado as typical of the fact that to Christ belongs this continent?

I closed this journey across the continent at the gates of the International Fair at San Francisco. Last autumn Mr. De Young, a great leader in California affairs, was seated in a room in Chicago, and a foreigner said he would like to make another exhibit of his country's fabrics before leaving America. Mr. De Young retired to his room and with his pencil began to calculate the possibility of making a success of a Midwinter Fair in San Francisco. Believing that it could be done he called together some prominent Californians, and a large subscription of money was made, and the mammoth undertaking was set on foot. Considering the short time that was allowed for the arrangements, and that no Congressional aid was voted, it is the most wonderful Fair ever held on this continent. The



CHINATOWN, SAN FRANCISCO, AS SHOWN ME BY THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

architecture, the fountains, the statuary, the fruits for size and abundance and lusciousness unparalleled, and the immensity of the Fair makes it one of the great poems of the century. The day I visited it was the National Memorial Day, commemorative of those fallen in the battles of our civil war, and at the same time it was a holiday. I had been invited by the officers of the Fair to deliver the oration, and so after a banquet given to me by the Director-General, I confronted an audience crowded almost beyond endurance with the story of the prowess and the self-sacrifice of those who died for the country, and concluded by saying:

The greatest day I ever saw was when some of you were present, the day when the armies, returned from our civil war, passed in review at Washington. I care not whether you were a Northern man or a Southern man, you could not have looked on without tears. God knew that the day was stupendous, and He cleared the heavens of cloud and mist and

chill, and sprung the blue sky as a triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights the spring foliage shook out its welcome as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions, as they came to the Long Bridge and in almost interminable line passed over. The Capitol, for whose defence these men had fought, never seemed so majestic as that morning, snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men that came surging on, billow after billow. Darius and Xerxes saw no such hosts as those that marched in our three great armies of Potomac, Tennessee and Georgia. Those ancient rulers fought for fame; these were the heroes of the Union. Passing in silence, yet I heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we sat and watched the filing on of what seemed endless ranks; brigade after brigade; division after division; host after host; rank beyond rank; ever moving, ever passing, marching, marching! Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! These fought in the Wilderness. Those rode in lightning stirrups behind cavalry Sheridan. These men were at Chattanooga. Those stood on Lookout Mountain. These followed their captain from Atlanta to the sea, holding the same flag, lifting the same sword, marching, marching. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Thousands after thousands; battery front; arms shouldered; columns solid; shoulder to shoulder; wheel to wheel; charger to charger; nostril to nostril; commanders on horses with mane entwined with roses and necks enchained with garlands; fractious at the shouts that ran along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white, standing on the steps of the Capitol, to the tumultuous vociferations of two hundred thousand of enraptured people crying Huzza! Huzza! Gleaming muskets; thundering parks of artillery; rumbling pontoon wagons; ambulances from whose wheels seemed to sound out the groan of the crushed and the dying whom they had carried. These men came from balmy Minnesota. Those from Illinois prairie. These were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon. Those were New England lumbermen. These came from the Golden Gate of the Pacific. Those came out of the coal shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side, in one great cause consecrated, through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril on their way home from Chancellorsville and Kenesaw Mountain and Fredericksburg. In lines that seemed infinite, they pass on. We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our eyes to see if the end had come. But no! looking from one end of that long avenue to the other we see them yet in solid column; battery front; host beside host; wheel to wheel; charger to charger; nostril to nostril; coming as it were from under the Capitol. Forward! Forward! their bayonets, caught in the sun, glimmer and flash and blaze till they seem like one long river of silver, ever and anon changed into a river of fire. No end to the procession, no rest for the eyes. We avert our head from the scene, unable longer to look. We feel disposed to stop our ears; but still we hear it. Marching, marching. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! But hush! uncover every head. Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a once full regiment. Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on and wring their hands. Uncover every head! But wheel into the ranks all ye people, North, South, East, West, all decades, all centuries, all millenniums. Forward the whole line! Huzza! Huzza!

I have safely arrived on the Pacific Coast. A startling question was asked me just before I reached here. I was in deep slumber in a section of a sleeping car when the curtain was pushed back and a venerable lady seized hold of me and shrieked out: "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" It was a sudden calling of the roll of passengers, and I did not feel like answering to my name. The question was repeated in more earnest-

ness and with louder voice. I could not at first understand why the interrogation as to my identity, but after gathering my senses together I mildly suggested that perhaps she had taken my place for her own. This was no doubt the case, and she made a quick retreat. The fact is that the sections and berths of a sleeping car are very much alike. The new mode of hanging the number of the berth in large figures on the outside of the drapery of the sleeping place is a great improvement; but midnight perambulation, even under the best of circumstances, is more or less confusing. The mistake that the venerable lady made is a mistake that thousands of people make, for they think some one else has their place. Most of the struggle in the world is in trying to get some one else's berth. Better go back contented and take the place assigned you. In trying to get some one else's place, we may lose our own without getting his. I cannot jeer at the old lady's mistake, for that night on the Southern Pacific Railroad I bethought myself that there are, during every Presidential campaign, at least one hundred thousand people trying to get the berths of the one hundred thousand present occupants. Good bye, my friends all over! On the other side of the world I will think of those who have put me under obligation, and the first hour I have passed the latitude and longitude farthest away from home, and begin to return, I will count the weeks and days that stand between me and the lowest step of the front door from which, on the evening of May 14, I departed.



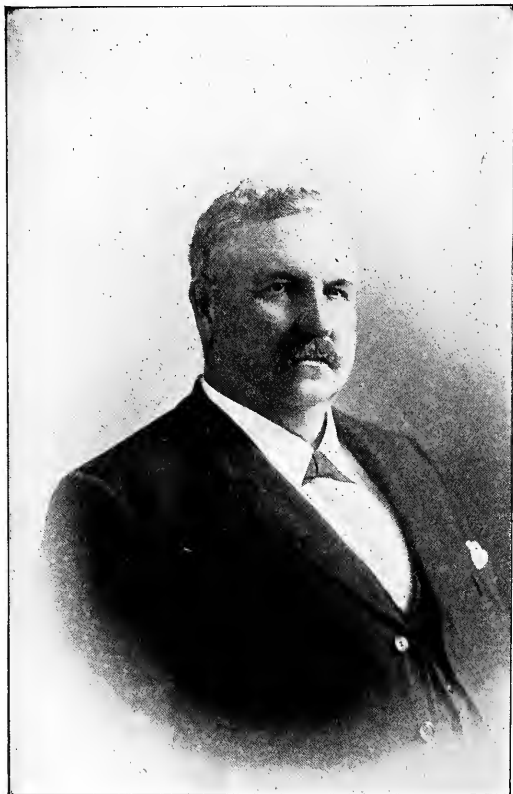
## CHAPTER III.

### PARADISE OF THE PACIFIC.

**I**T was two o'clock in the afternoon when at San Francisco I stepped aboard the Alameda, of the Oceanic Steamship Company, our Captain Morse, one of the most genial, popular and able commanders who ever sailed the seas. He and the Pacific Ocean are old acquaintances. He has been in seventeen hurricanes and safely out-rode them. Profusion of flowers were sent up the gang-plank and the masses of people on the wharf who had come to see their friends off, waved handkerchiefs and threw

kisses and cried and laughed as is usual when an ocean steamer is about to start. The gong sounded for the leaving of all those from the ship's deck who did not expect to accompany us. The whistle blew for loosening from the wharf and the screw began to whirl and the ship moved out toward the Golden Gate.

The Pacific Ocean met us with waves high enough to send many to their berths, and to arouse in the rest of us the question why so rough a sea should be called the Pacific. And for two days the roll, the jerk, the rise, the fall, the lunge, the tremor, the quake spoiled the appetite and hid from sight the majority of the passengers. But after the third day the ocean and the ship ceased their wrestling, and Peace smoothed the waves and hushed the winds, for the same Lord who took a short walk upon rough Galilee takes a longer walk upon Pacific seas. Different from most voyages, there seemed no disagreeables on board. Enough passengers to avoid loneliness; not so many as to be crowded. What difference between a sea-voyage now, with all comforts afforded and the table containing all the luxuries



CAPTAIN MORSE, OF THE ALAMEDA.



that can allure a weak appetite, and those days when the missionaries crossed to Honolulu in vessels greasy and rude, and with food rancid or stale, and with sail full of whims, now full-curved, and now limp and idle.

Politics have never done much for the Sandwich Islands. If a man have no expectations for these gems of the Pacific except that which comes from human legislation, I would think he would be as despairful as was Kamehameha III., King of Sandwich Islands, when on his dying bed, he said, "What is to become of my poor country? There is no one to follow me. Queen Emma I do not trust; Sunalilo is a drunkard, and Kalakaua is a fool." All that has been done for the Hawaiian Islands has been done by our gracious God and the missionaries. A foreign ship brought to these islands the mosquitoes. The foreign sailors brought them the leprosy. American politics brought them the devil. Had it not been for the Gospel, those islands would still have been putting to death women for eating bananas when forbidden to do so, bowing to a disgusting idolatry, and in all of the islands would have been a midnight of cruelty and abomination.

#### THE ANNEXATION QUESTION.

But the missionaries came, and in eight years 12,000 people gathered into the churches, and 26,000 children into schools proposing a Christian civilization, which now holds a beautiful supremacy over the Sandwich Islands.

There are two great parties in the Hawaiian Islands: royalists, who want the Queen, and annexationists, who want to come under our Eagle's wing.

Neither of them will triumph. The final result will be a republic by itself, of which the present government is an antepast. The Hawaiian nation is strong enough to stand alone. Because a nation is not gigantic is no more reason why it should not have self-control than a man with limited resources of physical or financial strength should be denied independence. If God had intended Honolulu to belong to the United States, He would have planted it hundreds of miles nearer our American coast. The United States Government is not so hungry for more land that it needs to be fed on a few chunks of island brought from 1800 miles away. No danger that some other foreign nation shall take possession of the island, and give us trouble when we want to run into Honolulu for the coaling and watering of our ships. With some iron-sides from our new navy and the



THE ALAMEDA PASSING THE GOLDEN GATE.  
Just as it looked that day of our departure.

aid of our friends on the island, we would knock into smithereens such foreign impertinence. Beside that, if we become as a nation a great maritime power, and we will, none of the islands of the Pacific would decline us sheltering harbor or supply for our ships. What though they belonged to other nations, they would sell us all we want. It is not necessary to own a store in order to purchase goods from it.

#### HAWAIIAN PROGRESS.

These are venerable islands. Those who can translate the language of the rocks and the language of human bones say that these islands have been inhabited 1400 years at least. When found in 1778, they were old places of human habitation. The most unique illustration in all the world of what pure and simple Christianity can do is here. Before



DR. TALMAGE ON STEAMER ALAMEDA  
CROSSING THE PACIFIC.

this supernatural force began, infanticide was common, and not by mildest form of assassination, but buried alive. Demented people were murdered; old people were allowed to die of neglect. Polygamy in its worst form reigned; and it was as easy for a man to throw away his wife as to pitch an apple core into the sea. Superstitions blackened the earth and the heavens. Christianity found the Sandwich Islands a hell, and turned them into a semi-heaven. As in all the other regions where Christianity triumphed, it was maligned by those who came from other lands to practice their iniquities. Loose foreigners were angered because they were hindered in their dissoluteness by a new element they had never before confronted.

"There is Honolulu," cried many voices this morning from the deck of the Alameda. These islands, called by many an archipelago, I call the "Constellation of the Pacific," for they seem not so much to have grown up, as alighted from the heavens. The bright, the redolent, the umbrageous, the floralized, the orcharded, the forested, the picturesque Hawaiian Islands! They came in upon us as much as we came in upon them in the morning. Captain Cook no more discovered

them in 1778 than we discovered them to-day. He saw them for the first time for himself, and we see them for the first time this morning for ourselves. More fortunate are we than Captain Cook. He looked out upon them from a filthy boat, and wound up his experiences by furnishing his body as the chops and steaks of a savage's breakfast. We from a graceful ship alight amid herbage and arborescence, and shall depart with the good wishes and prayers from all the islanders.

#### HIGH OFFICIAL COURTESIES.

As you approach the harbor there is in sight a long line of surf rolling over reefs of coral. High mountains, hurricane-cleft and lightning-split, but their wounds bandaged

with the green of perennial foliage. In a few minutes after landing a chamberlain of the ex-Queen called to invite us to her mansion, and Chief Justice Judd called with a delegation to ask me to preach that afternoon. I accepted the invitation brought by the chamberlain and was beautifully entertained by the Queen. With President Dole, of the Provisional Government, and Chief Justice Judd, I went to the Executive Buildings, which were formerly the Palace. The Council of the President were already assembled in what was originally the Throne Room, and taking the chair on the platform he called for order and then rose, and all the Councillors arose with him and he led them in prayer, saying, as near as I can remember: "O Lord, God of Nations! we ask Thy direction in the matters that shall come before us. Give us wisdom, and prudence, and fidelity in the discharge of our duties and Thou shalt have all the praise, world without end, Amen." I have not been told



HARBOR OF HONOLULU.

whether most of the Presidents of the United States have opened their cabinet meetings in that way, but it certainly is a good way.

At three o'clock that afternoon the Congregational Church was packed to overflowing with a multitude, about one-half native Hawaiians and the other half people of many lands. It was amazing to me that with such a short notice of a few hours such a throng could be gathered. But the Honolulu papers have been publishing my sermons for years and it was really a gathering of old friends. An interpreter stood beside me in the pulpit and with marvelous ease translated what I said into the Hawaiian language. It was such a scene as I never before witnessed, and I shall never see it repeated. After shaking hands with thousands of people I went out in the most delicious atmosphere and sat down under the

palm trees. What a bewitchment of scenery! What heartiness of hospitality! The Hawaiians have no superiors for geniality and kindness in all the world. In physical presence they are wondrous specimens of good health and stalwartness. One Hawaiian could wrestle down two of our nation.

#### A LAND OF FLOWERS.

Banks of flowers white as snow, or blue as skies, or yellow as sunsets, or starry as November nights, or red as battlefields. A heaven of flowers. Flowers entwined in maidens' hair, and twisted round hats, and hung on necks, and embroidered on capes and sacks. Tuberoses, gardenias, magnolias, passifloras, trumpet-creepers, oleanders, geraniums,



NIGHT SCENE IN THE CRATER OF THE VOLCANO OF KILAUEA, HAWAII.

fuchsias, convolvuli and hibiscus red as fire. Jessamine, which we in America carefully coax to climb the wall just once, here running up and down and jumping over to the other side and coming back again to jump down this side.

Night-blooming cereus, so rare in our northern latitude we call in our neighbors to see it, and they must come right away or never see it at all, here in these islands scattering its opulence of perfume on all the nights; and, not able to expend enough in the darkness, also flooding the day. Struggling to surpass each other all kinds of trees, whether of fruit or of rich garniture, mango, and orange, and bamboo, and alligator pear, and umbrella trees, and bread fruit, and algabora, and tamarind, and all the South Sea exotics. Rough cheek of pineapple against smooth cheek of melon. The tropics burning incense of aromatics to the high heavens.

## THE WORLD'S GREATEST VOLCANO.

These islands are volcanic results. The volcanoes are giants living in the cellars of the earth and warming themselves by subterraneous fires, and when they come out to play they toss islands, and sometimes in their sport they sprinkle the sea with the Society Islands and then they toss up the Navigator Islands and then the Fiji Islands and then the Hawaiian Islands. They are Titans, and when they play quoits they pitch islands. When the earth finally goes, as go it will, while it will be a very serious matter to us, it will be only the work of volcanoes which in their sport are apt to be careless with fire. While volcanoes are assigned to the destructive agencies we see here what they can do as architects. See here what they have builded. All up and down these islands are dead volcanoes. Rocked in cradle of earthquake, they grew up to an active life, and came to their last breath, and the mounds under which they sleep are decorated with tropical blooms. But the greatest living volcano of all the earth is Hawaiian, and named Kilauea. What a hissing, bellowing, tumbling, soaring, thundering force is Kilauea! Lake of unquenchable fire: Convolutions and paroxysms of flame: Elements of nature in torture: Torridity and luridity: Congregation of dreads: Molten horrors: Sulphurous abysses: Swirling mystery of all time: Infinite turbulence: Chimney of perdition: Wallowing terrors: Fifteen acres of threat: Glooms insufferable and Dantesque: Caldron stirred by the champion witch of pandemonium: Camp-fire of the armies of Diabolus: Wrath of the mountains in full bloom: Shimmering incandescence: Pyrotechnics of the planet: Furnace-blast of the ages—Kilauea! Once upon a time all the geysers, and boiling springs, and volcanoes of the earth held a convention to elect a king; and Etna was there, and Hecla was there, and Stromboli was there, and Vesuvius was there, and Fusi-yama was there, and Mauna Loa was there. The discussion in this convention of volcanoes was heated. They all spouted impassioned sentiment. Some were candidates for the throne and crown because of one pre-eminence and others for other superiorities. But when it was put to vote, by unanimous acclamation Kilauea was elected to be king of volcanoes. All the active forces of the earth, all the vapors, all the earthquakes, all the hills, all the continents voted aye! And that night was the coronation. The throne was lava. The sceptre was of smoke. The coronet was of fire. And all the sublimities and grandeurs and solemnities of the earth kneeling at the foot of the burning throne, cried out, "Long live Kilauea of the Hawaiians!" And a voice from heaven added mightiness to the scene as it declared, "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

## CHAPTER IV.

### PRESIDENT AND QUEEN.

THE chamberlain, come to invite us to the residence of the ex-Queen, had suggested eleven o'clock that morning as the best hour for our visit. We approached the wide-open doors through a yard of palm trees and bananas and cocoanut, and amid flowers that dyed the yard with all the colors that a tropical sun can paint. We were ushered into the royal lady's reception-room, where, surrounded by a group of distinguished persons, she arose to meet us with a cordial grasp of the hand. The pictures of her hardly convey an accurate idea of her dignity of bearing. She has all the ease of one born to high position. Her political misfortunes seem in no wise to have saddened her. She spoke freely of the brightness of life to any one disposed to meet all obligations, and at my suggestion that we found in life chiefly what we look for,



EX-QUEEN LILLIOKEULANI, AS SHE RECEIVED US.

(So)

and if we look for flowers we find flowers, and if we look for thorns we find thorns, she remarked, "I have found in the path of life chiefly the flowers. I do not see how any one surrounded by as many blessings as many of us possess could be so ungrateful as to complain." She said it was something to be remembered thankfully that for fifty years there was no revolution in the islands. She has full faith that the provisional government is only a temporary affair, and that she will again occupy the throne.

She asked her servant to show me, as something I had not seen before, a royal adornment made up from the small bird with a large name, the *Melithreptes Pacifica*. This bird, I had read, had under its wing a single feather of very exquisite color. The Queen corrected my information by saying that it was not a single feather, but a tuft of feathers, from under the wing of the bird from which the adornment was fashioned into a

chain of beauty for the neck. She spoke of her visit to New York, but said that prolonged illness hindered her from seeing much of the city. She talked freely and intelligently on many subjects pertaining to the present and the future.

I was delighted with her appearance and manner, and do not believe one word of the wretched stuff that has been written concerning her immoralities. Defamation is so easy, and there is so much cynicism abroad which would rather believe evil than good, that it is not to be thought strange that this Queen, like all the other rulers of the earth, has been beaten with storms of obloquy and misrepresentation. George Washington was called by Tom Paine a lying impostor. Thomas Jefferson was styled an infidel; and since those times we are said to have had in the United States presidency a blood-thirsty man, a drunkard, and at least two libertines; and if anybody in prominent place and effective work has escaped, "let him speak, for him have I offended." After an exchange of autographs on that day in Honolulu, we parted.

#### PRESIDENT DOLE GREETES HIS GUESTS.

At one o'clock Chief Justice Judd came to the hotel with his carriage to take us to the mansion of Mr. Dole, the coming President. It was only a minute after our entrance when Mr. Dole and his accomplished and brilliant lady appeared with a cordiality of welcome that made us feel much at home. Mr. Dole is a pronounced Christian man, deeply interested in all religious affairs, as well as secular; his private life beyond criticism; honored by both political parties; talented, urbane, attractive, strong, and fit for any position where conscientiousness and culture and downright earnestness are requisites. It was to me a matter of surprise that at a time when politics are red-hot in the Hawaiian Islands, and Mr. Dole is very positive in his opinions on all subjects, I heard not one word of bitterness spoken against him. Hawaiian and foreigner are alike his eulogists. When I referred to the tremendous questions he and his associates had on hand, he said it was remarkable how many of the busy men of these islands were willing to give so much of their time, free of all charge, to the business of the new government, and from what he believed to be patriotic and Christian motives. Mr. Dole is a graduate of Williams College, Massachusetts, and when I asked him if his opinion of President Hopkins, of that college, was as elevated as that of President Garfield, he replied, "Yes! I think, as Garfield did, that to sit on one end of a log with President Hopkins on the other and talk with him on literary matters would be something like a liberal education."

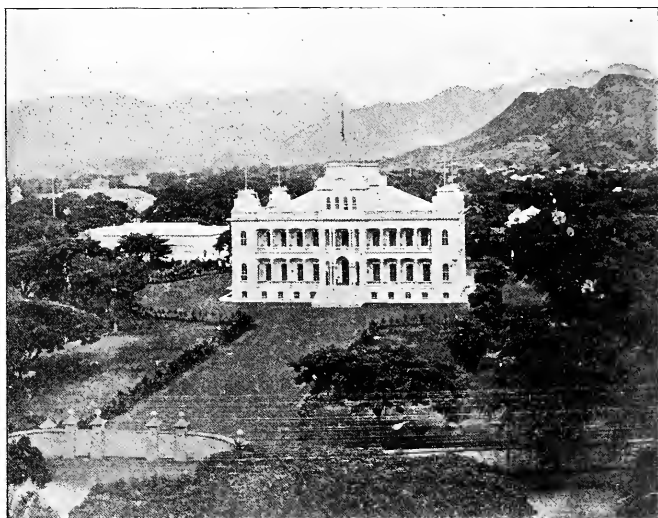


SANFORD P. DOLE, PRESIDENT OF THE  
REPUBLIC OF HAWAII.

The wife of the coming President is a charm of loveliness, and is an artist withal. Her walls are partly decorated with her pencil. And though under her protest, as though the room was unworthy of a visit, Chief Justice Judd took me to her studio, where she passes much of her time in sketching and painting. The ride I took afterward with the coming President and Chief Justice Judd allowed me still other opportunity of forming an elevated opinion of the present head of the Hawaiian Government. The cordiality with which we had been received by the present ruler and the former Queen interested us more and more in the present condition and the future happiness of the Sandwich Islands.

#### HEARING BOTH SIDES ON HAWAIIAN AFFAIRS.

Aware of the different ways of looking at things and of putting things, I resolved to get the story of Hawaiian affairs from opposite sides. We have always taken it for granted



NATIONAL PALACE, HONOLULU.

that two and two make four. And yet two and two may be so placed as to make twenty-two. The figure 9 is only the figure 6 turned upside down. There are not many things like the figure 8, the same whichever side is up. The different accounts I here present are reports from different stand-points.

I had opportunity of earnest and prolonged conversation with a royalist, educated, truthful, of high moral char-

acter, born in these islands, and of great observation and experience. The following conversation took place between us.

*Question:* "Do you think the ex-Queen a good woman?"

*Answer:* "I have seen the Queen very often. I have been one of her advisers, and my wife has been with her much of the time from childhood, and has seen her morning, noon and night, and under all circumstances, and neither of us has ever witnessed anything compromising in her character. She has made mistakes, as all make them, but she is fully up to the moral standard of the world's rulers. She is the impersonation of kindness, and neither my wife nor myself, nor any one else has ever heard her say a word against any one. In that excellence she is pre-eminent. In proof of her good character I have to state the fact that there is not a household in Honolulu that did not feel honored by her presence. If she had been such a corrupt character as some correspondents have



represented her, I do not think that the best men and women of the Hawaiian Islands would have sought her for guest and associate."

*Question* : "Do you think she has been unjustly treated?"

*Answer* : "I do. She has been most infamously treated. While our island was at peace, and with no excuse for interference, the United States troops were landed. A group of men backed up by the United States Minister and troops formed a cabinet and chose a President, and sent a committee to the palace and told the Queen to leave the place. It was another case of Naboth's vineyard. The simple fact is that there were men who wanted the palace and the offices and the salaries. From affluent position she was reduced in estate until she had to mortgage the little left her to pay commissioners to go to Washington and present her side of the case. As I said, she made mistakes, but she was willing to correct them, and in a public manifesto declared she was willing to retrace her steps in the matter of the 'New Constitution.' She had as much right to her throne as any ruler on earth has a right to a throne; but by sharp practice when she was unsuspecting, the United States troops drove her from the palace, took possession of the armament, and inaugurated a new government."

#### THE ROYALIST VIEW.

*Question* : "If the choice of royalty or annexation were put to the vote of the people, what do you think would be the decision?"

*Answer* : "The Queen's restoration by a majority of at least ten to one. We who are royalists are without exception in favor of leaving these matters to a ballot-box. In the United States the majority governs and the majority of the people of the Hawaiian Islands ought to have the same privilege of governing."

*Question* : "Are the Hawaiians property-holders or nomads?"

*Answer* : "They are property-holders. They have their homes. They have a practical interest in public affairs. Moreover they are for the most part intelligent. You can hardly find a Hawaiian born since 1840 who cannot read and write."

*Question* : "What do you think is the most provoking item in the condition of your country?"

*Answer* : "It is that a professed friendly power has robbed us of our government. All the nations of the earth consider that your nation has done us a wrong."

*Question* : "Taking conditions as they now are what do you think had better be done, or is that a hemispheric conundrum?"

*Answer* : "It is a hemispheric conundrum. Our Queen is dethroned, and her palace and her military forces are in the possession of her enemies. While I cannot see any way in which the wrong can be righted, she has such faith in the final triumph of justice that she expects to resume her throne. Her estate as well as her crown taken from her, she deserves the sympathy of the whole world. I believe in republics for some lands, and monarchies for others. One style of government will not do for all styles of people. A republic is best for the United States, a monarchy for the Hawaiian Islands."

Thus ended my conversation with the royalist.

#### THE REPUBLICAN SIDE OF THE CASE.

But I also had the opportunity of learning the other side of this question from a spirited, patriotic and honest annexationist, and I asked much the same questions that I had asked the royalist.

The following conversation between the annexationist and myself took place:

*Question:* "Do you think the Queen is fit to reign?"

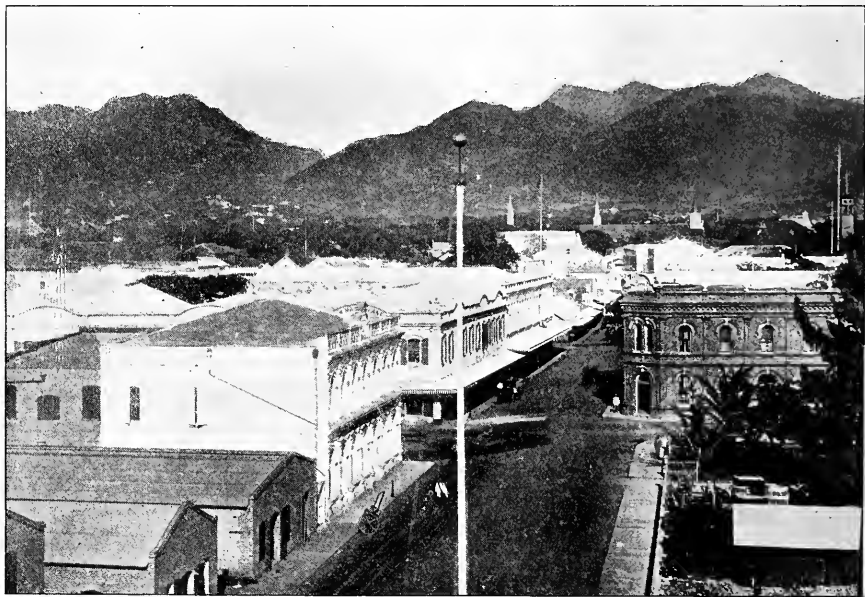
*Answer:* "No! By her signing the Opium License and the bill for the Louisiana Lottery, and by other acts, she has proved herself unfit to govern."

*Question:* "Do you think that the present controversy would be relieved, if the question in dispute were left to the votes of all the people on the island?"

*Answer:* "No! The Chinese, the Japanese and the Portuguese would join with the natives and vote down the best interests of the Hawaiian Islands."

*Question:* "What do you think of the present attitude of the United States Government with respect to the Sandwich Islands?"

*Answer:* "Most unfortunate. We are waiting for a change of administration at Washington. Your President has unwisely handled our affairs. We want an administra-



MAIN STREET, HONOLULU.

tion at Washington which will favor an annexation, and your next Presidential election may settle our island affairs, and settle them in the right way."

*Question:* "What is the present feeling between royalists and those in favor of the provisional government?"

*Answer:* "Very bitter and becoming more and more dangerous, and great prudence and wisdom will have to be employed or there will be blood shed."

Thus ended my conversation with the annexationist.

As I said in a previous letter, without taking the side either of royalist or annexationist, the Hawaiian Islands will yet be a republic by itself. What an amazing thing that

after all the trouble the United States Government has had with the Chinese population now within our borders, trying this and that legislation to suit their case, any American statesman should propose, by the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, to add to our population the 22,000 Chinese and the 12,000 Japanese now living in those islands. If we want this addition of 34,000 Chinese and Japanese, had we not better import them fresh from China and Japan?



HAWAIIAN GIRLS.

From what I have seen and heard in this my journey I have come to the conclusion that it will be a dire day when the American government hopelessly mixes itself up with Hawaiian affairs. It would be disaster to them, and perplexity and useless expense to ourselves. "Hands off," and "Mind your own business" are, in this case, sentiments that had better be observed by English, German and American governments.

## CHAPTER V.

### ISLAND OF LEPERS.

THE most of the world's heroes and heroines die unrecognized. They will have to wait until the roll is called on the other side of the Dead Sea. I have seen no celebration of the courage and fidelity of Rev. S. Waiwaiolo, who died two years ago in the leper settlement of the Sandwich Islands, nor of the Rev. Mr. Pahio, who, himself struck with leprosy, goes right on with his evangelical labors, except when especial fever of his disease prostrates him, and will continue his work of love until he has neither foot to walk nor tongue to speak because of the dreadful disintegration. But once in a while there are circumstances which thrill the world with some story like that of the brilliant Belgian Catholic priest, Joseph Damien, who, after a week's consideration of whether he had better do so, accepted the appointment as missionary to Molokai, the Isle of Lepers; for sixteen years administering to the leprous and then dying of the leprosy. When told by his physician that he had the fell taint upon him he showed no alarm or even agitation, but said, "As I expected. I am willing to die for those I came to save." The King knighted him and a memorial slab designates his resting-place, but Protestantism has joined Catholicism in the beatification of this self-sacrificing ecclesiastic.

#### A TRIBUTE TO DAMIEN.

That moral hero completely transformed the Isle of Lepers. It was, before his work began, a pen of abominations. No law, no decency, all the tigers of passion were let loose. Drunkenness and blasphemy and libertinism and cruelty dominated. The moral disease eclipsed the physical. But Damien dawned upon the darkness. He helped them build cottages. He medicated their physical distresses. The plague which he could not arrest he alleviated. He settled the controversies of the people. He prepared the dead for burial and digged for them Christian graves, and pronounced upon them a benediction. He launched a Christian civilization upon the wretchedness. He gave them the gospel of good cheer. He told the poor victims concerning the Land of Eternal Health, where "the inhabitant never says I am sick," and the swollen faces took on the look of hope, and the glassy eyes saw coming relief, and the footless, and the limbless, and the fingerless looked forward to a place where they might walk with the King robed in white, and "everlasting songs upon their heads."

Good and Christlike Joseph Damien! Let all religions honor his memory. Let poetry and canvas and sculpture tell the story of this man who lived and died for others, and from century to century keep him in bright remembrance long after the last leper of all the earth shall have felt through all his recovering and revitalized nature, the voice of the Son of God saying: "I will! Be thou clean."

#### THE REGIME AT MOLOKAI.

The eternal pathos of Molokai has attracted the attention of all nations, because it is a leper colony. It is a small island, but it contains a continent of woe. It was established in mercy. Leprosy was so rapidly advancing in the Sandwich Islands that the entire population

was imperiled. To control and extirpate the ghastly evil it was necessary to put it by itself on an island not easily accessible. But those banished there are made as comfortable as possible. In one year this leper settlement cost the Hawaiian government \$55,000. Every week each patient is allowed four pounds of salmon, nine pounds of rice, one pound of sugar, or if preferred from five to six pounds of beef and twenty-one pounds of paiai, which is a near approach to bread. Leprosy reigns there. The victims have bands of music, all the players lepers; they have churches, all the worshipers lepers; they have carriages, all the drivers and occupants lepers; they have hospitals, all the nurses and patients lepers; they have the drama, and all the actors lepers; they have schools, all the

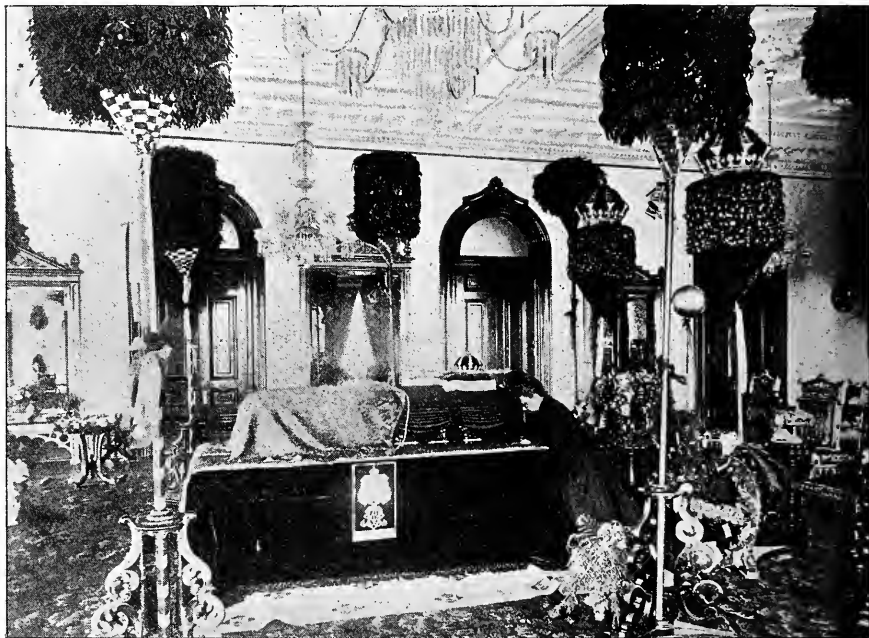


PRINCESS NA'ALII'S RESIDENCE IN HONOLULU.

teachers and scholars lepers; marriages are performed and the contracting parties lepers. Children are born there and they are mostly lepers. Everything that pustule and scarification and inflammation and gangrene and disfiguration can do is done here. Science, which has successfully fought back most of the world's disorders, has here closed its pharmacy, put back into its case its surgical instruments and come down to the government boat and retreated from this island of death. Thank God this dominion of death is being broken and he will have to dismount this sepulchral throne. Segregation of the victims will complete the overthrow of the foul plague, and in these islands a leper will be as rare as in America, where most of the people never saw a leper.

## CHEERFUL, THOUGH DOOMED.

What most strikes a visitor at Molokai is the placidity and cheerfulness of the victimized. One would think they could never smile, never sing, never get out from under a sense of despair. But whatsoever agonies may fill the hearts of these lepers, they appear to the beholder as in a resignation that amounts to good cheer. They seem among the happiest people on earth. Many of them on horseback, come galloping down the road. Songs roll over the fated village by day and night. Human nature adjusts itself to circumstances. We have often seen people who through pulmonary or Bright's disease were certain of early demise and yet with a mirth bubbling and resonant. The fact is we must



DOWAGER NAPILONIUS, AT KING KALAKANU'S COFFIN, HONOLULU.

all die, and yet we manage to keep cheerful, and why not those struck by leprous fatality have sunshine in their countenance and talk.

The mercy of the Hawaiians has made this colony of doomed inhabitants more tolerable than in most lands. I have seen in the suburbs of Jerusalem and Damascus scores of those cast out for this disease and inhabiting caverns and tombs. Beaten of the elements, living on the coin which passers-by may fling to them, while day by day they are rotting alive. Let us thank God that those smitten with incurable sores, in the Sandwich Islands, have homes, and schools, and churches, and food, and nurses, and alleviations, and parterres of sweetest flowers under arches of bluest skies.

## THE STORY OF WILLIAM RAGSDALE, LEPER.

No respecter of persons is this physical calamity. William Ragsdale, a popular lawyer, was sent there. He was eloquent both in Hawaiian and English, and could make his audience weep and laugh and shiver and resolve. He had the satire of a Junius and the impassioned abandon of an O'Connell. No one suspected he was a leper before the day when he sent a letter to the authorities surrendering himself, and saying that on the morrow he would go aboard the steamer for Molokai. He spent the morning of the day of his departure in riding around to say good-bye to his friends, and just before the hour of sailing came down to the boat, his neck adorned with gardenia, and turned around and made a farewell address, closing with the words: "Aloka! May God bless you, my brothers!"

Hundreds of the people and a glee club accompanied him to the boat, and they rent the air with lamentations as the boat swung off from its moorings. He took a Bible and some law books with him into his dreadful exile, and the prayers of churches were offered that he might have courage and peace in the remaining days of his earthly tarrying. Queen Emma's cousin, Honorable Mr. Kaco, was also sent to Molokai; and there was no power in his royal connection to keep him outside of that island.

Mrs. Napela, of high social circle, had her cottage of enforced exile on that island of sepulchres. A legislator of the Hawaiian Islands is there closing his life. He was probably a good legislator in the days of his health, but I cannot help thinking what a good thing it would be if all the leprons legislators of the earth could be put on some island by themselves. Such a banishment would be a mighty thinning out at Albany, Harrisburg and Washington, legislatures State and national. The United States Government could afford to provide such a Molokai, and the moral lepers sent there could have their legislature and congress and board of aldermen and army and navy all of



STATUE OF KAMEHAMEHA I., HONOLULU.



KANPOHE PARK, HONOLULU.



the same blotch. But while the Hawaiian legislator could be found out and sent to the so-called "Isle of Precipices," the moral leper is not so easily designated, because he has the blotch not so much on his forehead as on his heart. What every State and nation now needs is a Molokai, or Isle of Lepers.

## LEPROSY DIAGNOSED.

Conversation about leprosy with a former member of the Board of Health for the Hawaiian Islands revealed to me the following facts :

*Question :* "In what part of the system does leprosy begin its work?"

*Answer :* "It attacks the nerve-centres."

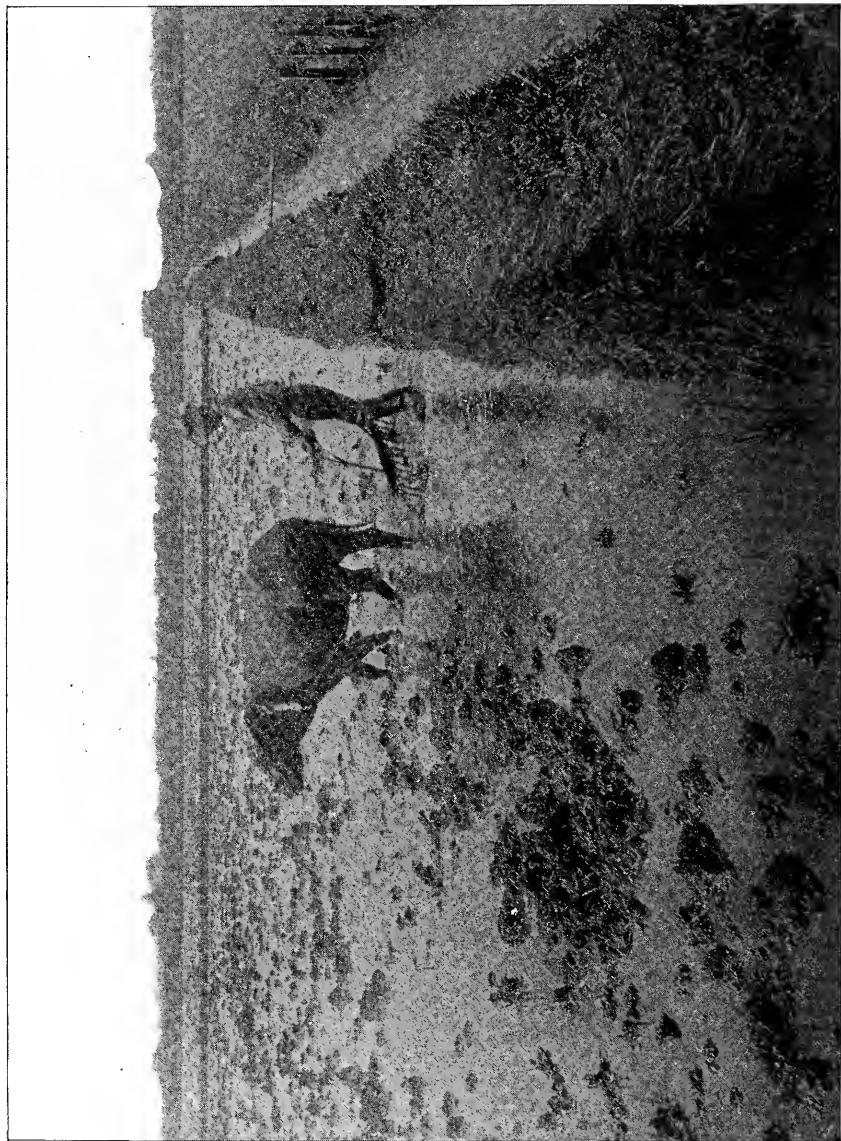
*Question :* "I thought it was a disease of the blood?"

*Answer :* "No. It begins with the nerves, and just as the girdling of the trunk of a tree first shows its withering results in the tip end of the long branch of the tree, so



CAPTAIN COOK'S MONUMENT, HAWAII.

leprosy is apt to first show itself in the paralysis or doubling up of the little finger, or in the toe, or in the lobe of the ear. Sometimes there appears upon the body a shining surface, and it is unimpressible. Prick it with a pin, and there is no sting. All the rest of the patient's body may be in perspiration, but that spot remains dry. Sometimes all the signs of physical disorder disappear, and the disease seems gone. Then there will come a leprosy fever, and that will throw out a blush or efflorescence that more emphatically announces the progress of the disease. Then all signs of skin disturbance disappear, but



RICE CULTIVATION, HAWAII.

after the following leprous fever the case is worse than before. So each retreat of the disease is followed by a more decided advance."

*Question* : " Is it painful ? "

*Answer* : " No. That is one of the mercies. From the first assault of the plague to the hour of death there is an absence of physical suffering. "

*Question* : " But is there no mental depression ? "

*Answer* : " Oh, yes. At the first acquaintance of the fact that the disease is on him, a horrid gloom settles upon the patient. But after a while a slight hope of recovery is born, and the incipient leper tries all forms of cure, and no form is so absurd that it will not recommend itself as worthy of experiment. And then all the time the patient thinks it may be something besides leprosy. "

*Question* : " When a victim of the disease is first charged with having the plague, I should think he would resent it. "

*Answer* : " Yes, and the English law makes it a libelous case for the courts, if a man is unjustly charged with being a leper. Boards of Health have to be very careful in the work of segregation. "

*Question* : " Are there any cases of cure ? "

*Answer* : " The only cases I recall are those mentioned in the Bible. Naaman, the Syrian hero, and the ten cases whom Christ cured, nine of them too mean to acknowledge the divine medicament. "

*Question* : " What in ordinary cases is the velocity of the disease, and how long before it completes its work ? "

*Answer* : " Well, I have known one case last sixteen years. I think the usual duration is five or six years. "

*Question* : " Has the leprosy different modes in demonstrating itself ? "

*Answer* : " It has. The tuberculous and the anesthetic. The former is more repulsive, it swells and bloats and distorts the face. The last sign of humanity is blotted from the countenance. There are cases of this kind called 'leonine,' for the reason that the face is so widened and enlarged and made severe that the countenance looks like a lion. The anesthetic form is a withering, a thinning out, a wasting away, a depletion, a skeletonizing process. "

*Question* : " Is it contagious ? "

*Answer* : " There are different opinions about that. I have seen in married life the husband or wife a leper for years, and the partner in life always in good health. I have known a leprous parent to have a healthy child. I was talking on this subject with an eminent physician who said to me, ' Do you see those two children playing together ? ' The one is a leper and the other my own child, and I have no fear about contamination. "

*Question* : " How many patients are there in Molokai at the present time ? "

*Answer* : " About one thousand. "

Here ended my conversation with the former member of the Board of Health of the Sandwich Islands. Up to date the woe goes on. Only two weeks ago, a ship took twenty-five more lepers to Molokai. The scene of parting is said to be so heart-rending that but few people go to the wharf to witness it. The wailing and the howling at the parting of families, as the filial, and fraternal, and paternal, and maternal bonds are broken, is something that haunts the memory. Not long ago a young man, sentenced to the leper island, declared he would not be taken alive. He shot three of those who were attempting to segregate him, and then hid in a hut until a cannon on a neighboring hill bombarded the hut into a wreck. Then a relative went to the hut and found the young man dead.

But do not let us give up discouraged. Leprosy as well as cancer and all the other now unconquered ailments will yet be cured. I do not know where the cradle now holding the coming doctor is being rocked, whether at Molokai, or in Honolulu, or on the banks of the Thames, or the Rhine, or the Tiber, or the Ural, or the Hudson, or the Savannah. Nor do I know from what college he will unroll his diploma, nor in what laboratory he will make his experiments, nor in what decade he will give proclamation of the world's emancipation from diseases as yet incurable, but he will go through the same persecutions that Doctor Jenner did because of his discovery of a way to halt small-pox, and as Doctor Keeley has endured because of his almost supernatural cure of alcoholism, and the new



A NATIVE FEAST, HAWAII.

discoverer will run the gauntlet of caricature, and expulsion from medical societies, and will, like the most illustrious Being of all ages, become the target for expectoration, but the discoverer will give leprosy the command "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," and that disease will wriggle and crawl and slink out of the world, and after the medical emancipator is dead, the nations will build a monument so high to his memory, that the granite shaft will dispute with the skies the right of possession, and in the epitaph thereon the clicking chisel will try to atone for the slanderous tongue, and the world that held back from the discoverer the bread of honest praise will give him a stone of *post-mortem* commemoration. Forward the whole column of surgeons and physicians for the conquest of leprosy and cancer.

## CHAPTER VI.

### BATTLE AND SHIPWRECK.

**A** HUNDRED and sixty dead men in the angry waters ; one ship sunk out of sight so that not so much as a plank or rope has since appeared ; of our three great American warships lying in the harbor, the "Leipsic" beached, the "Trenton " and "Vandalia" demolished ; of the three great German men-of-war, the "Eber " and "Olga" gone completely under ; the "Adler" rolled over on its side and cracked apart amidships ; out of all the vessels in harbor only one saved, and that because it had steam up and could sail out into the sea ; three days of wreckage and fright and horror which shook the island, and by report of next steamer transfixed all nations ; all this a brief putting of what an Antipodean hurricane did for this harbor in March, 1889. While all up and down the beach of this island are pieces of the wreckage of that unparalleled tempest only one skeleton of the ship remains, the "Adler," sufficiently distinct to represent that scene of cyclonic infernization. It is rather unfortunate that Samoa in the popular mind of all nations stands as a synonym of shipwreck, for the place is as fine a specimen of foliage and fruitage as the world holds. Indeed, its harbor is the sea captain's anxiety. For though a wide harbor it has only a small entrance, and rocks in all directions toss the white foam. The captain told us that we need not think we were left if we saw him sailing out to sea, for he would do so if a squall came up, but he would return and take us.

After more than seven days of ocean rolling, without sight of ship or land, the Samoan Islands greet you like a beatific vision. As we came on deck this morning the waters were covered with small boats of natives bringing specimens of coral and all manner of flowers and fruits, ready to sell these and transport to shore all the passengers who chose to go. A boat belonging to the German Legation with four stout oarsmen, took us three-quarters of a mile to the beach. From thence we went to King Malietoa's residence. But it is a time of war. The King had fled to the forest. A few nights before he was thought to be at a village house, and it was surrounded and shot into, and the King would have been slain if he had been there. The whole island is in turmoil. We were shown the King's rooms and his pictures and bric-a-brac. The walls suggested fondness for German and English royalty, but I found not a face of any American President or general. We saw the Queen and at the invitation of the warriors went into the guard's tent. About fifteen dusky soldiers, each reclining on a pillow of round wood upheld by two small supports. A more uncomfortable pillow it would seem to me than that in Bethel, from the foot of which Jacob saw the angelies.

Each of the warriors had a gun within reach. At their invitation we sat down on a mat beside those who were sitting, and in scant vocabulary talked over the Samoan troubles. We saw one soldier who had been shot in the foot, and he was limping along leaning on an assistant. Four men were killed last night in a skirmish and another skirmish is to take place to-night. There are natives who do not want to pay their taxes and their various grievances have been summed up, and a young warrior wants to get the throne and introduce the millennium. A long-continued struggle is opening. Meanwhile a German and English man-of-war is in the harbor and an American man-of-war is expected soon. What

will be the result no one can prophesy. But this is certain, this island and all the group of islands are suffering from foreign interference. It is a common saying among the natives that first comes the missionary, then comes the merchant, then comes the consul, then comes the man-of-war, then oh, my!

Why should three great nations like the English, German and American stoop to such small business as to be watching with anxious and expensive vigilance these islands, for fear that this or that foreign government should get a little advantage? Better call home your warships and leave all to the missionaries. They will do more for the civilization of Samoa, than all the guns that ever spoke from the sides of the world's navies. The captain of our steamer, in an interesting address a few evenings ago concerning the islands of the

Pacific, declared that the only movement toward civilization that amounted to anything in these islands had been made by the church. Gospel, not gunpowder. Life, not death. Bibles, not bullets.

The only movement that at this time has full swing in Samoa is "trade gin." That maddens and embrates and has given to Samoa the unsavory and unjust title of the "Hell of the Pacific." The foreign gin is helped in its work by a domestic drink called "kava." It is prepared in the following delicious way. There is a plant called Piper Methisticum, from the root of which the kava is made. A young Samoan woman moved to one of the Fiji Islands, but got tired and resolved to return to her native islands. Before starting homewards she saw a rat, which seemed weak and thin, eat the root of this plant, when the rat soon after became strong and vigorous, and she concluded that the best thing she could do for her native land was to take this root to her people, that it might make them strong and



AN ASPIRANT TO THE THRONE OF SAMOA.

vigorous too. So it was transplanted. As the root of it made the rat strong and vigorous, why not the same result be produced in the human race? So she cultivated in Samoa the Piper Methisticum, from which the kava is made. Girls, and old men who have nothing else to do, prepare this kava by the following process: They take the root and chew it until the juice fills their mouth, then they discharge it from the mouth into a bowl, more root is put into the mouth and the liquid disposed of in the same way. It has become a popular drink. It is ordered on all occasions; at the opening and closing of all socialities, before and after all styles of business, it is kava here and kava there and kava everywhere. And it is cleaner than most of the drinks of other countries and has in it no logwood, strychnine or nux vomica, but pure and simple expectoration. I consider it as an improvement



TEA GATHERERS.



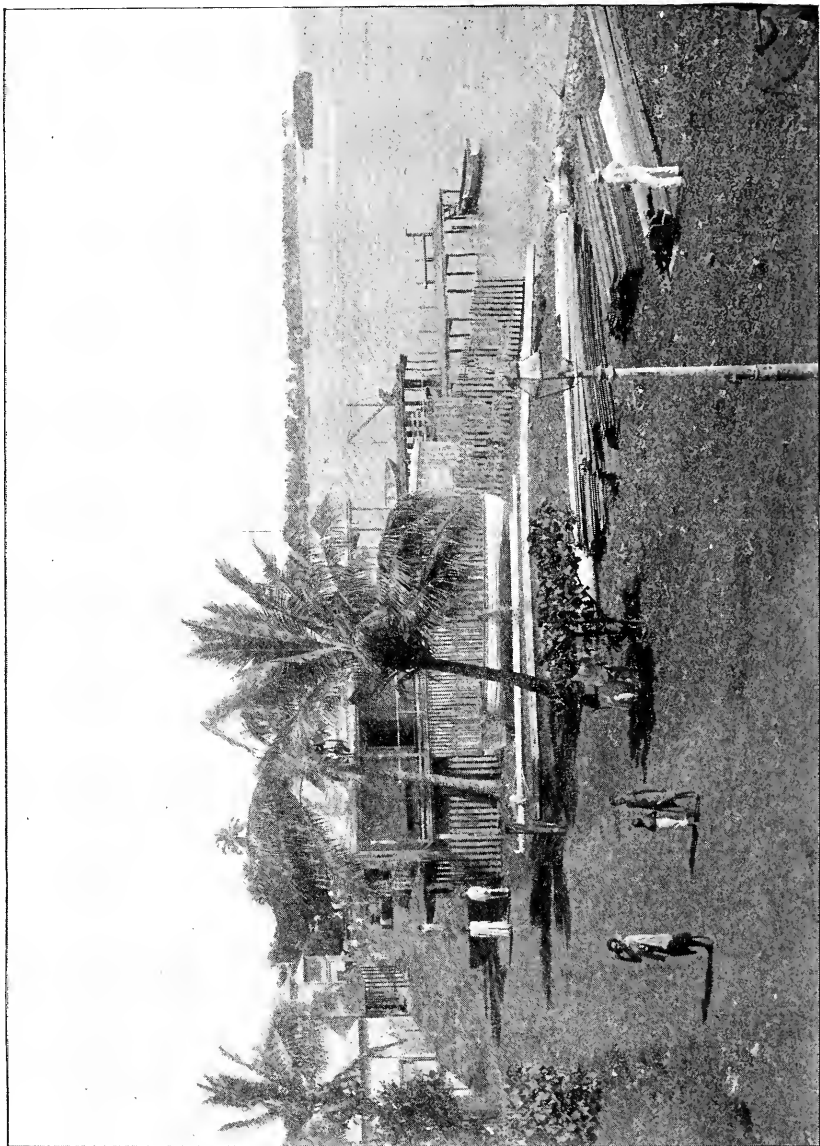


on most strong drinks. It is said to be a most delicious drink. Almost all visitors try this kava and see what it tastes like and what are its effects, but as I have great faith in the testimony of others, I did not taste it, believing all they said about the pungent and grateful flavor of this beverage of refined and delectated spit. The kava not only appeals to the taste, but it is said to beautify the cup or bowl from which it is quaffed. The bowl is not washed, but retains the settlings of this beverage, which harden and come to look like exquisite enameling, which submits to a high polish. Not only is the cup enameled, but the stomach of the one who takes it, becomes also an enameling so elaborate that I am informed that one who was in such condition, by sneezing violently, cracked the enamel and died. Instead of the burning out of the vitals by the brandy and whiskey and wines would it not be more æsthetic to carry around a whole art gallery of enameled insides?

Tell all the Methodists Malietoa is a Wesleyan and a consistent follower of the three worthies of Epworth, Susannah, Charles and John. Though his every drop of inherited blood is warlike, this king is a man of peace. One of his ancestors fought back an enemy from Samoa, and did it so well that the defeated troops, as they got back into their boats, cheered the Samoan king, shouting, "Well done, fighting cock." But the present king might better be symbolized by a dove rather than a chanticleer. As in America we never had but one man who declined being President of the United States when he knew that he could get the office, so Malietoa is the only man that I know of who declined to be king, when the honor fell to him. Again and again he preferred another for the throne, and accepted royalty only when circumstances compelled him to do so. There have been deeds of blood since he took the sceptre, but war is barbarism whether under Samoan, or American, or English flag. Nearly all the great generals of our American wars have been good members of Presbyterian, or Episcopalian, or Methodist, or Baptist, or Congregational, or Catholic churches.

Do not therefore sneer when I write that Malietoa is a Wesleyan. The flag that floats over his house is a one-starred flag contrived by a missionary. Indeed, the good work of the missionaries is found wherever we go on this island. The Bible is the chief book. There are churches and schools. One of the group of islands has a college of fifty-five students in preparation for the ministry. Nearly all the inhabitants of these islands can read and write. There are no doubt enough bad people. Three ships of war lying for the most time in the harbor keep the natives familiar with the vices of more civilized nations. The beach-combers, as they are called at Samoa—that is, the men who combine the work of wrecker, pirate, thief, desperado, and agent for the slums—are found here; but every city that I know of has its beach-combers, and the poor swindled immigrants find them more numerous at Boston, New York and Liverpool than the voyagers of the Pacific find them at Samoa.

These islands are more thorough Sabbath-keepers than you will find in almost any land of all the earth. From early morning until late at night on Sabbath, the whole town, with few exceptions, is given up to devotion. At half-past six on Sabbath morning the church bells ring, and the people put on their best attire and assemble for worship. Again, in mid-afternoon, the church bells ring, and the people gather. Far on into the Sunday night the Christian songs may be heard, caught up and sounded back from home to home, and from mountain to beach. There is far more Sabbath kept in Samoa than in any town or city in America of the same size. But this was not always so. From what cruelty Christian civilization has lifted it! In olden time when they conquered an enemy they broke his spine. To add to the humiliation of the defeated, some of them were



SAMOAN RESIDENCE.  
As it appeared to me.

roasted and eaten. When a woman was candidate for marriage to some chief, she was seated in the market-place for the public to decide whether she were fit for such marriage. If they decided in the negative, she was clubbed to death.

They worshiped the dog, or the eel, or the turtle, or the lizard, or the shark. "Back!" cried the Christian religion to such monstrosities of behavior, and all things changed.

#### TATTOOING AND OCEAN CHROMATICS.

The Samoans have not much use for clothes. I saw no fashion-plates in the windows. A tailor would starve to death in Samoa. Lack of complete physical investiture comes not from undue economy, not from pauperism, not from immorality, but originally from the fact that, on these islands, the climate is so mild the year round that necessity does not make inexorable demand upon weavers and clothiers.

But gradually calicoes and nankeens and alpacas are coming into demand. The Samoan somewhat substitutes tattooing, which in some cases appears quite like a suit of clothes. In the boat crossing from wharf to steamer I put my hand on the knee of a Samoan, and said, "You are tattooed." He replied, "Yes; that me clothes." I said, "When do you have that tattooing done?" He answered, "Twenty years of age." I said, "Does it hurt?" He replied, "Oh, yes! Hurt! Swell up!" I asked, "How long does it take to have that tattooing done?" He answered, "Two months." Indeed, all the men I noticed had been tattooed. It is a badge of manhood. A man is not respected unless tattooed. He would be thrust out of society or not admitted. The most profitable business is that of tattooing.

The artist retires to the bush with a few candidates for two or three months. Every day, as the patient can endure it, the pricking in of the paint by needles and sharp-tooth combs, the process goes on.

The suffering is more or less great, but one must be in the fashion; yet I suppose in this there is no more pain than that which men and women suffer in the martyrdom of fashion through which some people go in the higher civilized life. What tight boots with



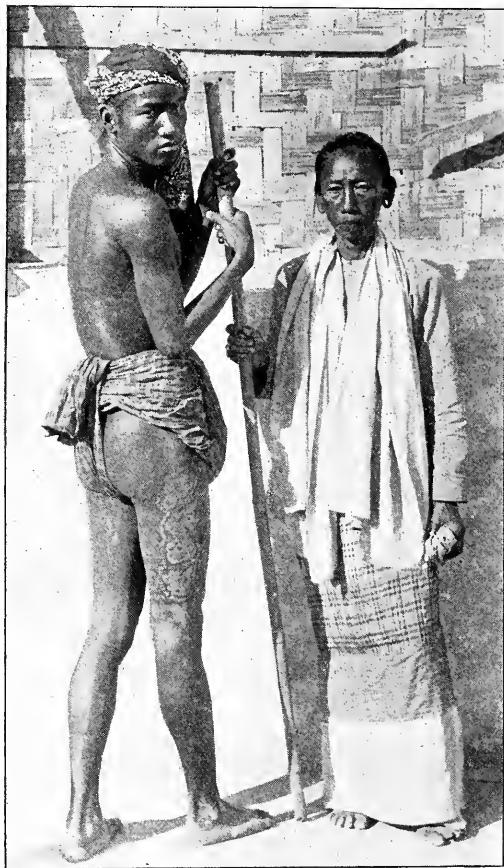
KING AND QUEEN OF SAMOA.  
In such attire the Queen smiled on us.

agony of corns! What piercing of the ear lobes for diamond rings! What crucifixion of stout waists to make them of more moderate size! The tattooing is only another form of worship at the altar of fashion—no flinching on the part of the tattooed, no backing out.

The work done, he who went into the bush a boy comes out a man.

As we passed along the main street of the island, we had a crowd after us with something to sell. To buy a flower or a shell was greatly to reinforce the number of the escorting party. The men are muscular and well formed. The children are beautiful. As to the women, every nation has its type of female beauty, and no one of another nation is competent to judge concerning it.

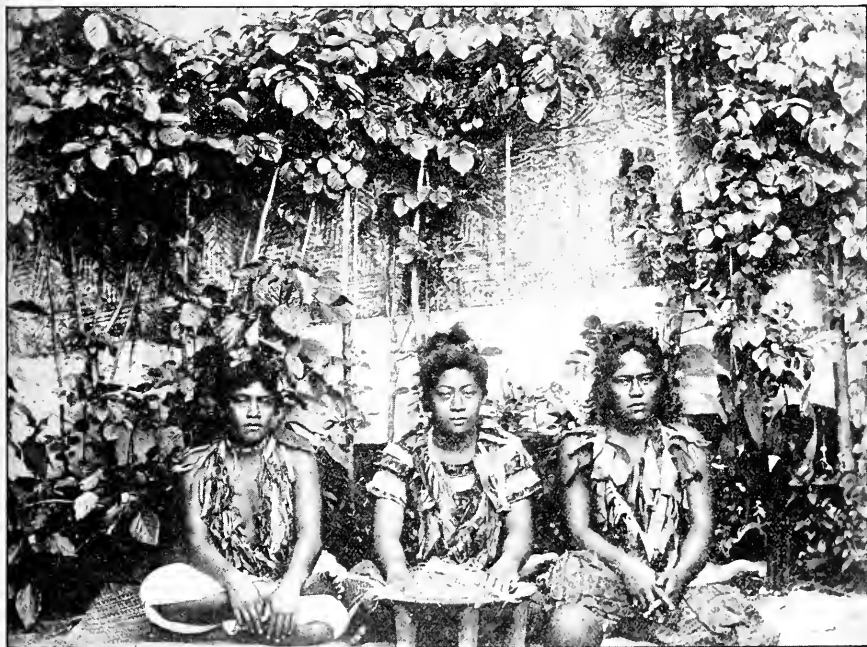
But there goes the whistle of the "Alameda." It has to sound three times, and then off for New Zealand. We wait for the second whistle and then start. Over the rolling billows to the ladder of the steamer, and up to our old place on the good ship, to which we again trust our lives. What a mystery it must be to all the innumerable creatures of the deep. We discuss some flying fish, or see once in a voyage a spouting whale, but we never realize that we are being discussed by the inhabitants of an element filled with so much life that our captain says when a whale is wounded by its captors, it requires two men to keep off the sharks while the captive is being drawn in. What, suppose you, the inhabitants of Oceana think of this ship floating above them, of the bow plowing through, of the screw stirring the wave, of the passengers bending over the railing? Every moment, as we



BURMESE MOTHER AND SON, SHOWING SAMPLE OF TATTOOING  
AMONG UNCIVILIZED RACES.

pass on by day and night, there are thousands of ichthyological inquiries of "What's that?" What do the seagulls flying hundreds of miles from shore think of us? What do the sharks think? What do the whales think? What does the octopus think? We are as great mysteries to them as they are to us. And now we come back to study that which has been to me one of the great wonders in my voyages across the Atlantic, and is now as fascinating in my first voyage over the Pacific, and will, I suppose, be to me as great a

wonder until the last push of the steamer after I have entered New York harbor. I mean the architecture and adornment of an ocean wave. What mathematics could contrive its curve, or what compass execute it? Its gracefulness, its ease, its perfection, its suggestiveness of more curves if it desired to make them. Then the lace-work of foam hung on it, all its threads woven by the finger of God, and looped up, and unrolled and folded and put back on shelves of crystal. Then the top of the wave, as it makes up its mind to recoil or drop on the other side or mount higher. Now the white melting into the blue, like snowy clouds dissolving into the blue of skies. Then two waves, each garnitured with surf, rising to meet each other, and married into one bliss of opalescence and emerald and fire. Oh!



SAMOAN GIRLS MAKING KAVA.

the rise, the rush, the arch, the fall, the voice, the splendor, the convolution, the miracle, the coronation, the Divinity in an ocean billow. All the harmonies of heaven did not make St. John forget the "voice of many waters."

But there is the illumined wave, or the one that glows as it is struck through with light from the other side, or the wave that takes on the colors of hovering cloud, and is saffron or orange or solferino or beryl or amber or the shifting of all the colors from the centre of the wave's curve to the coronal and the base. Oh, the living wave, the inspired wave, the pictured wave, the wave just born, or the wave just dying. The complexion of the wave is ever changing: florescent, rubescent, iridescent. Now phosphorescence decorates it with a flash, or the night sinks into it a silver anchorage of star, or the morning



SAMOAN GIRLS PLAYING CARDS IN A BANANA GROVE.

puts upon its brow a coronet. Blanched into white or blushed into carmine. Now black as a raven's wing; now roseate as the flamingo's plumage. From russet to ultramarine, and thence to malachite, then incarnadined as if wounded, into vermilion or magenta. I celebrate not the ocean. It is too big. I celebrate only one ocean wave. But there are times when it is hushed to sleep, on the great bosom of its mother which never ceases to heave; for though the billow may slumber, the ocean keeps its everlasting swell. The child may sleep while the mother rests not. But he who has only studied the wave asleep, or the wave aroll, does not fully know it. The wave has moods. It sometimes passes from the calm to the irate, from the beautiful to the awful, from the pleasant to the terrific, from the slumberous to the paroxysmal, from æsthetics to demoniacs, and though now it may play with the zephyr, it may afterward wrestle with Caribbean whirlwind or Mediterranean euroclydon. Nothing can stand before it when commanded to destroy. It rallies from the abysses a semi-omnipotence. From all sides under the strength of the winds it rolls toward the shore or bombards the ship. It was one wave that consummated almost every shipwreck. The preliminary waves, the preparatory forces, the introductory furies may have done their work, but the final stroke was left for one climacteric force, and that gathered and rolled up and surged forward, black with wrath, and charged upon the palaces of the deep, submerging them, or moved into the unsheltered harbor with the twisted bolts, and the split beams of ocean conquerors. The capsized "Adler" of the German navy lying on its side, rusted and riven and parted amidships, shows what a wave, once blue-eyed, and rocked in the lap of a bright day, and lullabied of soft winds, may grow up to be when, with demoniac yell and crushing vengeance, and all-conquering might, it swears the doom of everything between the coral reefs and the beach of the harbor of Samoa.



SAMOA RESIDENCE IN THE COUNTRY AS I SAW IT.

The ocean sentenced to death in the Book which says "There shall be no more sea," seems determined to demonstrate, before it is slain, what one wave can do, in lighting up the world with the beautiful, or blackening it under the swoop of a tornado.

## CHAPTER VII.

### UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

**T**HERE are some things in the mind year after year remaining undefined. The time for explanation does not seem to come. We had for years seen allusions to the Southern Cross. We knew not what it meant. We supposed it to be an appearance in the heavens at certain latitude and longitude, yet we knew not exactly what that appearance was. But seated a few nights ago on the deck of this ship in our voyage around the world a gentleman bent over me and said, "The Southern Cross is visible. Let us go and see it." Going to the opposite side of the ship I looked up and beheld it in all its suggestiveness looking down upon us and looking down upon the sea. The Southern Cross! It is made up of four bright stars. One star standing at the top of the perpendicular piece of the cross, and another star standing for the foot of it. One star standing for the right hand end of the horizontal piece of the cross, and another star for the left hand end of it. So clear, so resplendent, so charged with significance, so sublimely marking off the heavens that neither man nor woman nor child nor angel nor devil can doubt it. The Southern Cross! To make it God put those four worlds in their places. The tender and tremendous emblem of our religion nailed against the heavens with silver nails of star. Four are enough. God wastes no worlds. He will not encourage stupidity. If you cannot see the Southern Cross in the four stars, forty stars will not make you see it. Up yonder they stand, the four stellar evangelists upholding the cross. What a Gospel of the firmament! The cross that Constantine saw in the sky with the words "By this conquer," was an evanescent cross and for one night, but this Southern Cross is for all nights, and to last while creation lasts. So every night of this voyage among the islands of the Pacific I am reminded by this celestial crucifix of the only influence that has turned the islands from their cruelty, and shamelessness, and horror, the influence of the Cross.

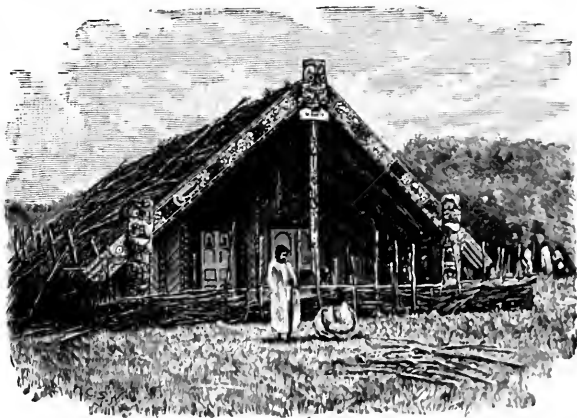
Excepting the throne of the Deity I think there will be no higher thrones in heaven than those occupied by the missionaries. Others have lived and died for their own



MAORI CHIEF, NEW ZEALAND.  
Brought by the author.



country. These lived and died for the natives of other countries. Many of the missionaries were the graduates of Yale, or Princeton, or New Brunswick, or Oxford, or Cambridge, or Edinburgh, and were qualified for pulpits, for editorial chairs, for medical achievement, for great words and deeds in court rooms, for commercial successes that would have brought all honors and all luxuries to their feet. Many of the women of this foreign mission cause were brought up in refined associations, could play well on musical instruments, were the charm of best society, had attractiveness that fitted them for any circle of ease or opulence. Such men and women took whale-ships for foreign lands, lived on fare that only coarsest digestive organs could manage, were tossed for months on rough seas, landed amid naked savages, abode in grass huts, spent their life amid the squalor and the stench, and the vermin and the epidemics and the low vices of those whom they had come to rescue. Of a roll of a hundred and eighty names of such men and women not more than four or five of them were ever heard of outside of their own kindred or the circles of barbarians among whom they lived. The story of the Christian heroes and heroines who came to these islands of the Pacific in the brig "Thaddeus," the "Leland," the "Benjamin Bush," the "Averich," and the "Mary Frazier" under Captain Charles Sumner, can never be fully told. All the talents, all the scholarship, all the nerve and muscle and brain, all the spiritual energies of these Christly men and women put forth on behalf of people whom they had never seen, and whose names they had never heard pronounced until the day of arrival on these islands. Some of these messengers of



A MAORI DWELLING.

light were cut to pieces and devoured by cannibals. Some of them toiled to save the besotted savages while profligates of Christian countries landed from merchantman or war-vessel or whaling ship were trying to destroy them.

The daughter of one of the missionary families describes her mother as toiling until the skin was blistered off her arms and says that while her father was about to preach, a group of drunken sailors broke the windows and brandished a knife about his face, saying, "Here he is; I have got him! Come on!" These missionaries sent their little children to America and Europe because they could not be properly brought up amid heathenism, and what heart-rending partings took place as fathers and mothers surrendered their children for the voyage across the seas, in many cases those parents never seeing their children again. No regular postal arrangements, letters were sometimes not received until eighteen months or two years old. The ship-captain, Charles Sumner, for the first part of the voyage to the Pacific with his group of missionaries scoffed at Christianity, but he was converted under the influence of their example, and became their champion. He said about

one of these Pacific islands, "I have been here before and I see the difference. Formerly as soon as my anchor was down my ship was surrounded by dissolute men and women swimming out from shore and trying to come aboard. How different now! Christianity has made the change." And when some one traduced the missionaries he said, "Oh, you need not tell me these stories. I have lived four months with these dreadful people and know them well. I know the natives, too, as they were many years ago and I am fully convinced that the change I see is from the influence of the religion of the Bible."

One boy was the means of the civilization and evangelization of the Sandwich Islands. His father and mother were killed and he ran away with his baby brother on his back. The infant was slain by a spear. The heroic boy got on a ship for New England. He was found weeping on the steps of Yale College, Connecticut. He told the story of his native island. That story aroused the Christian world. "A little child shall lead them." The Tahitian Islands have felt the same supernal power. They had been in the habit of slaying aged parents, and when there were too many children in a family they were put out of the way. Cannibalism was a part of the diet. There was no law of morality for unmarried women. One of their religious sacrifices was a man and a pig roasted together. In the Fiji Islands parents were buried alive, and wives were captured as buffalo are lassoed. Incantation was common and snake worship prevailed. Among the Marquesans polyandry, or the custom of having many husbands, was considered right. An iron needle was worn in the nostril. The lower lip by force of torture was driven out to utmost distortion. There was a canonization of filth and obscenity and massacre. The Friendly Islands and the Society Islands were at the lowest depths in morals and cruelty. All these islands have been illumined, and the most of the abominations have sped away, not because of the threat of foreign guns or as a result of national or international politics, but by the influence of that which yonder mighty crucifix in the night sky typifies. Let no ship captain ever see it from a deck on the Pacific, or passenger whether for pleasure or profit sailing amid these islands behold it, without remembering what the Southern Cross has done for the besotted savages, bounded on all sides by these vast wildernesses of water.

Oh, that Southern Cross! Were ever four worlds better placed than those which compose it? Though they were uninhabited, and built only for this significance, they were worthily built. Shine on until all the people of this hemisphere who see thee shall bethink themselves of the sacrifice thou dost depict! A cross not made out of darkness, but out of light. A cross strong enough for all nations who see it to hang their hopes upon. One night while I watched this celestial crucifix, the clouds gathered, and the top of the cross was gone, and the foot of it was gone, and the outspread arms were gone. No more of it to be seen than if it had never been hoisted. Had the clouds conquered the stars? No. After a while the clouds parted and rolled back and off, and there it stood with the same old emblazonment—the Southern Cross. So the hostilities of earth and hell may roll up and seem to destroy the hope of communities and of nations, but in God's good time the antagonisms will fall back, and all obscurations will be dispelled, and all the earth shall see it, the Southern cross for the South, the Northern cross for the North, the Eastern cross for the East, the Western cross for the West, but all four of the crosses found at last in the new astronomy of the gospel to be one and the same cross, that which was set up 1900 years ago, and of which I have found either a prophecy or a reminiscence in that uplifted splendor, seen night by night while pacing the deck of a steamer on the Pacific.

## CHAPTER VIII.

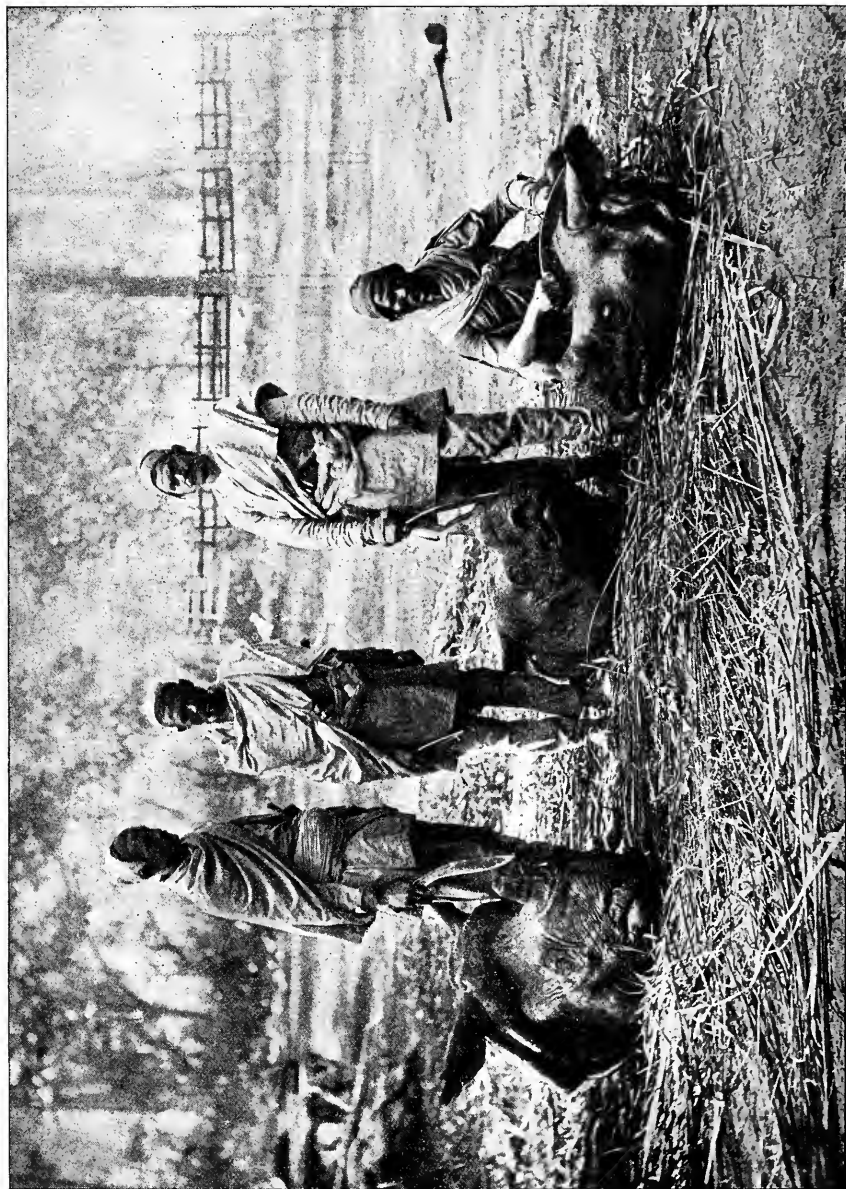
### ANTIPODEAN EXPERIENCES AND BALAKLAVA ON A DINING-TABLE.

THE Angels of Night were descending from the evening skies, and ascending from the waves of the Pacific, and riding down in black chariot of shadow from the mountains of New Zealand as we approached the harbor of Auckland, and the lighthouse on the rocks held up its great torch to keep us off the reefs and to show us the way to safe wharfage, seeming to say, "Yonder is a path of waves! Ride into peace! Accept the welcome of this island continent!"

It was half-past seven o'clock when the great screw of our steamer ceased to swirl the waters, and the gang-plank was lowered and we descended to the firm land, our name called as we heard it spoken by a multitude who were there to greet us. Strange sensation was it, 10,000 miles from home, to hear our name pronounced by those whose faces we had never seen before, and whose faces could be only dimly seen now by the lanterns on the docks and the lights of our ship, just halted after a long voyage. What made the night to me more memorable, was that I was suddenly informed that at eight o'clock I was to lecture in their hall, and thirty minutes was short time to allow a poor sailor like myself to get physical and mental equipoise, after twenty-one days' pitching. But at eight o'clock I was ready and confronted a throng of people, cordial and genial as any one ever saluted from platform or pulpit.

I told how for many days I had been looking off upon a great ocean of ipecac, but that I had not wanted, as many say under such circumstances, to be thrown overboard, and that I did not think any one ever did want to be thrown overboard, and reminded them of the sea-sick voyager, who said he wished to be thrown into the sea, and the captain had a sailor dash on him a pail full of cold ocean water, and when the soaked and shivering man protested and asked what the captain meant by such an insult, the captain replied, "You wanted to be thrown overboard, and I thought I would let you try how you liked a bucket of the water before you took the whole ocean."

Never so glad were we to stand on firm land as the night of our arrival at Auckland. Wondrous New Zealand! Few people realize how it was discovered. They tell us of Captain Cook and of Dutch navigators, but all the islands of the South Sea, as well as this immense New Zealand, were discovered as a result of the effort to watch the transit of Venus over the sun's disk from the South Seas. The Royal Society of Great Britain sent out ships for this purpose, and Captain Cook, and the astronomers and the botanists who accompanied him on his voyage, were only the agents of science. How the interests of this world are linked with the behavior of other worlds, and how the fact mentioned suggests that most of the valuable things known in this world have been found out while looking for something else, and what sublimity all this gives to the work of the explorer; the transit of Venus, an island of light, resulting in the transit of many islands from the unknown into the well known. But the prowess of such men can never be fully appreciated. The sea captain who puts out in this day of charts and navigating apparatus with a ship of 10,000 tons for another hemisphere, daring typhoons and cyclones, strange currents and hidden



RHINOCEROS HUNTERS.

rocks, must be a brave man ; but who can measure the courage of Cabot, or Marco Polo, or Captain Cook, sailing out into unknown seas, across wildernesses of water that have never been mapped, in ships of 200 tons, discovering rocks only by running upon them, and met on shore by savages ready to scalp or roast them. These challengers of tempest and cannibalism and oceanic horror must have had nerve and valor beyond that of any other heroes. Such men set New Zealand as a gem into the crown of the world's geography. To me, and to most people who come here, New Zealand is a splendid surprise. We have all read so much about the superstitions and outrageous cruelties of this land in other times that we are startled on arriving here to find more churches in New Zealand than in America in proportion to the number of the population. In one village that I visited since coming here I find eight churches to a population of 3000 people. There are too many churches in many places in New Zealand and they jostle each other, and contend for right of possession, hindering each other and half starving many of their ministers, as is sure to be the case when there are too many churches and consequently not enough support for every one of them.

Another surprise to me is that female suffrage is in full blast. I found elegant ladies telling of their experience at the ballot box, and I hereby report to the American ladies now moving for the right of female suffrage that New Zealand is clear ahead of them, and that the experiment has been made here successfully. Instead of the ballot box degrading woman, woman is here elevating the ballot box, and why in New Zealand, or America, or anywhere else, should man be so afraid to let women have a vote, as though man himself had made such a grand use of it. Look at the illiterates and the incompetents who have been elected to office, and see how poorly the masculines have exercised the right of suffrage. Look at the governments of nine-tenths of the American cities and see what work the ballot box has done in the possession of man. Man at the ballot box is a failure; give woman a chance. I am not clear that governmental affairs will be made any better by the change, but they cannot be any worse. New Zealand has tried it, let England and America try it. It is often said in America that if women had the right to vote they would not exercise it. For the refutation of that theory I put the fact that in the last election in New Zealand, of 109,000 women who registered 90,000 have voted, while of the 193,000 men who registered only 129,000 have voted. This ratio shows that women are more anxious to vote than men. Perhaps woman will yet save politics. I know the charge that she is responsible for the ruin of the race, since she first ate the forbidden fruit in Paradise, but I think there is a chapter in that matter of Edenic fruit not written. I think that Adam, when he saw Eve eating that apple, asked for a bite, and, getting it into his possession, ate the most of it, and that he immediately shook the tree for more apples and has been eating ever since. If woman did first transgress I cannot forget that she introduced into the world the only Being who has ever done much toward saving it. Woman has started for suffrage and she is a determined and persevering creature, and she will keep on until she gets it. She may yet decide the elections in England, and elect Presidents for the United States, as already she is busy in the political affairs of New Zealand. I was surprised also in these regions to find how warmly loyal they are to old England. I had heard that they had become somewhat impatient of their governmental mother. But this is not so. They practically have things their own way, electing their own Parliament, and all governors sent out from the old country are such men as are agreeable, and the people are required to pay no tax to the British crown, and they are in good humor with the British flag.

I addressed an audience last night, on my right hand the United States flag, on my left hand the English flag, and you ought to have heard them shout when, at the beginning of my address I said, "When in my church at home I pray for the President of the United States I am very apt to add God save the Queen."

Many of the streets of New Zealand cities are called after the generals and the



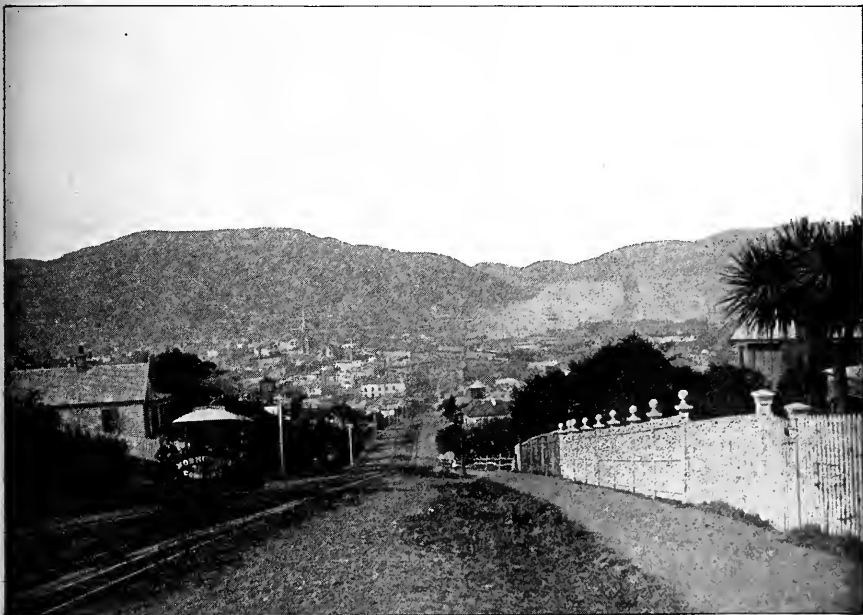
MAORI WOMEN SALUTING, NEW ZEALAND.

prime ministers of Great Britain; Wellington and Palmerston and Gladstone are the names of great thoroughfares. New Zealand feels the financial depression very much, as the whole world at this time seems suffering an epidemic. Indeed, the world is now a compressed and interlocked affair. Out of the hold of our ship arriving in New Zealand were lifted rakes, plows, and various agricultural implements of American manufacture. To-day all New Zealand is rejoicing that the American Congress has put wool on the free list, and the value of the sheep on all these hillsides is augmented.

Among our most interesting hours in New Zealand were those spent at the Bishop's house in Auckland. Lord Bishop Cowie is a man of marvelous attractiveness, and his home is an enchantment, adorned with many curios which he brought from India when he served as chaplain during that war which interests and appalls the world with its tales of mutiny.

While chaplain, he rode with Sir Colin Campbell and his historical host for the capture of Lucknow—that city whose name will stand in the literature of all ages as the synonym for Sepoy atrocities, and womanly fortitude and Christian heroics. He told us most graphically how the women waiting for death at Lucknow tore up their underclothes to make bandages for the wounds of the soldiers, and that when at last these women were rescued they appeared in the brilliant dress of the ball-room—these dresses formerly worn by the convivial having been suddenly come upon, and when the wives and daughters of missionaries and Christian merchants had nothing else to wear.

Lord Bishop Cowie also had on his walls pictures of some of the most stirring scenes of the Russian war with which the military friends of the Bishop had been cognizant.



IN THE SUBURBS OF AUCKLAND.

Here is a pictured scene where there was no retreat for the English, and yet their standing firm seemed certain destruction, and their general cried out: "Men! there is no retreat from this place; you will die here!" and the men replied: "Aye, aye; we are ready to do that!" And yonder another pictured scene of Balaklava, after the famous charge of the Six Hundred, and the commander said to the few men who had got back from the awful charge: "Men, it was a mad-brained trick," and they replied, "Never mind, General; we would do it again." The Bishop's walls in other places were made interesting by swords, belts and torn insignia of battle from the fields of India, all the more interesting because we expect, in our journey around the world, to visit Lucknow, and Cawnpore, and Delhi, and many of the chief places made immortal by the struggle between British valor and

Sepoy infamy. And here, from the Bishop's own words, I got a satisfactory answer to a question that I have asked many times, but for which I never received a satisfactory answer. I said, "Your Lordship knew the chief men of Balaklava, and will you please explain to me what I have never been able to find out, and to which Tennyson makes reference in his 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' and in that line where he says, 'Some one had blundered.' Do you know, and will you tell me, exactly what that blunder was?" He said, "I can, and will." Then the Bishop illustrated with knives and forks and napkin rings on the dining table the position of the English guns, the Russian guns, and the troops. He demonstrated to me plainly what the military blunder was that caused the dash and havoc of that cavalry regiment whose click of spurs, and clatter of hoofs, and jingle of bits, and spurts of blood you hear in the Poet Laureate's battle hymn. Here was the line of the English guns, not very well defended, and yonder was the line of Russian guns, backed by the whole Russian army. The order was given to the cavalry regiment to take care of those English guns and keep them from being taken by the Russians, and the command was, "Take care of those English guns!" But the words were misunderstood, and it was supposed that the order was to capture the Russian artillery. Instead of the command, "Take care of those English guns!" it was thought the command was, "Take those Russian guns!" For that ghastly and horrible assault of the impossible, the riders plunged their spurs and headed their horses into certain death. At last I had positive information as to what the blunder at Balaklava was. At Edinburgh, Scotland, years ago, I asked one of the soldiers who rode in that charge the same question, but even he, a participant in the scenes of that fiery day, could not tell me just what the blunder was.

Now I have it at last not only told in the stirring words of a natural orator and magnetic talker, but on the dining table of the Lord Bishop of Auckland I had it set out before the eye, dramatized and demonstrated by the cutlery on the white tablecloth; but instead of the steel bayonets, the silver forks of a beautiful repast; and instead of the sharp swords of death, knives for bread-cutting; and instead of the belching guns of destruction, the napkin rings of a hospitality the memory of which shall be bright and fresh as long as I remember this visit to New Zealand.



## CHAPTER IX.

### LECTURE AT AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.—"THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS."

THE probable time of our arrival at Auckland, New Zealand, had been heralded before, by letters to friends, as well as by press announcements, but I was surprised upon landing to find the crowd in waiting so large, especially as the ship was nearly twelve hours behind the time of her expected coming, and darkness had begun to settle upon the harbor. A vast sea of faces and a shout of welcome greeted us from the dock, and as quickly as the vessel could be boarded from the wharf I was cordially received by representatives from the 'Ministers' and the Young Men's Christian Association, and hurried to the Opera House. There was no time allowed for any formal ceremonies, which usually make receptions tedious, for when I left the ship it was half past seven o'clock or within half an hour of the time that the committee had made arrangements for me to lecture to the people. But the crowd had first gathered at the wharf, and promptly repaired to the Opera House which was soon filled to its utmost and though my physical condition was very far from excellent, I had not the heart to disappoint the people, so I lectured to them on "The Bright Side of Things," as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is eight o'clock now, and just a half hour ago I stepped ashore after a voyage of twenty-two days from San Francisco to New Zealand. But I hope to gain equilibrium enough to address you. If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from, and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the fact that we are here. And we are here under most interesting circumstances. Of all the centuries this is the best century, and of all the decades of the century this is the best decade, and of all the years of the decade this is the best year, and of all the months of the year this is the best month, and of all the nights of the month this is the best night. We are at the very acme of history. It took all the ages to make this minute possible. I am very thankful for this hearty reception, and the only return I can make for your kindness is to ask you to come and see us. Come to New York, come to Brooklyn, come to my house, but do not all come at once. This is a very pleasant world to live in. If you and I had been consulted as to which of all the stars we would choose to walk upon, we could not have done a wiser thing than to select this. I have always been glad that I got aboard this planet. The best color that I can think of for the sky is blue, for the foliage is green, for the water is crystalline flash. The mountains are just high enough, the flowers sufficiently aromatic, the earth just right for solidity and curve. The human face is admirably adapted for its work! Sunshine in its smile: Tempest in its frown. Two eyes, one more than absolutely necessary, so that if one is put out, we still can look upon the sunrise and the faces of our friends. One nose, which is quite sufficient for those who walk among so many nuisances, being an organ of two stops and adding dignity to the human face whether it have the graceful arch of the Roman, or turn up toward the heavens with celestial aspirations, or wavering up and down, now as if it would aspire, and now as if it would descend, until suddenly it shies off into an unexpected direction, illustrating the proverb that "it is a long lane which has no turn."

Standing before any specimen of sculpture or painting or architecture, a dozen different men will have a dozen different sentiments and opinions. That is all right. We cannot all think alike. But where is the blasphemer of his God who would criticise the arch of the sky, or the crest of a wave, or the flock of snow-white fleecy clouds driven by the shepherd of the wind across the hilly pastures of the heavens; or the curve of a snow bank, or the burning cities of the sunset, or the fern-leaf pencilings of the frost on a window pane? Where there is one discord there are a thousand harmonies.



MAORI WIDOWS.

A sky full of robins to one owl croaking. Whole acres of meadow land to one place cleft of the grave digger's spade. To one mile of rapids where the river writhes among the rocks it has hundreds of miles of gentle flow—water lilies anchored, hills coming down to bathe their feet, stars laying their reflections to sleep in its bosom, boatman's oar dropping on it necklaces of diamond. How strange that in such a very agreeable world there should be any disagreeable people. I am very certain there are none of that kind here to-night. I can tell by your looks that none of you belong to the class that I shall hold up for observation. These husbands, for instance, are all what they ought to be; good natured, as a May morning, and when the wife asks for a little spending money, the good man of the house says: "All right, my dear, here's my pocketbook, take as much as you want, and come soon again." And

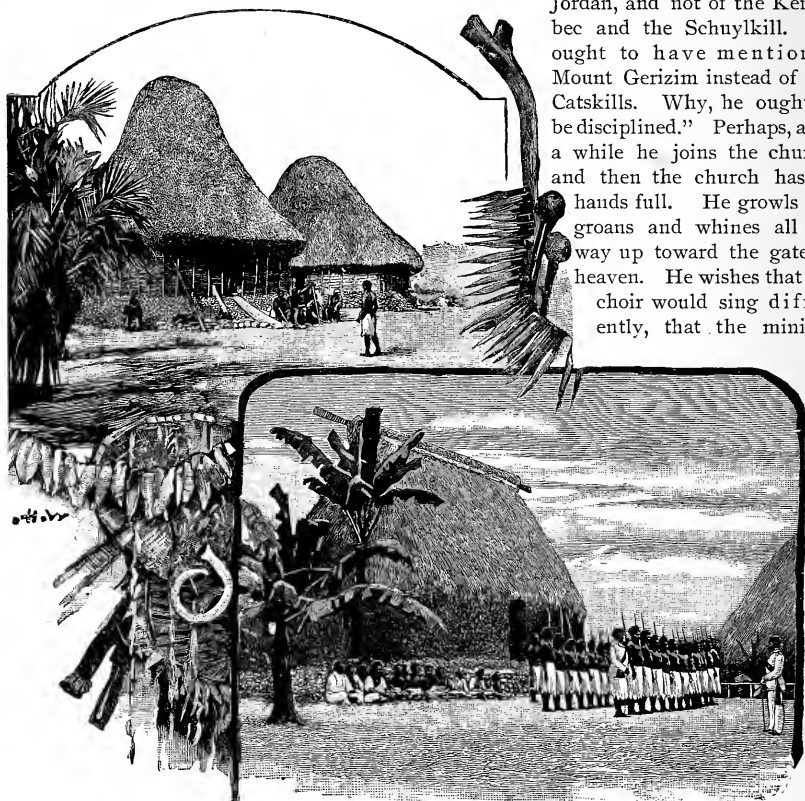
these wives always greet their husbands home with a smile, and say: "My dear, your slippers are ready, and the muffins warm. Put your feet up on this cushion! bless the dear man!" These brothers prefer the companionship of their own sisters to that of anybody else's sisters, and take them out almost every night to lectures and concerts, and I suppose that in no other building to-night in all the world is a more mild, affable or genial collection of people than ourselves. But lest in the attritions of life we should lose our present amiability,

it may be well for us to walk a little while in the Rogues' Gallery of disagreeable people,—the people who make themselves disagreeable by always seeing the dark side of things—and then, by reaction of soul we will come to the opposite habit and indulge in the finest of all the fine arts, the art of looking on the bright side of things. Let me say at this point in my lecture that my ideas of a literary lecture are very much changed from what they used to be. I used to think that a literary lecture ought to be something profound, very profound. I had three or four lectures of that kind. They were awfully profound. But I have not delivered them for some time, for there were always two difficulties about those very profound lectures: the one was the audience did not know what I was talking about, and the other was I did not know myself. And I made up my mind that a lecture ought to be something genial, something helpful, something full of good cheer, for if you can put your shoulder under my burden, you are my friend, and if I can put my shoulder under your burden I will prove myself your friend. Let me also say that my ideas of religion are a little different from some people's. My religion is sunshine, and the difference between earth and heaven is that the sunshine of earth sometimes gets beclouded, while heaven is everlasting sunshine.

Now, in all the album of photographs that I want to put before you to-night, there is no face more decidedly characteristic than that of the fault-finder. The world has a great many delightful people who are easily pleased. I am every day surprised to find so many real clever people. They have a faculty of finding out that which is most attractive. They never attended a concert, but they heard at least one voice that pleased them and wondered how in one throat God could have put such exhaustless fountains of harmony. They like the spring, for it is so full of bird and bloom, and like a priestess, stands swinging her censer of perfume before God's altar; and the summer is just the thing for them, for they love to hear the sound of mowing machines and whole battalions of thunderbolts grounding arms among the mountains. And autumn is just the thing for them, for the orchards are golden with fruit, and the forests march with banners dipped in sunsets, and blood-red with the conflict of frost and storm. And they like the winter, whose snow showers make Parthenons and St. Mark's Cathedrals out of an old pigeon coop, and turn the wood-shed into a royal tower filled with crown jewels. Thus there are persons pleased with all circumstances. If you are a merchant, they are the people you like to have for customers; if you are a lawyer, they are the people you like for clients and jurors; if you are a physician, they are the people you like for patients; but you don't often get them, for they can generally cure themselves by a bottle of laughter to be taken three or four times a day, and well shaken up. Now, in contrast with such, how repelling is a fault-finder! Some evening, resolving to be especially gracious, he starts with his family to a place of amusement. He scolds most of the way. He cannot afford the time or the money, and does not believe it will be much, anyhow. The music begins. The audience are thrilled. The orchestra with polished instruments warble, and weep, and thunder, and pray, and all the sweet sounds of the world flowering upon the strings of the bass viol, and wreathing the flageolets, and breathing through the lips of the cornet, and shaking their flower bells upon the tinkling tambourine. He sits emotionless and disgusted. He goes home saying, "Did you see that fat musician that got so red in the face blowing on that French horn? Did you ever hear such a voice as that lady had? Why, it was a perfect squawk. The evening was wasted." And his companion said, "Why, my dear, you shouldn't"—"Oh," he says, "you be still. That's the trouble with you. You are always pleased with everything." He goes to church. Perhaps the sermon is didactic and argumentative. He

yawns, he twists himself in the pew and pretends he is asleep, and says, "I couldn't keep awake. Did you ever hear anything so dead? Can these dry bones live?" The next Sunday he enters a church where the minister is given to illustration. He is still more displeased. He says, "How dare that man bring such everyday things into the pulpit? He ought to have brought his illustrations from the cedar of Lebanon, and the fir tree, instead of the hickory and the sassafras. He ought to have spoken of the Euphrates and the

Jordan, and not of the Kennebec and the Schnylkill. He ought to have mentioned Mount Gerizim instead of the Catskills. Why, he ought to be disciplined." Perhaps, after a while he joins the church, and then the church has its hands full. He growls and groans and whines all the way up toward the gate of heaven. He wishes that the choir would sing differently, that the minister



FIJIAN HOUSES.

would preach differently, that the elders would pray differently. They painted the church. He didn't like the color. They carpeted the aisle, he didn't like the figure. They put in a new furnace, he didn't like the patent. He wriggles, and squirms, and frets, and stews and stings himself. He is like a horse that, prancing and uneasy to the bit, worries himself into a lather of foam, while the horse hitched beside him just pulls straight ahead, makes no fuss, and comes to his oats in peace. Like a hedgehog, he is all quills. Like a crab that you know always goes the other way, and moves backward

in order to go forward, and turns in four directions all at once, and the first you know of his whereabouts you have missed him, and when he is completely lost, he has you by the heel, so that the first thing you know, you don't know anything, and while you expected to catch the crab, the crab catches you. So some men are all crabbed, hard-shell obstinacy and opposition. I don't see how such a one is to get into heaven unless he goes in backward, and then there will be danger that at the gate he will try to pick a quarrel with St. Peter. Once in, I fear he will not like the music, and the services will be too long, and that he will spend the first two or three years in trying to find out whether the wall of heaven is exactly plumb. Let us stand off from such tendencies. We can take almost anything in life and read it until it is bright, or read it until it is dark. More depends upon ourselves than upon our surroundings. The heart right, all is right. The heart wrong, all is wrong. A blacksmith received a letter from his son at college. He, the father, being unable to read writing, with the wife went down to the butcher to get the letter read. The butcher was a rough man, and he took up this letter written by the son at college to his father, the blacksmith, and read it in hard, rough voice:

"DEAR FATHER: I am very sick. Send me some money.

"Your son, JOHN."

The father said, "If he writes that way to his father he shan't have a cent." The wife said, "Hans, the butcher, is a rough man, and don't know how to read it. Let us go down to the baker and get the letter read. He is a mild man, and he will know how to read it." So they went down to the baker, who was indeed a very mild man, and he took up this letter and read it in soft, smooth, gentle, tender voice:

"DEAR FATHER: I am very sick. Send me some money.

"Your son, JOHN."

The father said, "Ah, if he writes that way to his father, he shall have all he wants." It is the way you read it. You can take almost anything in life and read it until it is bright, or read it until it is dark. Listen for sweet notes rather than for discord, picking up marigolds and harebells in preference to thistles and colquintida, culturing thyme and anemones rather than nightshade, hanging our window blinds so we can hoist them to let the light in; and in a world where God hath put exquisite tinge upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom in a little child's cheek, and adorned the pillars of the rock by hanging tapestry of morning mist, the lark saying, "I will sing soprano," and the cascade replying, "I will carry the bass," let us leave the owl to hoot, and the frog to croak, and the bear to growl, and the fault-finder to complain. I would rather have a man go to the opposite extreme than to that. Many years ago I had a friend attending a large meeting in New York in honor of a foreign patriot, who had just come to the country. It was a noisy meeting and the speakers did not speak very distinctly. My friend sat far back at the door and could not hear a word. A man just in front of him seemed to hear everything, and every few moments would get up with great enthusiasm and wave his handkerchief and shout, "Hurrah, hurrah!" My friend thought to himself, "That man must have a great deal better hearing than I have, for I can't hear a word." After a while there was something said on the platform that seemed particularly to please the audience, and the gentleman in front of my friend, with more enthusiasm than ever, got up and waved his handkerchief and shouted, "Hurrah, hurrah!" My friend leaned over to him, and said, "I did not quite catch that last thing that was said; what was it?" The gentleman looked back, and said, "I don't know what it was, but hurrah." He had come there



MILFORD SOUND, OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND.  
Our steamer sailing through.

to be pleased anyhow. You tell me that is one extreme. I know it, but I had rather be on that extreme than upon the other and never be pleased with anything.

Pass a little further in this portrait gallery, and you come to the man of bad manners, chiefly showing his bad manners in the fact that he finds the deficit in everything and the dark side of everything. Now, I have no liking for Beau Brummells or Lord Chesterfields. I have no retaining fee from any millinery or clothing establishment. Indeed, all the fine clothes that a tailor's goose ever hatched out cannot make a gentleman. One day a company of mechanics met together and resolved that they would manufacture a gentleman. The bootmaker said, "I will make a gentleman's foot," and the hatter said, "I will make a gentleman's head," and the clothier said, "I will make a gentleman's body." The work was done and the man went out, but before night he did something so perfectly contemptible that everybody saw that after all he was not a gentleman. The next morning these mechanics were met together, and they were talking over their failure in this matter, and a neighbor came in and said, "Sirs, you cannot make a gentleman. God only can make that large-hearted, magnanimous being which we call a gentleman." A very little thing will show you whether a man is a gentleman or not. You do not have to see him in a variety of experiences before you make up your mind in regard to him, and you make it up right. Just as a little conversation between a man and his wife revealed all their domestic history. They had quarreled a good deal, and the husband had been in the habit of beating his wife a great deal, and he was about to leave the world, and he thought before he left the world he had better say something pleasant to his wife, and he said, "My dear, I am now going to leave the world, and I am going to heaven." "Pshaw!" she said. "You go to heaven! You would look pretty stuck up in heaven!" "Well," he responded, "Bridget, bring me the broom, and I'll give her another walloping before I go." And you have in that little colloquy all their domestic history as well as if you had it in a half a dozen volumes. And so I have sometimes seen a man in one flash of conversation or behavior reveal all his history. You know him in five minutes as well as if you knew him fifty years. You say he is a gentleman, and he is; or he is not, and he is not. Neither can all the arts of a dressmaker and perfumer make a lady, while without any embellishment you sometimes find her. I saw her bend over the dying soldier. Her dress was very much faded, and she came out from an humble home with a little basket full of delicacies on her arm. She had a boy in the army who, after the battle of Gettysburg, was missing. She wanted to do something for others. She could do nothing for him. As she walked through the wards of the hospital with a cheerful smile, the sick straightened the bed covers to look as well as possible as she passed, and coughed just to make her look that way. She cheered up a fevered young man who was homesick, and feared that he would never again see familiar faces. She wrote letters for him, put ice on his shattered arm, turned his hot pillow, offered a silent prayer, and said, "God do so to me and my soldier boy that is missing if I neglect to care for these poor wounded fellows," and as she passed down the ward, a man, hearing the whisper of others, shoves up the bandage that covers his eyes which had been powder-blasted, and said, "God bless her! May she get back the soldier boy that is missing." And a great tall captain, wounded in the foot, whispered over to a lieutenant, wounded in the head, and said, "No sham about that; she's a lady." That vision of kindness lingers in this soldier's dream, and that night he thinks he is home again beyond the prairies. Cattle coming down the lane. The cherry trees in front of the house in all their shaking leaves bidding him a welcome. Arms of affection about his neck. Children bringing out the toys for him to look at. His little boy strutting the floor with

his father's knapsack on. All the household work stopped to hear of his adventures. And they shall meet again in heaven. Compare such a lady with a woman I saw on a street car in Philadelphia. A soldier came in and sat near where she was. With great indignation she got up and went to the opposite side of the car, and said, "Oh, the dirty fellow!" I thought to myself, "There is probably more patriotism in the poorest patch on that soldier's



A LADY OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.

back than in all the elegant regalia of that woman from the top rose in her hat to the toe of her shoe." She was not a lady—never will be. Aye, when in the street, or hospital, or church, or lecture hall, wherever you are, you can tell the lady. Two rough boys were riding down hill on a sled on a cold day. They could not guide the sled just as they wanted to. A lady was passing by. The sled ran against her and tore her dress very much. The boys were rough fellows, and stood back expecting a volley of scolding, but the lady looked at her dress and then she looked at the boys, and said, "Ah, boys, you have torn my dress very much." Then she said, "Never mind; I see you did not mean to do it. Go on with your fun." The boys being rough fellows, one of them said to the other, "Jim, my eyes! Ain't she a beauty?" So you instantly detect the gentleman from one who is not. I sat in a car on a cold day coming from Philadelphia to New York. A man had a window up. By putting an extra shawl around me I kept quite comfortable, but there was a sick lady in the back part of the car who seemed very much disturbed by the open window. I thought I would go over and ask the man to put it down. I took on all possible suavity. My best friends would not have known me. I said, "My dear sir, will

back than in all the elegant regalia of that woman from the top rose in her hat to the toe of her shoe." She was not a lady—never will be. Aye, when in the street, or hospital, or church, or lecture hall, wherever you are, you can tell the lady. Two rough boys were riding down hill on a sled on a cold day. They could not guide the sled just as they wanted to. A lady was passing by. The sled ran against her and tore her dress very much. The boys were rough fellows, and stood back expecting a volley of scolding, but the lady looked at her dress and then she looked at the boys, and said, "Ah, boys, you have torn my dress very much." Then she said, "Never mind; I see you did not mean to do it. Go on with your fun." The boys being rough fellows, one of them said to the other, "Jim, my eyes! Ain't she a beauty?" So you instantly detect the gentleman from one who is not.



you please to lower that window? It is disquieting a sick lady back here very much." He turned around and said, "No." I do not know who the man was, or who imported his patent leathers, or how bright the diamonds may have flashed in his cravat; he was not a gentleman—never will be. You cannot make them out of such stuff. So I was in a boat going from Brooklyn to New York. A boy came in with almanacs for sale. With one hand he offered the almanacs. His other hand was all bound up and bandaged. It looked as if a surgeon had bound it up. A man seated next to me said, "Boy, what is the matter with your hand?" The boy said, "I got it crushed, and the doctor bound it up." The man said, "Let me see it." The boy went to work and unwound it. It was an awful looking hand. Nobody would want to see it unless he could do it some good. After he got it all unwound, the man seated next to me said, "Now wind it up, wind it up; I have nothing for such fellows as you." I could not restrain my indignation. I said to him, "Sir, that boy is engaged in a legitimate business. He is selling almanacs for a living, and you have no right to accost him in that way." I felt in my pockets for the loose change, and all the people in the boat seemed to hear the conversation, and they felt in their pockets for the loose change, and I think from the looks the boy carried off two or three dollars. I do not know who that man was; he was far better-dressed than I; but this I do know in regard to him, he was not a gentleman—never will be. He was one of those mean kind of men you sometimes find—mean all the way down, and all the way up, and all the way through, forward and backward, backward and forward. Mean as the man who was asked by his friend if he would not take a drink. He said, "No, I never drink; but I'll take a cigar and three cents." A man of good manners has a faculty of always making you feel good. Some day you have been soured by meanness on the part of a customer, or you have met with a business loss, or you have heard that hard things have been said about you. You feel irritated. You feel as if you could snap at the first man that speaks to you. In a word, you are unhappy. One of your bright-faced, generous friends comes in, and says, "Good morning," in a pleasant tone. You respond in gruffest, "Good morning." He says, "I hear good news about you. I hear you are prospering in business. I came in more to congratulate you than anything else. I haven't any especial business, but must be going. Give my regards to your wife. Good morning." You respond in blandest tones, "Good morning." He was there only half a minute, but he has left you saturated with good humor. In other words, you have felt the generous touch of a generous nature. In other words, he is a gentleman.

Again you felt just the opposite. You got up with the sun, sang at the breakfast table, whistled all the way to business, when an ill-mannered acquaintance comes in. He says, "Are you at all embarrassed in business?" You say, "No, why do you ask that?" "Oh," he says, "nothing, nothing." "But," you say, "there must have been some reason for asking that, or you wouldn't have asked it." "Well," he says, "if you will have it, I heard on the street that you are going to burst up. How is that?" You go down the street vexed and enraged, to lash this man with your tongue, and question that, until you are worked up into a fury, and the pickpocket who stole your purse was more of a gentleman than this man who stole your good humor. You sometimes find a person in a community without any particular attribute of wit or humor, yet by kindness of spirit, genial behavior, looking on the bright side of things, trying to get others to look on the bright side of things, keeping a whole drawing-room, aye, a whole neighborhood in good cheer. Just as in early spring you go into the garden and you say, "Where is that flower?" "Oh, here it is, a violet!" considering itself no doubt a very insignificant flower, yet filling the whole yard

with fragrance ; so there are persons who consider themselves perfectly insignificant, yet by the aroma of a Christian character and genialty of behavior keep all their surroundings happy. There is no more winsome art than that of saying pleasant things in a pleasant way, and no more distasteful and offensive character than that which always has something nettlesome to mention. One spring morning I was on my way to the cars, going through the New York market, and was in a good deal of a hurry, but I heard one boy say to another, "Joe, you will lose on them green peas." Although I was in a hurry I had to stop. I said to him, "How do you know he will lose on them green peas? From the looks of the boy and the looks of the peas I don't think he is going to lose on them." Now, my

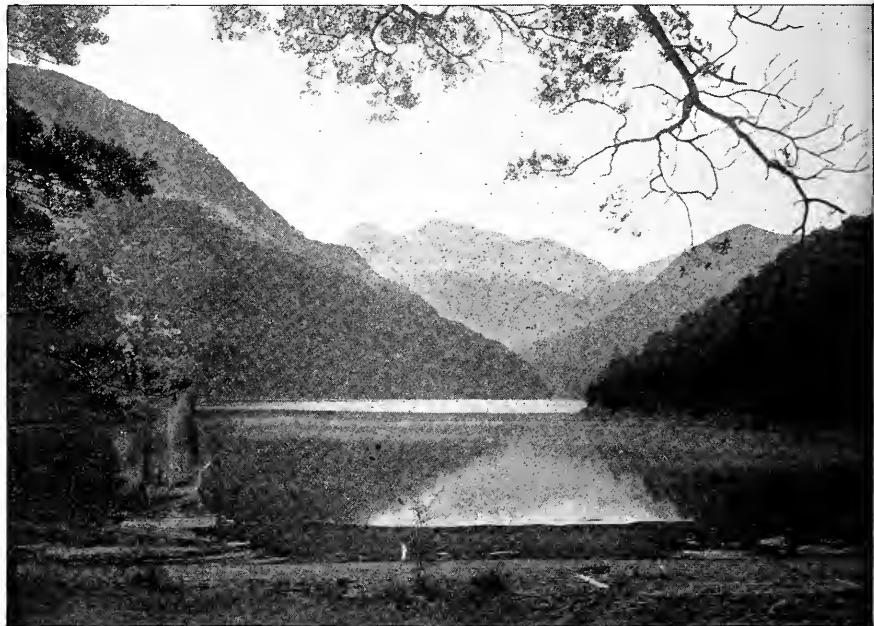


BANANA GROVE IN FIJI ISLAND.

friends, if that boy was going to lose on "them green peas," would he not find it out soon enough? I never would take the responsibility of telling any man or any boy that he was going to lose "on them green peas." The fact is, some people are miserable themselves, and they want to make everybody else miserable. Indeed, there are some people who are not happy unless they are miserable! They have a kind of miserable happiness, or a happy miserableness. I do not exactly know what it is. If there is one lank sheep in the pasture field all the crows within ten miles know it, and are ready to sit in *post-mortem* examination when the carcase drops. And there are some men who have a faculty for finding out everything that is weak in character, and are watching to see if it will not become carrion.

They say unpleasant things about your walk, about your clothes, about your friends, about your church, about your club-room. If they find a half dozen people engaged in pleasant chat they are sure to break in upon them with some disagreeable subject. If your father was so unfortunate as to have been hung, they will persist in discussing with you capital punishment, or go dragging a long rope through the room. If you failed in business, they will make cutting remarks about bankruptcy laws and two-thirds enactments. They have always heard something unpleasant about you, and feel it their duty just to let you know all about it. They go through the world fulfilling what the Good Book says when it calls them "whisperers." They go all through community whispering and whispering, and that is all they are good for. They always have suspicions about your health, and sometimes when you feel a little weary, they accost you with, "Why, how bad you do look!" I had a brother who was going through one of the back streets of Brooklyn one day, when a man came up to him and said, "Are you the man on this street that is dying with consumption?" My brother said, "No, I guess there is nothing the matter with me." "Well," said the man, "I was looking for a man on this street who is dying with consumption, and I thought from your looks that you must be the man." "No," said my brother, "I am a minister and I stay in the house a good deal, and I suppose it makes me look a little pale, and I have been a minister for about fifteen years, and I suppose that during that time I have buried about fifty fat-looking fellows just like you." Sometimes it is not so much in words that they offend as in their way of doing things. For a good, hearty, natural eccentricity we have no dislike. What a stupid world this would be if all the people were alike. God never repeats Himself, and He never intended two men to be alike, or two women to be alike, or two children to be alike. Our peculiarities are the cogs of the wheel showing where we are to play in the great divine mechanism. God makes us all differently, but society comes along with its conventionalities and tries to make us all alike, and in proportion as it makes us all alike, makes us useless. Everybody excused Horace Greeley's peculiar garb, and Rev. Dr. McClellan, of the Reformed Church, one of the mightiest men of this century, who used to put his shoes under the pulpit sofa, and then preach in his stocking feet. Once while I was riding with him, my father having sent me down to bring the doctor to the village to preach, and I was the boy driving, and we had a very lazy horse, and I was losing all my patience on the lazy horse, instead of sympathizing with me, the doctor would get up in the back part of the wagon and quote Greek epigrams, and then cry out at the top of his voice, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" Now, I like to hear Shakespeare quoted as well as anybody, but not under such embarrassing circumstances. Still I excused him. I said, that is a little peculiar, that is all. Men often have harmless eccentricities, but there are oddities that are criminal, for the reason that they make inroads upon the happiness of others. If duty demand that we go straight across the wishes of others, then we must go straight across them. We despise a man who always waits to hear what other people say before he says anything. But the most vigorous and energetic means may often be conducted with gentleness. Luther's energy would have been mightily helped by Melancthon's suavity. A June morning will bring out more flowers than all the blustering Januarys ever created. Society will bear anything sooner than a bear. In a former pastoral charge there was in attendance upon my ministry a very good man who had one or two offensive peculiarities. When the church was particularly silent and solemn, he would give one of those awful sneezes that you sometimes may have heard that seem as if the very foundations of the earth were being ripped out. Now, man has certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the privilege of sneezing when he feels like it. Indeed, when

one feels a peculiar irritation in the inner membrane of the nose that disposes him to a convulsive ejection of air through the nose, I consider it his positive and bounden duty to sneeze; but I set it down to the score of bad manners that the man of whom I speak would so often in the most solemn parts of the discourse take out his handkerchief, make up a peculiar face and sneeze. Oh, how important it is that parents should educate their children in good manners. How much chagrin they would save themselves and their children. General Scott was visiting at a friend's house in New York. The gentleman of the house wanted his son to be acquainted with General Scott. He said, "Here, George, this is General Scott." George was one of those saucy, uncontrollable sort of boys you sometimes find, and he came up and said, "Are you General Scott?" "Yes, I am General

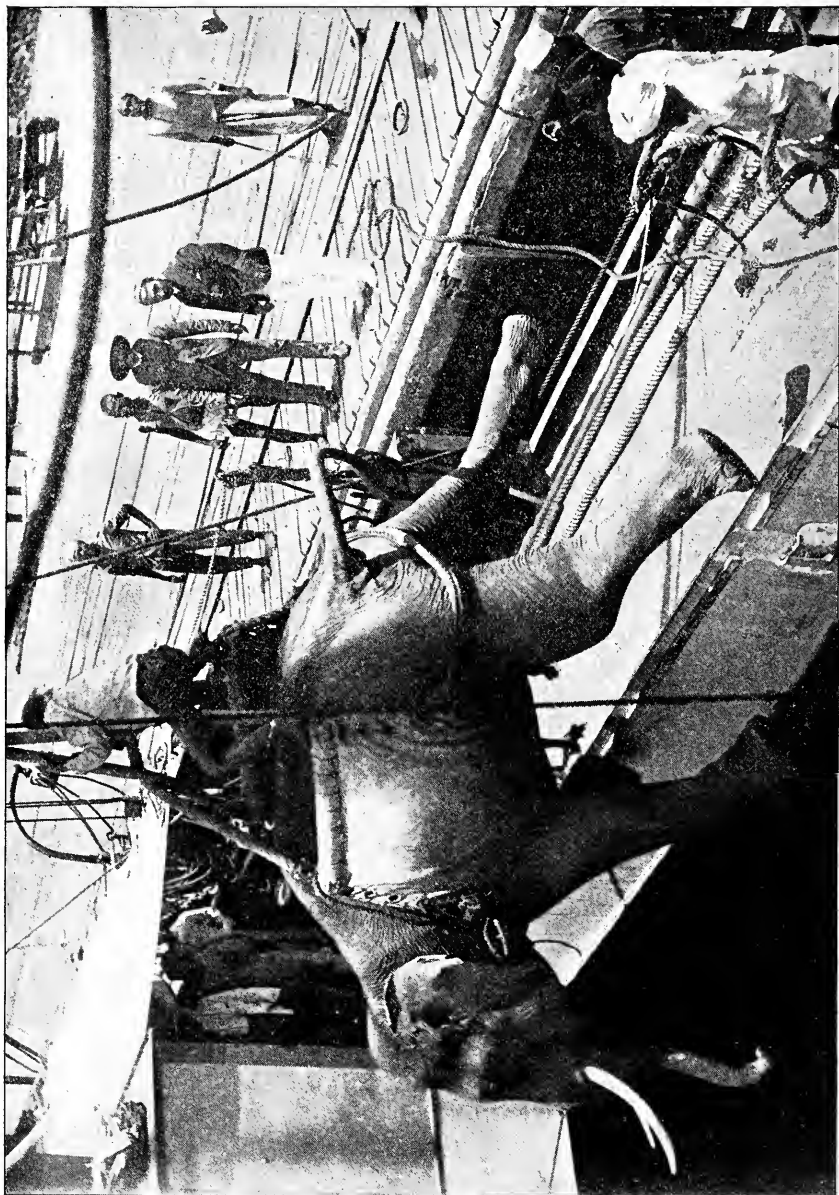


NEW ZEALAND SCENERY.

Scott." "Are you the General Scott that was at Lundy's Lane?" "Yes, I was at Lundy's Lane." "Are you the General Scott that was in Mexico?" "Yes, I was in Mexico." "Are you the General Scott that ran for the Presidency, and got licked?" "Yes," said he, "I ran for the Presidency, but did not get in." "Are you the General Scott that they call 'Old Fuss and Feathers?'" Then the father said, "Get out of the room, George, I will not have General Scott insulted in that way." You and I have seen the same thing on a smaller scale many and many a time. No one is well behaved who has no regard for times and circumstances. While we have no respect for one of those obsequious mortals whom we call the fop or the dandy—all curls and watch-chain jingle and squirm and strut and pocket handkerchief and ah's and oh's and he-he-he's, and wriggle and namby-pambyism

—we have just as little regard for him who through recklessness of demeanor breaks through all the proprieties of life as a drove of swine break through a blossoming hedge that surrounds a flower garden. Let two young men go out into the world, one with \$20,000 of capital to start with, but bad manners, and the other with no capital at all but good manners, and the latter will surpass the former in all the great struggles of life. Every man that has come to any years knows that is so, yet the general impression is, if a man be urbane and courteous he is weak. They say he is very polite, but he is soft. I had a friend who many years ago was visiting in the city of Washington. He was in the office of a Senator distinguished for great statesmanship, but for no politeness. The young man who had come to Washington and wanted to see the distinguished men of the day, knocked at the Senator's door. The Senator in a gruff voice shouted, "Come in." The young man entered, and as he had not any especial errand, but only wished to see the distinguished gentleman, he felt a little awkward and did not know what to do with his hands. The Senator said to him, "What do you want, sir?" He said, "Well,—I—well,—I don't know—nothing." The Senator then said, "Then get out of the room. Why do you come here to bother me, if you don't want anything?" My friend was afterward in the room of Henry Clay, and a young man, who had come to Washington and wanted to see the distinguished men of the day, knocked at Mr. Clay's door. Mr. Clay said, "Come in." The young man entered. Mr. Clay by one flash of gentlemanly instinct, knew what the young man wanted, advanced and gave him his hand and said, "Good morning, sir. I am very glad to see you. Walk in. I am very busy now with these papers, but here are some books and pictures and curiosities, and I hope you will make yourself very much at home." My friend said the young man seemed as much at home as though he were in his father's house. And yet it was no evidence of weakness or effeminacy on the part of that man, for when a Speaker of the House of Representatives—that difficult position, held successfully only by three or four men since the foundation of the American government, and where the most vigorous pounding of the gavel on the desk could not keep order—it was said that when Mr. Clay was presiding and there was any uproar in the House, he never pounded with the gavel at all, but would take a penknife from his pocket and tap upon the desk. Those who were talking hushed up. Those who were standing sat down. Only a penknife, but it sounded like a thunderbolt. So you see that politeness and suavity are no indication of weakness or effeminacy on the part of a man. A man may be courteous and urbane and yet strong for the great battle of life. Hear it, young man, hear it.

We pass on in this gallery of disagreeable people to see the lounge—the man who always comes at the wrong time, and stays until you are exhausted. We say of such a one, "He is a perfect bore." You have all, in your different occupations and professions, been disturbed by this class of persons. I know of no greater joy in life than that of entertaining our friends when they come to see us. We rush out into the hall to meet them. A pain strikes us to the heart when they leave us. We give them the best arm-chair in our parlor. We give them the softest bed in our house. We deny ourselves many luxuries when we are alone that when they come we may have more wherewith to make them comfortable and happy. We always live better when we have company. Yet there are persons who are always apologizing when you are at their table—apologizing for the bread and the butter and the tea, and trying to give you the idea that they always have it better than just at that time when you happen to be there. Now, what is the use of lying? Perhaps it is winter, and one of our old school-mates or college-mates has come. We pull up our chairs around the stove or register, and in true American style put our feet up higher



SHIPPING AN ELEPHANT.

than our heads so that all the sensibilities and excellencies of our entire physical nature seem, by the greater elevation of our feet, to flow back into the heart and the brain. We talk over old times, sleigh rides, skatings under moonlight, romantic rambles through the woods on a summer day with some fair, rosy-cheeked, laughing-eyed—second cousin. We talk it all over. The fire burns and the midnight hovers. You talk over the past, and laugh and cry until you are startled as the clock strikes, "One—two," and you go to bed humming to yourself,

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot  
And never brought to min' ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of auld lang syne?"

But are there no persons in this community who have pestered you, as follows? They have nothing to do, and suppose that you have not. They come and sit all around the room. They have nothing to say, but expect you to entertain them. They take out their watch and say, "Well, I guess I must go." You, out of politeness, say, "You need not be in a hurry," when, to your horror, they sag back for another two hours' heat. They discuss the weather. They tell you some old story in a very feeble way and expect you to laugh. They sit, and you look at your watch hoping they will take the hint; but they sit. You go and take another chair, hoping to break up the monotony; but they sit. You keep drumming your fingers nervously on the table, or tapping your foot on the floor, trying to fill up the time; but they sit. You get desperate, and feel as if you could fly. They do not observe it. When your time is utterly exhausted, and the idea you wanted to put upon paper has flown, and it is too late to do the work you proposed, he gets up slowly, takes a great while to button his coat, moves out of the room at a snail's pace, keeps you standing at the front door long enough to take a bad cold, and then goes down the road to practice his outrages upon somebody else. Compared with such annoyance, blessed is seasickness, blessed is gout, blessed is the influenza, blessed are mosquitoes and fleas and bumblebees and grandfather-long-legs, blessed all cutaneous irritations, blessed the hot nights when you cannot sleep—blessed everything. When I see one of those bores coming down the street, I cross over or go clear around the block. I think one of the greatest bores in all the world is the speaking bore—the man who, at the Sunday-school meeting, or the church meeting, or the educational meeting, or the political meeting, always has the floor. He must speak or burst. He has an example; he has a precedent for speaking. Balaam's traveling companion spoke, so he must speak. One of this sort arose in a legislature where some educational question was before the House, and said, "Mr. Chairman, I go in for eddication. In the words of the eminent Shakespeare, as he fell mortally wounded at the battle of Waterloo, 'Ignorance is played out. E pluribus unum! Hic, haec, hoc! Suairter in modo.' Mr. Chairman, I am sorry to see you smile at that word 'E pluribus unum,' for that was the sacred name of George Washington's mother. If it hadn't been for Providence, eddication and two or three other gentlemen, I should have been as ignorant as you are!" How many meetings have been talked to death by the speaking bore. I have seen Sunday Schools go right down under the process. They hardly ever breathed again.

We pass on in this portrait gallery and stand before the man perpetually despondent and lachrymose, or, to use the common phrase, the man who always has the blues, always sees the dark side of things. There is no exemption from misfortune. The great and wise all had their share. Samuel Boyse, the accomplished author, was found famished with a pen in his hand. Richard Savage died in a prison for a debt of eight pounds. The poet

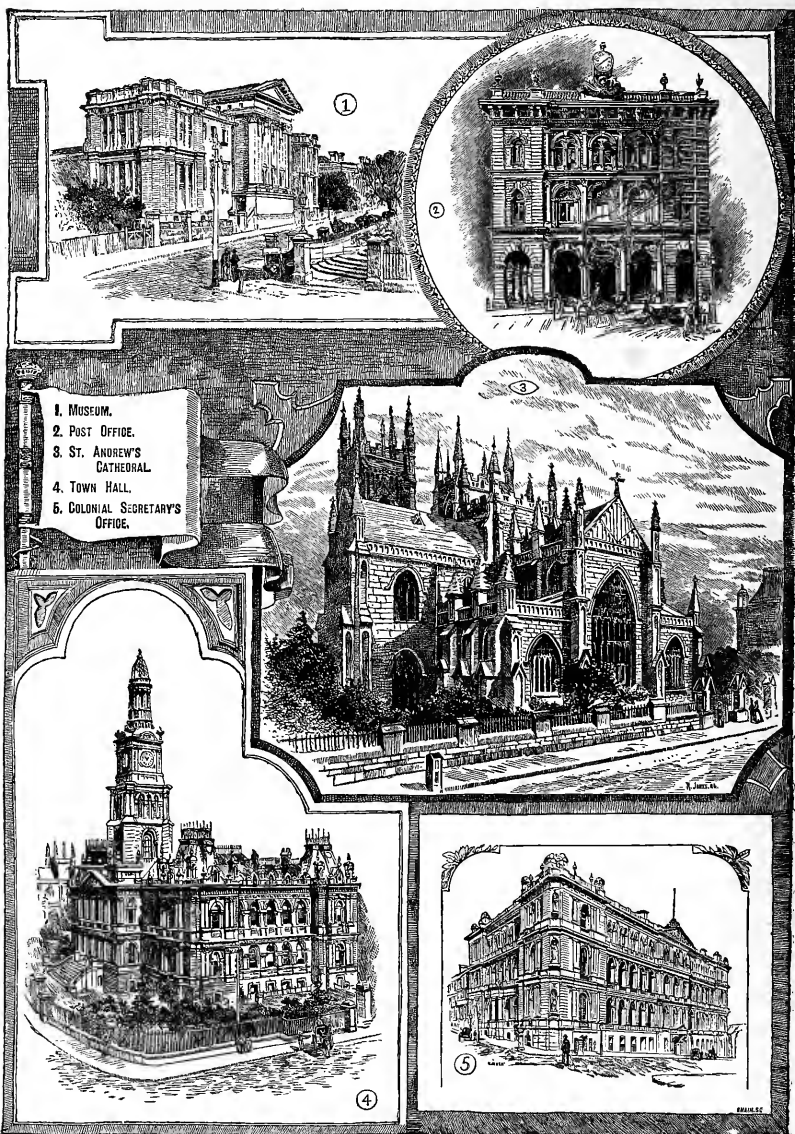
Crabbe walked all night on Westminster Bridge, because too poor to pay for a lodging. Homer, it is said, had his mouth oftener filled with verses than with bread. Fielding, who tickled the world's fancy with the story of Tom Jones, was buried among paupers at Lisbon without a stone to mark his grave. Butler, after throwing the world into fits of laughter with *Hudibras*, starved to death for lack of a crust. Tasso, in a sonnet, begs the light of a cat's eye that he may see to write, because he cannot afford a candle. The greatest of Italian comedians is refused admittance into the hospital, that in better days he had built with money from his own pocket. John Wesley got pelted with stones. Milton was blind. Young's "Night Thoughts" were the cypress that grew on the grave of his darling child. And there is not in all this house an eye that has never wept, or a heart that has never been broken. But there are alleviations in every trouble, and paradoxical as it may seem, I think that the people who have had the most trouble are the happiest. The vast majority of those who go howling on their way, have comparatively little to vex them. We excuse a man for occasional depression just as we endure a rainy day. With overshoes and umbrella we go cheerfully through the storm, because we know that soon the heavens will shatter into sunshine. But who could endure three hundred and sixty-five days of cold drizzle? Yet there are men who are without cessation, sombre and charged with evil prognostications. They do not realize their position. They are like the snake that the Irishman killed. He killed the snake, but it would keep on wagging its tail until the sun went down. So he kept on killing it, and a neighbor came up and said, "Patrick, what do you keep killing that snake for? It has been dead ever so long." Patrick answered, "Yes, I know it is dead, but the crayther isn't sensible of it." We may be born with a foreboding and melancholy temperament, but that is no excuse why we should yield to it any more than a man born with a revengeful spirit should yield to that. We often hear people say, "Oh, I have a bad temper naturally, and I am not responsible." You are responsible. By the grace of God, you can have your temper changed. There is a way of shuffling the burden from shoulder to shoulder. In the lottery of life there are more prizes drawn than blanks. Whole orchards of "fall pippins" to one tree of crab apples. But one unfortunate pair of Siamese twins to millions of people happily born. To one misfortune fifty advantages. How important it is that parents who would have their children come up good and Christian, should teach them that religion itself instead of being a gloomy, doleful thing, is really the brightest, the most radiant, the most jubilant, the most triumphant thing that ever came down from heaven. Sunday morning comes in a household. The father comes from his room to the room in which the children are, and he says, "Hush! Throw out those flowers. Close that melodeon. The children will get down 'Owen on Spiritual Mindedness,' and 'Edwards' on the Affections,' and 'Boston's Four-fold State,' and we will have an awful time. It is Sunday!" Sunday comes in another household, and the father comes from his room to the room where his children are, and he says, "Come, children, this is the best day and the happiest day of all the week. Throw back the shutters and let the sun in. Jennie will sit down at the melodeon or the piano, and get ready to play, while the other children get down the hymn-books, and prepare to sing 'Shining Shore,' and 'Rest for the Weary,' and 'Hallelujah, 'tis done,' as soon as I have read this Psalm of David, 'Praise the Lord, mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.'"

"The Hill of Zion yields,  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heavenly fields  
Or walk the golden streets."



"Sing! while I beat time for you." And let me say that a man who can sing and won't sing deserves to be sent to Sing-sing. Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can have. Hyacinth is the only flower that I know of that will start best in a dark cellar. Ten raw cloudy days may pass along a garden without winning a smile from a single flower; but no sooner does the sun look out than hundreds of carnation roses put up their lips to be kissed, and blush clear down to their shoulders. Good cheer divides our burdens and carries three-fourths of them. We all cry enough, God knows. We all cry enough and have enough to cry about, and if we could not sometimes be let up from the struggle of life, I do not know what would become of us. One good hearty laugh is a bombshell exploding in the right place, while spleen and discontent are a gun that kicks over the man that shoots it off. There is hardly anything impossible to the man who expects to succeed. Lack of acquaintance with the laws of health often results in depression of spirits. I have known people who for years have not experienced buoyancy of feeling, simply because they always take a late supper. Tell me what a man eats, when he eats, and how long it takes him to eat, and I will tell you his disposition, and out of a thousand cases I will not make one mistake. A man will go to the store in the morning and find business matters all complicated. He cannot see how he is going to raise the money to meet those notes, and fears that everything is going to ruin. He feels like the man who was going up Broadway, New York, in the midst of the financial panic of 1857. He had a note in the bank, and no money to meet the note. It was five minutes of three o'clock, and the bank to close at three. All absorbed about that note in the bank and no money to pay it, in his haste he ran against a man, and the man cried out, "Who are you running against? Do that again, and I will knock you into the middle of next week." He replied, "I wish you would. That's just where I want to be with my note." So everything in the case I am speaking of may seem to be foreboding, when the fact is that business matters are not at all desperate. What is the matter? Has some evil spirit during the night entered the store and robbed the safe, and changed the figures in the account book, and stirred everything into disorder? No. This is the secret. Last night at eleven o'clock, at a friend's house, he took lobsters. He didn't get his usual refreshment in sleep. In his dream he saw his grandmother and two or three great-aunts in coal-scuttle bonnets. The nightmare first balked and then ran away with him. Lack of exercise is a source of depression. Without exercise, the fluids of the body cannot be rightly prepared nor the solids become strong and firm. There is an idea abroad that exercise is important only for the student. That is a mistake. The merchant needs it; the mechanic needs it; the housewife needs it. You may work day after day to perfect fatigue, but that is not exercise. You need a change from the routine of life. The amount of money and time expended in reasonable recreation would be a profitable investment. You would add ten years to your life, and in business you would in the course of the year sell more goods, make more garments, fashion more chairs, build more houses, make more boots, roof more buildings, shoe more horses, grind more corn. The attention of the world is being drawn to this subject.

Gymnasiums have been established in all our towns and cities. I am glad to know that this institution is becoming better understood. The gymnasium was formerly looked upon as a place where pugilists went to get muscle—a college to graduate Heenans. Now, in all our gymnasiums you find the first merchants, physicians, mechanics, clergymen. Men of science swinging dumb-bells. Millionaires turning somersaults. Lawyers upside down hanging by one foot from the rung of a ladder. The doctor of divinity with coat off striking



PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN SYDNEY WHICH SURPRISED US WITH THEIR ATTRACTIONS.

out from the shoulder against a "punching bag," imagining how it would be if it were a controversial fight, and the bag getting punched were an opposing bishop. Rheumatics and neuralgias and kindred diseases hung up until dead on "parallel bars" like two rows of army deserters. Dyspepsia climbing out of sight on a rope ladder. Old age dancing itself young again on a "spring-board." Gout, erysipelas, dropsies and consumptions on a "wooden horse," riding out of remembrance. As a preventive and corrective of disease and the consequent mental depression, I recommend the gymnasium in many cases as better than all "Plantation Bitters," and pain-killers, and elixirs, and panaceas, and cataplasms, and S. T. X.'s, and U. Y. G.'s and all the other board fence literature of the country. But those who can get into the country and have the time and the means, will find the open air the best of all gymnasiums. God built it and hoisted into its dome more glory than can be crowded into a thousand St. Peters. The steep hillside is the best ladder to run up. Forests tossing in the wind are the best boxing school. Do you own a horse? Have him well-groomed until every hair glistens and the long mane ripples over his neck, and from nostrils down over the haunches unto the fetlock; be he bay, black, dun, chestnut or sorrel, there is nothing wanting. Have him brought out. Pnt the bucket to his mouth and hear the water rattle down his throat in great swallows. Give him a gentle patting on the shoulder, call him by a pet name, and then putting your left foot into the stirrup, vault into the saddle. Now, sail ahead. Let him leap, and prance, and champ his bit, and snort with pride as he careers along the highway. Your blood will tingle. You will feel as if you were flying. Health will come with every bounce. Let him trot, amble, gallop and his hoofs strike fire. Keep a stiff rein, pass everything on the turnpike, and with the keenest appetite you ever had come to supper. There is something wrong in that man's heart who does not admire a horse. William III., Charles II., George I. found their chief amusement in his companionship, and the man who will abuse a horse—I say it deliberately—a man who will abuse a horse deserves to be kicked by a mule. Do you own a pair of skates? Wrap yourself warm, start for the pond, sit down on the bank, strap on the skates so that they can't turn, and then strike out. Carve all the hieroglyphics of sport with your heel on the ice. Wheel round and round, now on one foot, now on the other, backward, forward, like a swallow skimming a brook, like a deer chased across the snow by the Laplander, swift as the hare with lugs flat back on Marlborough Downs, as an antelope over the plain, voices calling, pond resounding, steel skates ringing, hands clapping, hills echoing. Sportfulness is a queen, who often sits in a palace of ice, with sceptre of icicle and orchestra in which northern blasts sound their horn, and such come nearest her throne who approach with skater's tippet and sandals of clattering steel. But I do not know any army of horrors that can withstand an attack from a regiment with balls and bats. From the ball that the boy of four years rolls across the carpet until his mother catches it, to that which is flung up by the muscular arm of the sportsman in the sight of five thousand people come out in the suburbs to see the carnival, there is something bewitching about its bounce and flight. Every Roman villa had its place for this exercise. France had houses built especially for ball playing. Henry VII. and Maximilian engaged in this sport. German professors, weary of making dictionaries, come out to join in it, and we all at school used to take the bat, put spittle on one side of it, and then throw it up to see who should have the first stroke, and we had many a sharp sting from the ball that struck us before we got to the hunk.

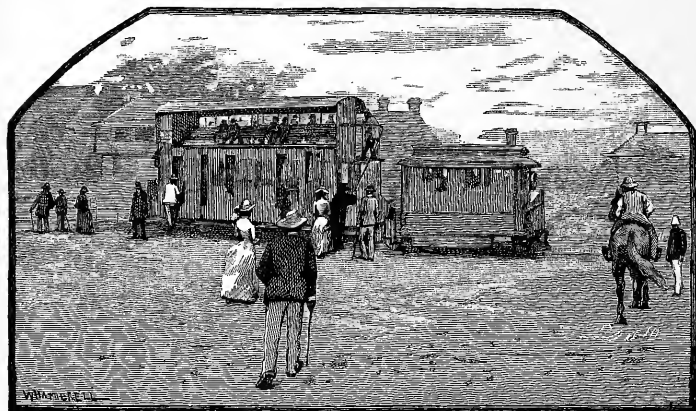
People who have spent fortunes at Saratoga and Sulphur Springs and Baden-Baden to get away from bodily disease, and came home unbenefited, have found out afterward

that their ailments were unable to keep up with them in their swift turns at cricket, and the invalids in attempting to catch the ball have actually taken their lost health "on the fly." About the amusement of hunting and fishing, let me say that you have no right to kill any game that you do not expect to make practical use of, and he who shoots a flock of singing birds just to see them fall, or hooks up from the stream a fish just for the pleasure of seeing it flop on the grass, is a barbarian. But rightly carried on it is a just and invigorating recreation. The best men have found health and exuberance in it. Isaac Walton reveled in the sport. And I suppose that some of you have started off with pockets full of flies, worms and grasshoppers to the river, flung out the line, sat down on a bridge with your feet hanging over, and for whole hours earnestly and patiently waited and watched, motionless and with your whole soul in your face for some shy, obstinate and provoking fish to bite, and then as the cork began to wriggle, you got up, took firm hold of the tackle, and jerked it out, to find that you had caught a lamper eel or snapping turtle. One of the excellencies of this sport is that for the time it takes your attention away from the cares of life. Once I went out with some gentlemen to encamp for summer recreation among the Alleghany mountains. While we were there encamped on Saturday morning the clergyman from the village at the foot of the mountain came up and said I should have to preach for him the next day. So Saturday afternoon I went out to catch trout and to catch a sermon at the same time. Well, I succeeded. That is, I caught the sermon, but I did not catch the trout, although I came four or five times very near it. In other words, you cannot catch trout and do anything else at the same time, and in that very thing consists the excellency of the recreation. So of hunting. I have seen men who went out with colorless cheek and heavy heart, come home in a perfect glow, bringing a brood of grouse, or a wisp of snipe, or a covey of partridges, Dash and Towser, wet and panting with tongue out from answering of hunter's halloo, now sprawling themselves on the doorstep. But I have no time to particularize. For mental depression I commend exercise out of doors, if possible, if not, then in doors. Whether boat or skate or vehicle or saddle or hook or gun or gymnasium, let your sports be hearty, free from dissipation, conscientious and Christian, for this is a subject we will have to meet in all our churches yet. We keep telling our young folks, "You must not do this, and you must not do that, and you must not do the other thing." We shall after a while have to tell them something they may do. A religion of "Don't" is a very poor religion. The only way we will ever drive bad amusements out of this world is by introducing good ones. And you will come back to shop and counting room and studio and pulpit better prepared to bargain, to construct, to pray, to sing, to preach. Remember that there is no stock that pays larger dividend than a cheerful spirit, and that in all the gallery of disagreeable people there is no face more repulsive than that of him who always has the blues. Remember that despondency very often degenerates into peevishness, and people become waspish, or to use the more familiar word, "touchy." My father once got cheated in a bargain, and had thrown on his hands one of the most outrageous horses that I ever saw. We called her "Killposy." She was perfectly gentle with the exception that she would balk and bite and kick and run away. If her hair had not all stood straight up, and her hip bones could have been sunk about half a foot, she would have been handsome. Now that horse never appreciated the kind offices of a groom. We, the boys in the country, would take a long stick and fasten it to the end of a curry comb and then go to work upon her obstinate hide. She never appreciated it. All you had to do was just to open the door and make a motion at her and she would kick. My father after a while gave her away. It was the only time he ever cheated anybody. In

other words, she was "touchy," and a symbol of that class of persons, who, having sunk down from despondency into peevishness, cannot be approached without calling forth demonstrations of irritability and displeasure. Every little while I see some one in the community about whom I say, "There goes a 'Killposy.'" In this large class of despondent persons I must place all political hypochondriacs whether in my country or in yours. They are not peculiar to any party, but are to be found in all parties. I mean the men who think everything is going to ruin. They always have thought so, think so now, always will think so. If my country is going to ruin it goes very slowly. Without treading on any man's political affinities I could in a few minutes show the folly of ever having the blues about your country or mine. Our future is not dependent upon the success of this or that partisan organization, but upon the Almighty Arm of God that will clear the way before us. We want no bigotry in Church or State. When the time comes in my country that free discussion is prohibited I want to move to Kamtschatka or the Kingdom of Dahomey. I am willing to acknowledge a man of any party a patriot provided he loves his country and strives for its welfare, be he Republican, Democrat, Freemason, Native American, Fenian, or Brooklyn lecturer. We should have a little more suavity and politeness in political discussion. How seldom it is you find two people talking politics, but they get mad. I do not know why a man cannot be as polite on the subject of politics as any other subject.

A man was driving a cow along the road and the cow turned up the wrong lane, and he saw a man coming down the lane and he thought he would just have him stop the cow. So he shouted, "Head that cow." The man answered, "She's got a head." "Well," said the other, "turn her." The man replied, "She's right side out now." "Well, speak to her." The man answered, "Good-morning, ma'm." Polite, even to a cow. So I like to see a man always polite to his cow, to his horse, to his dog, and especially to his fellow-man, and more especially if that man happens to know as much as you do. There never has been any reason why you or I should have the blues about our beloved lands, and there are no reasons now. By the throne of the eternal God I assert it that truth and liberty and justice shall yet be triumphant over all their foes. Many years ago I gazed upon a scene, which for calamity and grandeur, one seldom sees equaled. I mean the burning of the Smithsonian Institute of the United States at Washington. You have all heard of the architectural grandeur of that structure. It was the pride of my country. In it art had gathered rarest specimens from all lands and countries. It was one of those buildings which seize you with enchantment as you enter and all the rest of your life holds you with the charm. I happened to see the first glow of the fires which on that cold day looked out from the costly pile. I saw the angry elements rear and rave. The shout of affrighted workmen, and the assault of fire engines only seemed to madden the red monsters that rose up to devour all that came within reach of their chain. Up along the walls and through the towers were stretched fiery hands, that snatched down all they could reach and hurled them into the abyss of flame beneath. The windows of the tower would light up for a minute with a wild glare, and then darken, as though fiends with streaming locks of fire had come to gaze out in laughing mockery at all human attempts, and then sank again into their native darkness. With crackle and roar and crash the floors tumbled. The roof began here and there to blossom in wreaths and vines of flame. Up and down the pillars ran serpents of fire. Out from the windows great arms and fingers of flame were extended, as though destroyed spirits were begging for deliverance. The tower put on a coronet of flame and staggered and fell, the sparks flying, the firemen escaping, the terror accumulating. Books,

maps, rare correspondence, autographs of kings, costly diagrams burned to cinder, or scattered for many a rood upon the wild wind, to be picked up by the excited multitude. Oh! it seemed like some great funeral pile, in which the wealth and glory of the land had leaped to burn with its consuming treasures. The heavens were blackened with whirlwinds of smoke through which shot the long red shafts of calamity. Destruction waved its fiery banner from the remaining towers, and in the thunder of falling beams and in the roaring surge of billowing fire, I heard the spirits of ruin and desolation and woe clapping their hands and shouting, "Aha, aha!" I turned and looked upon the white dome of the Capitol, which rose through the frosty air, as imposing as though all the white marble of the earth had come to resurrection, and stood before us, and reminding one of the great White Throne of heaven. There it stood unmoved by the terrors which that day had been kindled before it. No tremor in its majestic columns. No frown on its magnificent sculpture. No flush of excitement in its veins of marble. Column and capitol and dome, built to endure until the world itself shatters in the convulsions of the last earthquake. Oh, what



SYDNEY TRAM-CAR ON WHICH WE HAD THE PLEASURE OF RIDING.

alty, and the hurricanes of God's power will scatter even the ashes of consumed greatness and glory. Not one tower left. Not one city unconsumed. Not one scene of grandeur to relieve the desolation. Forests dismasted. Seas licked up. Continents sunk. Hemispheres annihilated. Oh, the roar and thundering crash of that last conflagration! But from that ruin of a blazing earth we shall look up to see the Temple of Liberty and Justice rising through the ages white and pure and grand, unscarred and unshaken. Founded on the eternal rock and swelling into domes of infinitude and glory in which the hallelujahs of heaven have their reverberation. No flame of human hate shall blacken its walls. No thunder of infernal wrath shall rock its foundation. By the upheld torches of burning worlds we shall read it, on column and architrave and throne of eternal dominion: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but truth and liberty and justice shall never pass away."

a contrast between that smoking ruin on the one hand, and that gorgeous dream of architecture on the other. Well, the day speeds on when the grandest achievement of man shall be consumed and the world shall blaze. Down will go galleries of art and thrones of roy-

## CHAPTER X.

### THE NOBLE MAORIS; OR, MURDER AS A PASTIME.

**W**HAT the Indians are to America, the Maoris are to New Zealand. These aborigines are dying out very rapidly, but you see them in all the upper portions of New Zealand. All this country was once theirs, and they would have kept it, but from whaling ships the foreigners alighted to furnish enough rum and vices of all sorts to kill the Maoris. They are said to be a superior race of savages, but the nobility of them I fail to see. Their faces are plowed up, not with age, but by a tattooing which they suppose pictorializes and beautifies. Sharp shells scooped out these furrows of the countenance. Their greatest fun was massacre. When some of them adopted Christianity, they received the Old Testament but rejected the New Testament. They liked the war scenes of the Old, but not the peace of the New. On occasions they made cartridges of the New Testament. When they could not eat all their enemies, they preserved them in tin cans and sent them as delicate presents to their friends. The ship "Boyd," bound for England, put in at one of the New Zealand harbors, and all on board were slain and eaten except a woman and three children, who hid away, the only survivors to tell the story. Of course, all ships knew that if they were wrecked on these shores they would become a part of the diet of the people. Two of their chiefs taken to London in 1820 aroused much interest, and they were loaded with presents of all sorts; but before starting for home these recipients exchanged the presents for muskets, with which they drove back and destroyed the neighboring tribes who could not afford muskets. Some of these savages went so far as to lend clubs and powder and knives to their enemies, that lively fighting might be kept up. On one occasion they refused to capture the trains carrying food and ammunition to the opposing forces, and when the chief of the Maoris was asked the cause of this, he replied, "Why, you fool, if we had captured their ammunition and food how could they have fought!" One of the missionaries says that he held a religious service at a place between two fighting tribes, and from both tribes the audience was made up on Sunday, but on Monday they resumed their old fight. If they had had plainly put to them the first question of the Catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" their reply, if frankly made, would have been, "The chief end of man is to make an end of him." De Quincy wrote an essay on "Murder as a Fine Art," but to the Maoris murder was pastime. Assassination was for ages their gladdest recreation. Massacre was their sport. It was to them what the tennis court and croquet ground and baseball are to many moderns. No hunter ever more enjoyed shooting reed birds or fetching down a roebuck; no fisherman better liked throwing a fly and watching a spotted trout rise to snap it, than did these Maoris the slaughter of a man. Give beef or mutton to others, but the appetite of the Maori wanted something human in the bill of fare. Many of the Maoris may be good, and kind, and noble, but their ancestors were without nobility of nature, unless laziness and heartlessness and revenge and malevolence be noble. What an appetite they must have had for soup of human bones! for white man on toast! and for spare rib of missionary! We search New Zealand in vain from top of North Island to foot of South Island to find among the Maoris anything more noble than seen in the American Indian seated by a

bridlepath of the Rocky Mountains, wrapped in filthy blanket, hair combed once in forty years, waiting for a cowboy to toss him a rusty cent. These Maoris were the impersonation of cruelty and diabolism. It was to them rare sport when they could take an enemy and scalp the skin from the bottom of the feet—if you can apply to the lower extremities the word usually applied to the upper extremities—and make the victim walk on a rough place, and the shriek of pain would make these noble savages laugh till you could hear them half a mile away. Sometimes they would, in order to have fresh meat, cut the flesh from their victim just as they needed it by nice tid-bits and day after day. Back of Gisborne, New Zealand, to make a fine peroration of their accomplishments, they killed all the men, women and children, so that the authors might not be charged with lack of thoroughness.

They tell the most enormous stories of the bravery of their ancestors. These ancestors, they say, killed the two great warriors of Waterloo, Wellington and Napoleon, and the tribe believe it too. Within a few days one of their chiefs was buried amid wild scenes of lamentation, and after the body was put in the ground, the chief's hat and blanket and umbrella were thrown in after him, and then many of the tribe leaped upon the grave with howls and screams and dancing. Not satisfied with deeds of cruelty while living, these noble Maoris in olden time expected their wives to strangle themselves, and while twisting the flax for the rope, the sister of the dead chief is reported by a recent writer as looking up to the moon and saying:

"It is well with thee, O moon! You return from death,  
Spreading your light on the little waves. Men say,  
'Behold the moon re-appears;'  
But the dead of this world return no more.  
Grief and pain spring up in my heart as from a fountain.  
I hasten to death for relief.  
Oh! that all might eat those numerous soothsayers,  
Who could not foretell his death.  
Oh! that I might eat the governor;  
For his was the war!"

One of the most terrible things in all the country of the Maoris is their law of Tapu. If any one breaks that he must die. When a thing is said to be tapu, no one must use or employ it. For instance, a man gave a slave a knife, forthwith that knife became tapu, yet some one dared with that knife to cut the bread for a chief's mother, and the man who used the knife for that purpose was butchered. That whimsicality of tapu has left its victims all up and down New Zealand. The fact is that barbarisms are so repulsive in every form that there is nothing admirable about them, and the only thing to do, is by the influence of Christian civilization to extirpate them, and they are going, and for the most part have already gone. Cannibalism in New Zealand is dead. The funeral pyres in India have been extinguished. The Juggernaut has been put aside as a curiosity for travelers to look at. Instead of the cruelties that once cursed these lands I find our glorious Christianity dominant. All over New Zealand, the highest culture, the grandest churches, the best schools, and a citizenship than which the world holds nothing nobler.

I hereby report to the American lecturers that New Zealand is a grand place for their useful work. Only two or three English and one American lecturer have ever trod these platforms. But the opportunity here is illimitable. Not in all the round earth are there more alert, responsive, or electric audiences. They are quicker than American or European assemblages to take everything said on platform or in pulpit. They call out all there is in



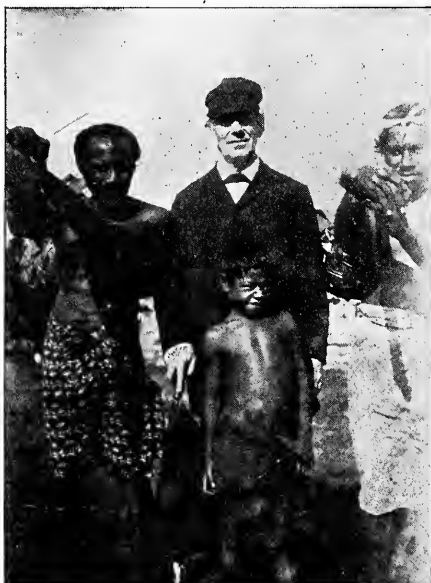
a speaker of instruction or entertainment. And the Church and the world have yet to find out that audiences for the most part decide whether sermons or lectures shall be good or poor. Stolid or unresponsive audiences make stolid and stupid speakers. Wendell Phillips, one of the monarchs of the platform, told me something very remarkable concerning himself, while we were standing in a Boston book-store, and he was chiding me for not appearing at Ann Arbor, Michigan, from which place he had just returned, and where I had tried to get a few days before, but was hindered by snow banks, and my offer of two hundred and fifty dollars for the use of a locomotive had been declined. Mr. Phillips said that the audience in one of the Eastern States nearly killed him. He said, "I stood for nearly an hour without seeing or hearing anything by which I could judge of the effect of what I had said. If they had only hissed or applauded, I did not care which, I could have got on with some comfort." . . . Mr. Phillips surprised me by this statement as to the effect wrought upon him by a phlegmatic assemblage.

The audience decides the fate of sermons or lectures. A half dozen men might, if they wished to engage in so mean a business, take a contract to break down any speaker, if they would sit right before him, gape, take out their watches, and cough with mouth wide open, and then seemingly go sound asleep. An eloquent American preacher, standing before me in a former pulpit delivered the first half of his sermon with great power, and his words had wings and his countenance was aflame with holy enthusiasm, when suddenly his wings of thought and utterance dropped, and he stammered on his way, and got entangled in metaphor, and lost his thread of discourse, and failed to prove that which he said at the start he would prove, and then sat down. While the congregation were singing the last hymn he said, "Who is that distinguished-looking gentleman right in front of the pulpit? The sight of his somnolency and lack of interest completely upset me." "Oh!" I said, "that is the Honorable Mr. so and so, one of the ablest men of the nation, and he was deeply interested in all you said. He is not asleep, but is suffering from weak eyes, and is compelled to keep them shut while listening." The uninteresting appearance of the auditor had overthrown a "Master of Assemblies."

I say to the men who preach and lecture, come to New Zealand. But should ministers ever lecture? Ought they not always preach? My answer is that the intelligent lecture hall is half way to the church, and I notice that men who have been hating the church and all sacred things, if they come and hear one lecture, are sure to come and hear him preach. Beside that there are important things to be said, and things that must be said, which are more appropriate to lecture hall than to pulpit. The three mightiest agencies for making the world better are the Pulpit, Printing Press and Platform. Side by side may they always stand in the battle for righteousness. But for them the Indians' war-whoop would yet be sounding in America and on the Atlantic coast, the morning meal of human flesh would still be going on in New Zealand, and the Ganges would still be horrible with infanticide. Let all nations reconstruct their notions of New Zealand. I write this at Dunedin, imposing in its architecture, picturesque in its surroundings, unbounded in its hospitality, and another Edinburgh, after which I understand it is named Dun—Edin being the Gaelic for the Northern capital of intelligence.

The Scotch founded it and what the Scotch do they do well. They believe in something, and it is almost always something good that they believe in. High-toned morality characterizes everything that they do or touch; solidity, breadth, massiveness and religiosity are the types of the men and cities and nations they build. No country is well started that has not felt the influence of the Scotch, with their brawny arms and high cheek bones.

The seaport of this place is called Chalmers Port, named after, I have no doubt, Thomas Chalmers, the greatest of Scotchmen, unless it were John Knox; and the largest church in this place, where I preached last night, is Knox Church, called, I have no doubt, after the man who at Holyrood made a queen tremble.



DR. TALMAGE AMONG SAVAGES OF THE SOUTH SEAS.

Here I am in the mid-winter of this colony, for July here corresponds with our American January; but there are no such severities of frost or snow as we are familiar with in our New York latitudes. The grass is at this moment a bright emerald, the gardens are in glorious flower, the miles of hedgerows that line the roads and part the fields are banks of gold because of their blossoming gorse. From the top of the North Island of New Zealand to the foot of the South Island, the colony is a bewitchment of interest. For 120 miles ever and anon geysers send up their steam curling on the air. The glaciers, the romantic lakes, the drives, the wooded summits, the mountain peaks, the escarpment of the hills, the fertile fields, the falling waters, the hot springs and the cold springs, the flora with its infinitude of camelias, and its small heaven of ferns, the sunrises and sunsets, and above all the people with a cordiality and heartiness independent of all weather and all circumstances, make New Zealand 1300 miles of invitation to the inhabitants of other zones to come here whether for health or pleasure, or liveli-

hood or worship. What uplifted altars of basalt! What blue domes of sky! What bright lavers of river! What baptism of gentle shower! What incense of morning mist! What doxology of sea on both beaches! What a temple of beauty, and glory, and joy, and divine ascription is New Zealand!

## CHAPTER XI.

### WOMAN IN NEW ZEALAND AND THE FALL OF THE TERRACES.

EXCELLENT and superb as are the women of New Zealand, more good women are needed in this colony. In most places where I have lived or traveled women are in blessed majority, and it seems that the Lord likes them better than men, because he has made more of them. There is in most places a surplus of good womanhood, and they therefore do not get full appreciation. But New Zealand is an exception. In this colony there are fifty thousand less women than men. This will by circumstances be adjusted. There ought certainly to be as many women as men in every land, for every man is entitled to a good wife and every woman is entitled to a good husband. The difficulty is that war and rum kill so many men that the man intended for the woman's lifetime partnership is apt to lie in the soldier's grave trench or in the drunkard's ditch. In the Paradisiacal and perfect state the womanhood equaled the manhood, for there was one of each kind. The women in New Zealand have already done well, for while in the United States and Europe the women are discussing in parlors and on the platforms how they shall get their rights at the ballot-box, that castle has already been stormed and taken by the women here. After a while the brave sisterhoods in the United States and Great Britain will band together, and from the crowded parlors where so many languish in inaction and inoccupation, they will make a crusade to these parts of the earth, where their presence would be hailed and their opportunities augmented. The theory that men must go into new countries alone and establish themselves in mines, in mechanism or merchandise, and then send for their families to join them, is an overdone theory. The wives and daughters and sisters had better come along with their husbands, fathers, and brothers. Instead of there being a surplus of men in the colonies there ought to be a surplus of women, out of which to get the supply of maiden aunts—those guardian angels of the community who are at home in the whole circle of kindred, the confidant of the young and the comfort of the old, and the benediction of all.

Not only is there room in New Zealand for more good womanhood, but there is room for more artists and naturalists. Here are mountains 9000, 10,000, 11,000, 12,000 feet high, waiting for some one to take their photographs; and while most of the mountains of the earth stand stolid and statuesque and without varieties of posture, some of these change their shape and altitude under volcanic suggestion, as the man in the photographic gallery, at the artist's suggestion, changes from side face to full face, or from frown to smile, and one day in this region a mountain turns clear round, or from standing posture sits down with heavy plunge; or a crevice opens between the cheeks of the hill—a wide-open mouth full of laughter or threat. The changes in the mountain ranges are enough to set a geologist wild with interest or send him running up and down these altitudes with crowbar to dig, or hammer to strike or tape line to measure. On a night in June, 1886, the mountains of Tarawera and Rotomahana, New Zealand, had a grand frolic. For many years tourists had gone to visit the "Terraces," as they were called—ancient forms of volcanic eruption. They were stairs of pictured stones, step above step of pumice and lava, reaching from earth toward heaven, but some of the steps of the stairs 50 and 100 feet high; not so much a

Jacob's Ladder as an Omnipotent stairway up and down which walked all the splendors and majesties, and grandeurs and radiances of day and night, and sunshine and tempest, of summer and winter, of decades and centuries and ages. These steps seemed to be made out of pearls, prisms, petrified hyacinth, lily and violet, and all laid out as with a divine geometry. Such curves, such bosses of exquisiteness, such ascents and descents bewildering

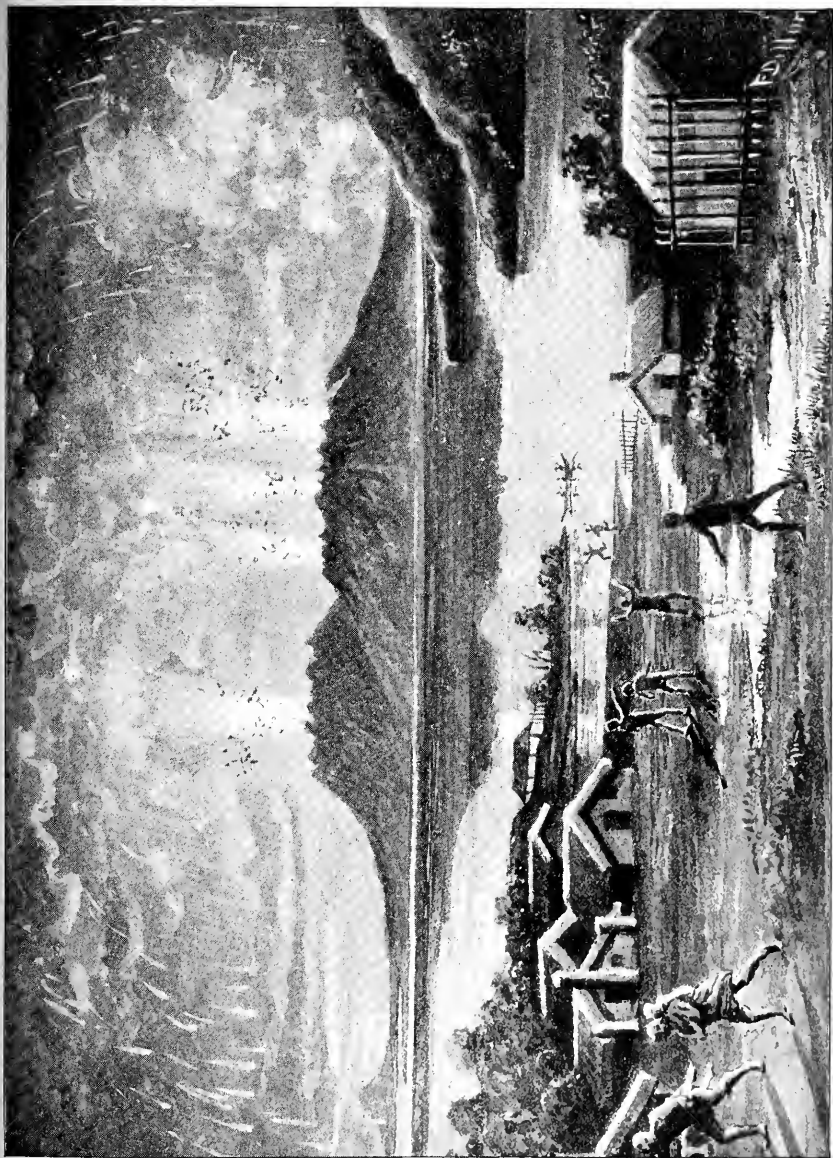


A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN OF THE EAST.

ing with almost supernatural glories! Masonry smoothed by invisible trowels; walls regulated by invisible plumb-lines; colors put on by invisible pencils; sculpture cut by invisible chisels.

On the night of June 9, 1886, the moon was passing into the second quarter when, ten minutes after two o'clock, the earth shook and the mountains erupted. Standing ten, twelve, fourteen miles off the people felt the shock and saw the ascent of the steam column, and the red-hot rocks, and the volcanic ash, and the scoria; and the smoke looking like a vast pine tree, according to the statements of the poetic, but like an umbrella or mushroom according to the description of the rustic. Those who lived near the base of the hills did not survive to tell the tale of the catastrophe. The detonations were heard 250 miles away. That was a cannonading in which the batteries were touched off by hidden dynamics. Such

a combination of wrath and splendor were never before seen in New Zealand. It seemed as if all the hyenas of rage were snarling at all the flamingoes of beauty. The lake hissed as with ten thousand serpents when the hot bombs of the mountain dropped into it. The malodors of burning iron oxides and magnesia, and chlorine, and alumina, and sulphur filled all the regions approximate with suffocation,



MOUNT CAMANERA IN ERUPTION, JUNE 10, 1866, NEW ZEALAND.

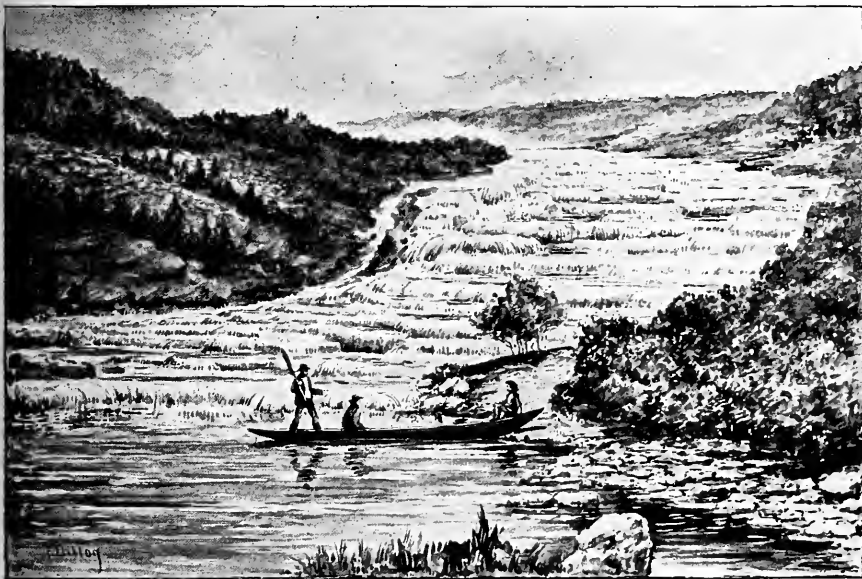
strangulation and asphyxia. Sixty miles felt the upheaval ; and from Auckland, more than 130 miles away, a ship put out for the rescue of a vessel supposed to be burning at sea—the mistaken fire being that of this burning mountain. In the house of Mr. Hazard, a devout Christian man, as the ashes and trees and stones began to drop heavily on the roof, a Christian daughter, believing that they must die, sat down at a cabinet organ to play a piece of sacred music, and the whole of the family joined in the hymn. And all save one of the family perished. At the hotel a Mr. Bainbridge, who was on a journey round the world, called the inmates of the hotel together for prayer, and he told them they had only a few more minutes to live, and as he was passing out from the hotel the veranda fell upon him and crushed him to death.

We talk about the dumb elements, but it is hard for me to believe that they are dumb ; and that the fire does not feel the warmth flowing in its own veins ; and that the sighing winds have no sorrow ; and that playing fountains experience no exhilaration ; and that the light does not enjoy illumining the world ; and that the sensitive-plant does not feel your touch ; and that the rose, with all its incense, does not worship. It seems that in these paroxysms of the mountains nature must suffer.

That night nine miles of the mountain changed. "The Terraces," which had been the pride of the Colonies, sank out of existence. No one but the Infinite and the Almighty could afford the obliteration of such resources of beauty and glory. The casting down of such altars and the annihilation of such temples, would have been an iconoclasm that would have affronted the universe but for the fact that the Lord who made Tarawera and Rotomahana has a right to do what He will with His own, and The Terraces, already beginning to re-form, may be richer colored and loftier and more resplendent than their predecessors. The loss to New Zealand of these white and pink terraces is what would be the loss of the Giant's Causeway to Ireland, or the loss of the Pyramids to Egypt, or the loss of Niagara Falls to America. The exact physical causes of this up-setting and down-tearing and mountain-splitting I leave to geologists to guess about. Translating their scientific accounts into easier language it seems that the mountains were stiff in their joints from long standing and went into play. For a great while they had enjoyed no fireworks, and that night they illumined New Zealand with rockets and wheels of fire. The hills went into games of leapfrog, and ball playing, and flying kites, and boxing, and general romp. They were exhilarated with a mixture of gases, sulphuric, phosphoric and carbonic, and forgot all the proprieties that mountains usually observe. But it was not a comedy. It was a tragedy of the mountains, and all the King Lears, and the Macbeths, and the Hamlets, and the Meg Merrilies of derangement and horror were that night on the stage, of which the belching fires were the footlights, and flames hundreds of feet high were the gorgeous upholstery. Tornadoes of ashes. Furnaces, seven times heated, in which walked the Deity. Grand March of God sounded by the avalanches. The earth bombarding the heavens. Maniac elements tearing the clouds into tatters and grinding rocks under their heels. That night of June 9th, that awful night in New Zealand, when the native settlements went down under the ashes of bursting Tarawera as completely as Pompeii and Herculaneum under the burial of Vesuvius, seemed to play an accompaniment to the words of the old Book, as much revered in New Zealand as in America ; an accompaniment in full diapason, an earthquake with its foot on the pedal : "The perpetual hills did bow," "The mountains skipped like rams," "The hills melted like wax," "The foundations of the earth were shaken," "He looketh on the earth and it trembleth."

That downfall of the New Zealand Terraces was only a conspicuous circumstance in the history of the world. Mountains are mortal, and they write their autobiographies on leaves of stone. All the mountains of New Zealand were nursed in cradle of earthquake by a parentage of rock and glacier, and they will have their descendants. You cannot bury mountains unobserved. There must be a black pall of smoke, and Dead March sounded by orchestra of elements, and thunders tolling at the passing funeral of hills, and spade of fire to dig their grave, and the discharge of all heaven's artillery at their burial, and the solemn and overwhelming Litany sounded: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

You see it will be well for geologists to come to New Zealand. Ornithologists ought also to come. Last evening, although it is here midwinter—New Zealand's July corre-



THE PINK TERRACE, NEW ZEALAND.

sponding with America's January, although far from being as cold—I was standing near a clump of trees which still kept all their foliage, and there were bird voices absolutely bewildering for numbers and sweetness. If the notes of the music there rendered by the winged choir had been written on each leaf, the rendering could not have been more dulcet and resonant. It would take more room and time than I possess to describe the ornithological riches of New Zealand. First of all its extinct Moa, whose skeleton stands in the museum at Christchurch—a wingless bird, or only apologies for wings, but 10 feet 7 inches high, neck like a giraffe, and foot as wide as a camel's. This Moa, the largest bird whose skeleton has ever been reticulated, its eggs the size of a small bandbox. What the mastodon was among quadrupeds, and the ichthyosaurus was among fishes, the Moa was among birds. But among the living birds in New Zealand's aviary are the whale bird, black on the back

and white on the breast, morning rising from the night; the huia, a sacred bird of the aborigines, but all birds ought to be sacred; the parson bird, so-called because the white feathers round its neck give it the appearance of a "white choker;" the bell bird, with voice like a chime from the tower; the New Zealand pigeon, three times as large as the American pigeon, and more beautiful only because it has more expanse of wing and feathers on which to be beautiful; the kea, that wars on the sheep, fastening itself on the back of the live sheep and not relaxing, but pecking its way through the wool and the flesh until the sheep is dead and the beak reaches the fat around the kidneys, for which this bird has a special appetite, a habit learned probably by pecking at the butchered sheep around the door of the shepherd's hut; the storm petrel, like a flake of the midnight; the crested penguin; the paradise duck, its name taken from the fact that its richness of color suggests the Edenic, and birds with all wealth of feather, and curiosity of beak, and eccentricity of habit, and defence of claw, and audacity of flight, and bearing all colors—the white running into crimson like snow melting into the fire; the blue, as if in some higher flight it had brushed against the heavens; or yellow, as if it had nested amongst cowslips and buttercups, or spotted and fringed and ribboned and aflame until there are no more fountains of radiance into which they can possibly dip their wings. Oh! for some scientific gunner to do for New Zealand what Audubon did for America. But, what I never knew before, the native birds are dying out before the foreign birds that have been introduced, and the native flowers are dying out before the foreign flowers. Although now New Zealand is so abundant in all styles of quadruped, it had not, when discovered, a single quadruped except the rat, and a foreign rat having been introduced the aboriginal rat has nearly disappeared. The English grass brought here has killed the native grass. The birds of America, Europe and Asia, imported here, have killed the birds of New Zealand. All the earth has been ransacked, and all the botanical and ichthyological and ornithological and zoological worlds have been called upon to make up the present and the future of New Zealand.

Yea, come to this "Wonderland" all who want to see enterprise and advancement. Daily newspapers with scholarly men in editorial chairs, and reporters capable of pumping interviews from the most reticent and cautious, and make a Sphinx speak. Two thousand miles of railroad. Over 1600 schools with compulsory education, building up intelligence for the present and affording no opportunity for ignorance in the next century. Baths, thermal and chemical, miles long and capable of putting an end to rheumatisms and sciaticas and invalidisms that have defied the mineral hydropathics of the continents. Lake Taupo, so deep that no plummet has ever touched bottom, and occupying the hollow of an extinct volcano, as a bright child might fall to sleep in the bed previously occupied by a grim giant. Yea, come to New Zealand, the naturalists, the artists, and the students of men and things, and come quickly, for nothing remains here as it originally was, except the mountains; and even the mountains, as on the night of June 9, 1886, when the walls of "The Terraces" fell down at the blowing of the trumpets of terror, proved themselves no longer to be the "everlasting hills."





CHILDREN OF THE ORIENT.



## CHAPTER XII.

### OCEAN GATE OF AUSTRALIA.

**P**ITCHED, shaken, twisted, flung, sickened, bruised, dismayed, alarmed, are some of the words which describe our feelings whilst crossing from New Zealand to Australia. We heard that the passage was like crossing the channel of Calais from France to England but that instead of the hour and a half it would be four days and a half. It was worse than we expected and worse than usual. We had nearly six days of it.

The only alleviation of the voyage was the Captain, who was jolly at the time to be jolly, serious at the time to be serious, and deeply religious at all times. Converted in a Presbyterian Church in New Zealand, he has become a flaming evangel, preaching on board his steamer once or twice every Sabbath.

Our rough sea experience prepared us for full appreciation of one of the brightest panoramas of land and sky that ever unrolled before mortal vision. Captain Neville said to us "We will soon be in sight of the Australian coast, and when we approach the harbor of Sydney come up on my bridge, and I will point out to you the objects of interest." "Thank you," was our reply to the unusual invitation, for sea captains do not ordinarily like to have company on the steamer's bridge. In a few moments we climbed to the side of the Captain. Great walls of rock built by the eternal God reached along the coast, and stopped only wide enough apart to allow ships to enter and to keep the boisterous ocean out.

"Yonder," said the Captain, "is the retreat in the rocks which in the twilight deceived the Captain of the 'Duncan Dunbar' to mistake it for the harbor and to aim for it, crashing into destruction. All on board perished save one man who was picked up after he had floated down on to the shelving."

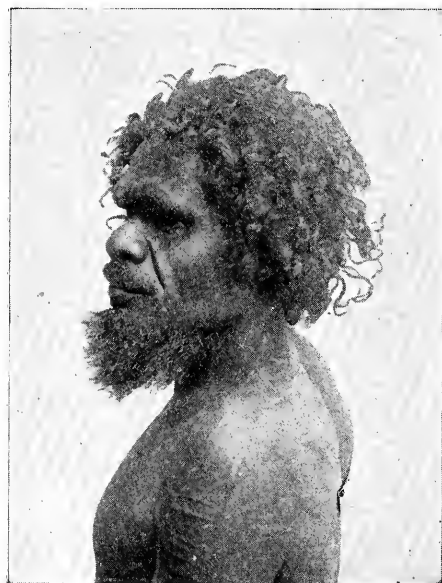
Safely we rode in between the two great brown pillars of Hawkesbury sandstone, and then began the revelation of a harbor such as nowhere else in the wide world is to be found. The whole scene is an Odyssey, a "Divina Comedia," an Old Testament and a New Testament of grandeur and loveliness. You cannot for a moment relax your energy of watching without missing something which you cannot see again. The white palaces of the merchant princes of Sydney shine through the foliage of the trees. Dipping to the bay are gardens abloom in winter, and lawns with an emerald like unto the fourth layer of the wall of Heaven. Tropical plants and tropical flowers stand side by side with the growths of more rigorous climates. Vineyards and orange groves, pomegranates and guavas, and pine-apples growing in a revelry of luxuriance. Norfolk pines, palm, Moreton Bay fig and Eucaliptus trees stretch their sceptres over the scene. Complete bewitchment of landscape. "Steady!" cried the Captain to the man at the wheel, "steady!" But no observer can keep very steady while watching this ever-changing, ever-inspiring, ever-enchanting scene. "Yonder is the Monastery; yonder, just coming in sight, is the Admiral's house. Yonder is the University. Yonder are the Houses of Parliament. Yonder are the old prisons. There is the Governor's residence." Here, sweeping up close to our steamer, are launches with excursionists. Yonder are sailing boats, so small they suggest a fluttering seagull.

While the area of the harbor is said to be nine square miles, the water line of it, if followed up and down all its inlets, would be twelve hundred miles. The rippling waters kiss the beach, and the beach embraces the bay. At the next turn of our steamer's wheel more garniture of island and arbor and inlet and promontory. Oh! how the marine loveliness plays "hide and seek" amidst the islands. Five grim batteries pointing their Armstrong guns at us, but only in play. "Yonder," says the Captain, "is a French steamer; yonder an American, and yonder an Englishman." Sydney harbor is so broad and honest that no pilot was needed to come on board. Room here for all the navies of the earth to ride in and secrete themselves so that they could not be found without much search. Room for the "Great Easterns" of the past and the "Campanias" of the present to wheel without

peril. Room to welcome all the centuries and generations and ages which are yet to drop anchor in its clear depths. He only belittles and bedwarfs and bemeans Sydney harbor who compares it to the Bay of Naples or the entrance to Rio Janiero.

God works by no model, and this harbor was of divine origination. He works with rocks and waters and skies as easily as architects work with pencil and rule and compass; and He intended this harbor not to be a repetition of anything that had ever been done, and to make it impossible for any human engineering or landscape gardening or hydraulics to imitate. It is a winding splendor, an unfolding glory, a transcendent illustration of what omnipotence can do in the architecture of an ocean gate.

The day we entered it, clouds of all hues were looking down into its mirror; beauties of all styles were walking its opaline pavement; grondeurs of all chariots were rolling across its crystalline highway. On the captain's bridge we stood until near enough to the wharf to see the deputation



AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINAL, AS I SAW HIM.

tion of clergymen and prominent citizens who were waiting to come aboard to greet us, and when they thronged the cabin of the steamer, and addressed us in welcoming words, we were compelled, by our own feelings, to reply "Brethren and friends! after sailing against headwinds and over very rough seas, it is most delightful to get into this beautiful harbor of Sydney, and into the still more beautiful harbor of Christian fellowship."

But I was up before daybreak next morning looking at the harbor. The window of my room in the Australian hotel takes in the enchantment, and I watched the coming of the day into that harbor. The whole sky first took on a pallor, not sickly, but healthful, as though there were white wings from the other side shining through. Then there came coruscations, and deep indigos, and irradiations, and sadnesses of color, and unrolling scrolls prophetic of more light, and sombres and holy gleams, and rhapsodies of advancing day;

and then, banners of victory over the darkness. Then in this wall of Heaven the gates began to swing open. It was no sudden swinging back of the panels of fire. There was no grinding of the gates on the amethystine hinges; there was no clang of bolts hurled back from the imperial portals, but a slow and gradual and over-powering movement that made me feel there was more to come, and I wondered if I could endure the expanding vision. As I looked into the gate I saw, what I described to my son afterward as a sceptre, a sceptre of great length and brilliance. Such a sceptre as no earthly emperor ever had in his throne room. The handle of the sceptre had all the colors of the prism. The edges of it were translucent, the point of it was tipped with a waving light all the time changing. Yet what a sceptre! What king would dare to handle it? What monarch would dare to lift it? But while I wondered, the question was answered: the king of day, the rising sun, took hold of it, and the sceptre which I had seen a few seconds before lying on the shelf of Heaven, was first hoisted as though to command the hidden glories of the skies to come down, and then it was pointed to the harbor as the place of their destination, and on that sapphire of the waves, both the sceptre that I had seen, and the crown of the king who took it, were put down; and from green island to green island, and from beach to beach, and all up and down the promontories, and from sky to water, and from water to sky, it was morning in Sydney harbor.

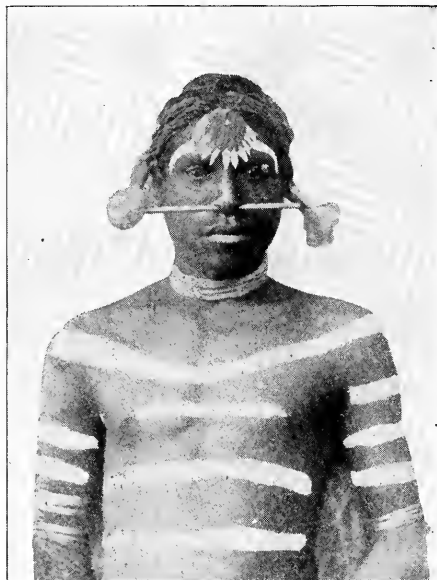
Have you ever realized that there is only one Being in the universe who can scoop out and mould and buttress and build a harbor. At Napier, New Zealand, where we sailed in and stayed only long enough for an hour and a half's address, hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended in building a break-water, and so at Gisborne, and at different points on the Australian coast, harbors have been constructed by human hands, but the storms looked at these defiant ramparts and in a night tumbled the costly works into the Pacific. Harbor building is the reserved right of the Heavens. Gates of palaces and gates of fortresses may be turned out from earthly foundries, or pounded together by hammers of human mechanism, but an ocean gate like that near which I am now seated needs omnipotence and omniscience and infinity to plan and construct it.

No one but the Eternal knows where such a gate is needed. He sees the history of a continent before it is populated, and he only can decide where its front door ought to be hoisted and swung. Beside that the gate must correspond with the size and greatness of the main building. The door of the Madeleine Church would be absurd at the front of a Quaker Meeting House. Bronze and gold would make an inappropriate entrance to a rookery. Such an entrance to Australia as Sydney harbor would be something for all time and eternity to jeer at, if the country thus entered were not something immeasurable for wealth, resource and grand opportunity. Had I known nothing of the history of Australia what I saw between the door-posts of this harbor and the wharf of our disembarkation would have convinced me of the present and coming opulence of this fifth continent of the



TATOOED GIRL OF OCEANICA.

world. With such an ocean gate, I am not surprised that Australia is fourteen times as large as France and thirty-three times as large as England, Scotland and Wales. It has been estimated as capable of supporting one hundred millions of people. All wealth of mining and agriculture and commerce and art and scenery are here. Caves larger than the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. Lakes like Como, Lucerne and Geneva. A botany so rich in flowers that Captain Cook called one of the entrances "Botany Bay." Whole Pennsylvanias of coal mines, discovered by a shipwrecked sailor in 1797, but now defying the crowbars of the earth to take one-half of their treasures, and having enough material to warm a continent and keep aglow the steamship furnaces of an ocean. Enough sheep pasture



BARRON RIVER NATIVE.—AUSTRALIA.

in the vales and on the hills to clothe with their wool whole nations. These sheep killed and frozen in refrigerators here, are transferred in carts which are refrigerators, into ships which are refrigerators and carried across the seas to the refrigerators of Europe and Asia, so that while I write this letter, almost within sound of the bleating flocks of this sheep-raising country, the legs of Australian mutton hang in London markets, and the inhabitants of India are breakfasting on lamb chops brought from the banks of Sydney harbor. One sheep paddock of nearly two hundred miles square.

So much of these colonies is in the tropics that they will have a capacity, when fully developed, to yield enough sugar to sweeten the beverages of the earth, and raise enough tea to soothe the nerves and stimulate the conversation of the social groups of all zones, and produce enough cotton to clothe the hemispheres. Enough iron to be brought up from the cellar of these colonies to rail-track the planet. Copper and lead, silver and gold waiting for resurrection. Sapphires and rubies, topaz and

chrysoberyls ready to flash and burn on the bosom of the world's beauty. Cope's Creek yielded in one year twenty-five thousand diamonds.

Do you say that vast regions are not arable but a desert? Yes, but boring underneath the sand and rock discovered water which is only waiting to be called up to irrigate the surfaces. What irrigation has done for Egypt and China, and is doing for the American desert, will be done for the idle acreage of Australia. It has been demonstrated again and again that better than the rainfall it is to have waters gathered into reservoirs; and so droughts and freshets are avoided, and when you want water you turn it on, and when you want it to stop, you turn it off. If you say there are not enough hills in Australia to pour down the water upon the lands I reply by asking where is the power of machinery? Science and enterprise will invent a pump that could spout up the subterraneous and hidden rivers, lakes and oceans of Australia. Irrigation will yet abolish the American Desert, the Arabian

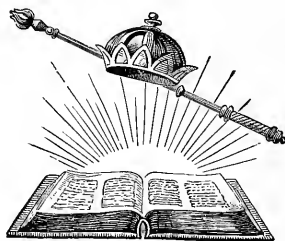
Desert, the great Sahara Desert, and the Australian Desert. All hail to the agriculture, and mining, and merchandise, and manufacture, and art, and opulence, and religion of the coming generations of Australia. After a while America, the focus of emigration from all lands, will be occupied, and then, if not before, Australia will call the millions of the earth who want more room and better chance and easier livelihood, to pass through the same ocean gate that opened for us a few days ago, and to feel the welcome blooming from the same skies and reaching out from the same Hawkesbury sandstone, and breathing in the same balsamic atmosphere, and flashing from the depths of the same matchless harbor.



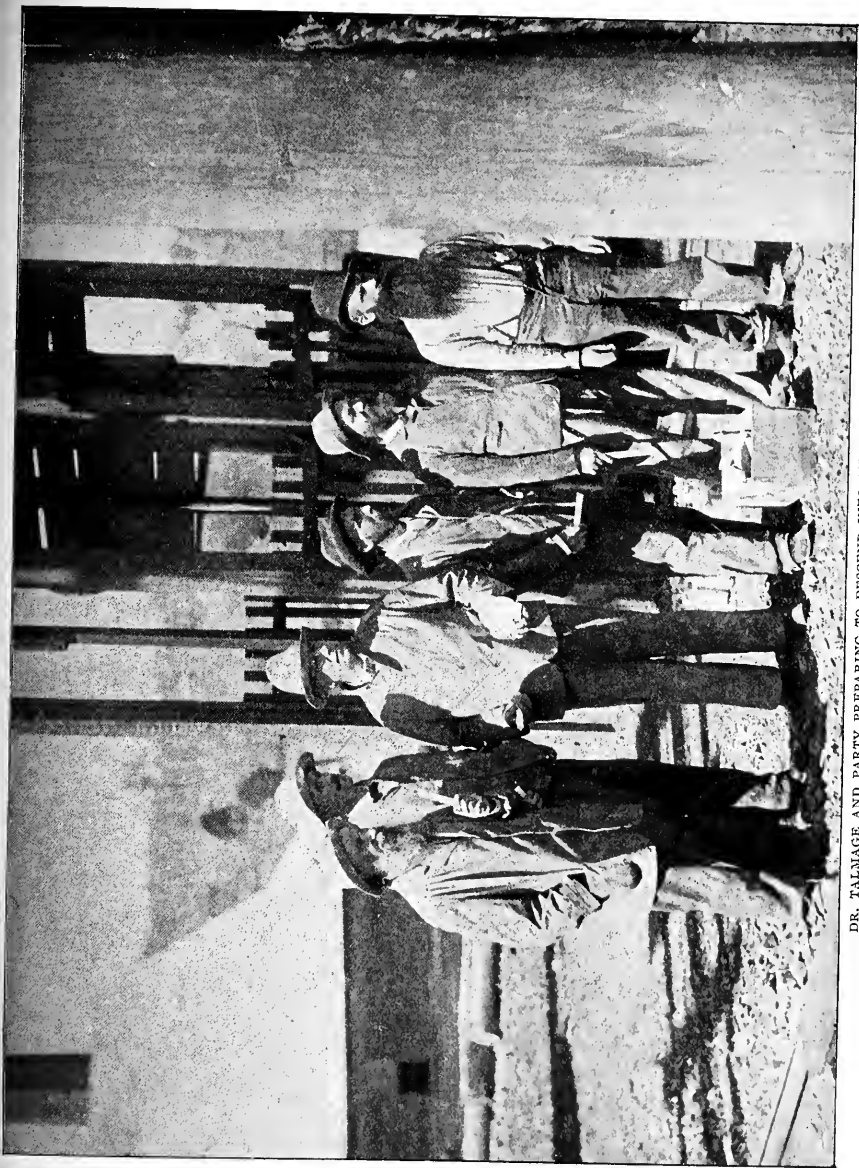
SYDNEY HEAD.—ENTRANCE TO SYDNEY HARBOR AS I REMEMBER IT.

While dictating this letter to a stenographer in Sydney, and looking off upon its harbor, I hear the chimes of the bells from the tower of the post-office. It is the only post-office that I have ever known to be graced by such a charm of harmonies. But how appropriate ! for the post-office of every city rings out more music, or tolls more sadness than any other building. There are the piles of letters with joyful tidings and hilarious surprises and marriage announcements ; and every post-office ought to have a chime of wedding bells. But every post-office has piles of letters with stories of sadness and bereavement, and loss and death, and burial, and, therefore, such a building ought to have bells to sound the knell and bells to toll the grief. Ring on ye bells of Sydney post-office and sound over yonder harbor your merriment or sadness. Four times every hour that tower showers its

chimes ; at each quarter hour the air is stirred with its melodies, but at the close of each full hour the effect is very peculiar. Tinkle and clash, and jingle and roll, go the sweet metallic voices, as much as to say "Be cheery while the moments go by! Move as briskly as you can, and let the passing moments keep step with the sounding joy." But while you are listening, suddenly there comes in the mighty stroke of the post-office clock in deepest and most reverberating tone, letting you know that one more hour of time is forever past, and it sounds solemn and tremendous as though at every stroke it said of the hour just departed "Gone! Gone! Gone!" The deep bass of that last sound overpowering the merry sopranos that preceded it. So the gladnesses and solemnities commingle. But perhaps I may have misinterpreted the utterances of that heavy and mighty clock in the post-office tower. It seemed like the death knell of the hour, and seemed to say, Gone! Gone! but now that I think it over, that bell might have been in a different mood from what I thought, for bells have moods, and they weep and they laugh, and they dance, and they groan. It may be that the resounding and overpowering stroke in that tower might have been one of invitation, and that because this harbor is the ocean gate of an almost infinitude of opportunity, and the mines are waiting for more crowbars, and the pasturage is waiting for more flocks, and the hillsides are waiting for more cities, and the picturesque is waiting for more artists, and the fields are waiting for more ploughs, and the printing presses are waiting for more authors, and the flora is waiting for more botanists, and the skies are waiting for more astronomers, and the churches are waiting for more worshipers, and these lands are waiting for more occupants, and this harbor is waiting for more merchantmen, that the bell of the post-office tower is really sending forth a welcoming word to the people of all lands, and the voyagers on all seas, saying, "Come! Come! Come!"







DR. TALMAGE AND PARTY PREPARING TO DESCEND INTO AN AUSTRALIAN GOLD MINE.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

“**W**OULD you like to go down into one of our gold mines?” inquired of me a gentleman of Australia.

“Y-e-s,” was my answer, slow and strewn all along the beach of doubt and uncertainty. The fact was I had remembrances of descent into a coal mine of England some fifteen years ago, and my memory of interrupted respiration, of the shock of the sudden plunge, and of the unpleasantness of both descent and ascent, hindered me from a prompt and decisive affirmative. But arrangements were made. Clergymen and prominent citizens accompanied us to the gold mine. A dingy suit that had often been worn in subterranean exploit was offered us, and we enveloped ourselves from head to toe in a dress appropriate but unhandsome. We looked like a group of mountain bandits, so that when a photograph of us was taken at the mouth of the shaft, I asked the artist if he were not afraid we would steal his camera. The rude and rough elevator, called lift or cage, run by steam, was ready for us. There were no sides to the cage, but there was a central bar, and two of us on each side clinging to it. Cautioned by the manager of the mine to hold our shoulders in and hold fast, the machine began to descend. It was so dark we could not see the face opposite to us, though only six inches away. Down through layers of rock. Down under the foundations of the hills. Down past rocks heavy enough to crush a city. Down a hundred feet, two hundred feet, three hundred feet, four hundred feet, seven hundred and fifty feet. But we started and stopped so gently that there was neither jolt nor scare. After waiting until other machines brought down our remaining comrades, a candle was put in the hand of each of us. With this light we started, single file, through the layers of rock cut through panels of eternal darkness, under arches whose rafters were set when the world was made, and walls bearing the marks of chisel and crow-bar and powder blast of many workmen, on and on, until we came to the foot of an iron ladder and hand over hand and foot over foot we climbed it, all the time cautioned to keep a firm hold, and not depend too much on the foot, for a mis-step might otherwise land one into an abyss from which he could not be lifted until the earth itself splits open. Then another iron ladder, and that ascended, still another ladder. By this time we came to a plank walk which we followed until we heard voices and the click of instruments, and the dim light in our hands is responded to by the flash of the miners’ torches. Up in the gallery of rock are workmen with torches hunting for veins of gold, and striking into the hardness with all their might demanding the surrender of the riches. Down under those depths I asked the manager, “How long do you sometimes work without any good result?”

“Years and years,” was the answer.

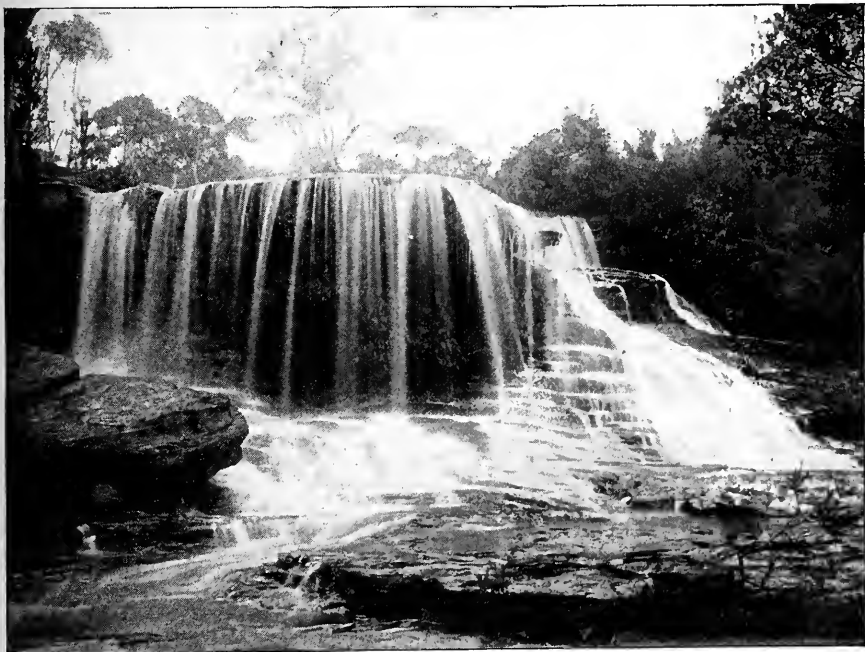
“How many hours a day do these men work?”

“Eight hours.”

“Is it healthy work, I would think the particles of dust and stone would destroy their lungs?”

“We have old men working here who have been most of their lives in the mines and they are still in good health.”

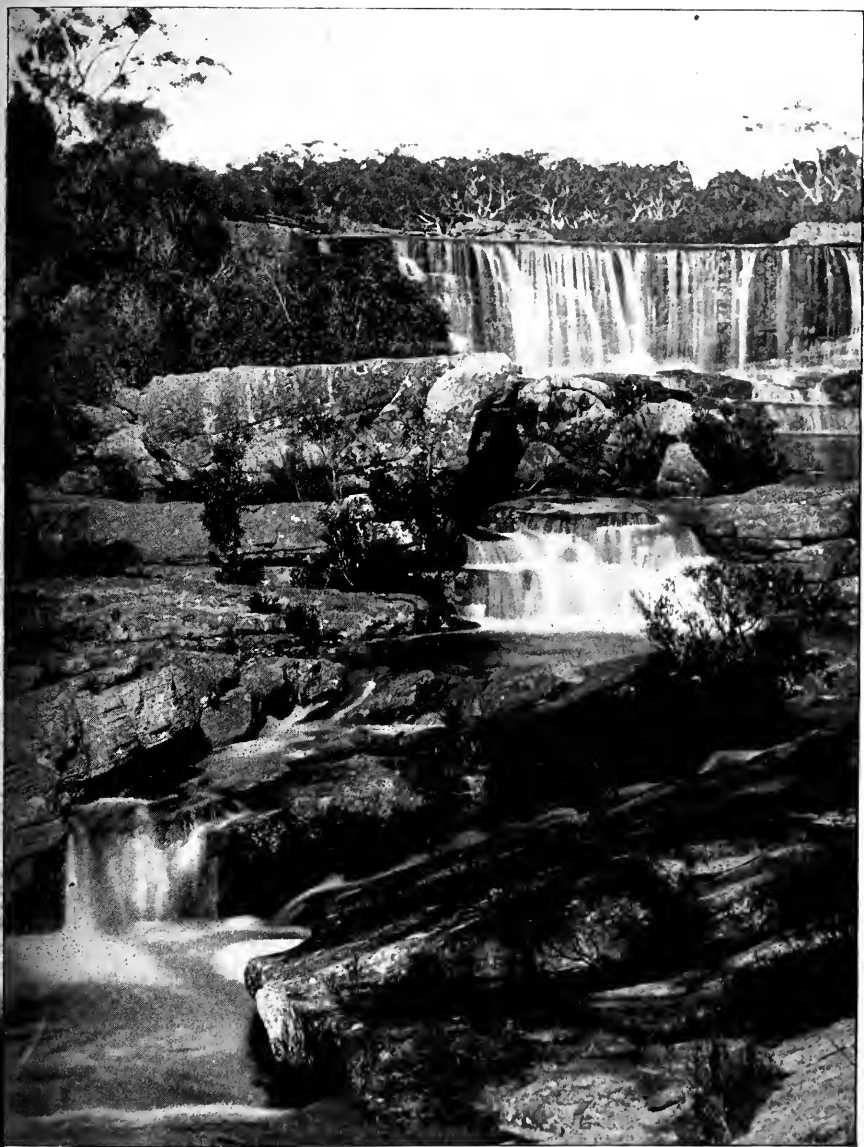
After staying as long as we wished, we descended the ladders, finding it more difficult to crawl down than crawl up. But candles above us and candles beneath us show the way. We cautiously follow the manager until we reach the elevator, and four of us in each machine we mount. We are glad to rise, for no one wants to be buried alive even though the stay under ground be tolerable. As we reach the light we step out into it with sympathy for those who have to earn their livelihood under the flicker of the torch instead of the steady radiance which rules the day. The gold mines have made Australia, and the probability is that most of the hidden treasure is yet to be brought to the smelters. In thirty-seven years from Australia and New Zealand mines, have been brought up one billion six hundred and



LODDON FALLS, NEW SOUTH WALES.

fifty million dollars. The Mount Morgan Mine has declared about fifteen million dollars of dividend. The curious fact about this mine is that a poor farmer had been trying to make a living by cultivating the ground, and when the Morgan Brothers offered him \$3200 for it, he gladly accepted, but the farmer went insane when, sometime after, he found that the land that he had sold for \$3200 was sold for forty million dollars. There are now more than eighty gold fields in Australia and this morning I read of new fields discovered. Ever and anon the laying bare of these mineral resources will start wild excitement, and as someone has expressed it, "there will be multitudes drunk with gold."

Other products of Australian mines do not receive just attention. The coal beds of 24,000 square miles, worked at twelve points, and one year turning out 265,000 tons, make but little impression. The iron in all parts make it probable that Australia will yet have its Sheffield and Birminghams of manufactory, but it is the gold of Australia that makes the most emphatic impression upon the world. The fact is that gold belongs to the aristocracy of the hills and is the king of metals and minerals. The Iron says, "Hear me! I make the rail tracks and compose the wheels and own the largest parts of the world's machinery." But the Gold replies, "I form the companies that command the railroads, and the iron of all the foundries and of all the mills is my servant." The Coal says, "Hear me! I heat the blast furnaces of the factories that tumble and roar and click with the enterprise of nations, and with my warm pulsation in the heart of steamers I trample oceans, and weave continents together." The Gold replies, "I own the factories and the steamships and the continents they marry." The Silver says, "Hear me! I flash in the cutlery at the banquets. I pile up on the counters of the world's commerce. I stir Congresses and Parliaments and Reichstags into discussion of my value." "But," says the Gold, "my worth is beyond discussion. Banks and exchanges and governments put me first in their estimate. The click of my heel on the floor of the Bourse and on the pavement of Lombard and Wall streets wakens instant attention. I make the crowns of kings and queens, emperors and empresses, czars and czarinas. I am the only metal that will be able to join the precious stones in realms celestial. According to Apocalyptic anthem 'I pave the streets of Heaven. I am the king of metals. Down at my feet all other values, all other bullions, all the mines of Australia and America!' As we stepped out of the shaft of the mine I said to one of the gentlemen, "I suppose there is more money spent in working these mines than is ever taken out of them?" "Oh, yes!" was the reply. Then I bethought myself, it is so in the gold regions of Colorado, it is so in the silver mines of Nevada. Where one man makes his fortune a hundred men lose all they have. Finding a chunk of gold sends a thousand men into insanity. There is more probability that you will be struck with lightning than that you will ever make anything out of a gold mine, and there is more probability that you will pick up a diamond off the pavement of your city. In most cases the practical use of a gold mine is to give day laborers a chance for wages and to distribute the surplus wealth of capitalists among those who make the machinery and build the approximate villages,—the bakers, the plasterers, the carpenters, the masons, the boarding-houses and the hotels. The sight of a speck of gold in a ledge of rocks calls up all the evil spirits of gambling. Men rush in and buy the shares, and large dividends of expectation and disappointment are for the most part the only dividends declared and delivered. If widows and orphans and administrators and trustees of estates knew the average number of strokes necessary to find a piece of gold as big as the head of a small pin, there would be fewer bankruptcies and fewer instances of turned brain. In most countries the worst mine from which to pick up gold is a gold mine. More of it is turned up by farmer's plow, or struck out by mason's trowel, or bored out by carpenter's bit, or found near the brass head of the merchant's counter, or turned out by accountant's pen, or flashes out with the sparks of the blacksmith's anvil, or blazes from the paragraph of a wit's coruscations. There is something about the sight of gold metal which fascinates and deranges and dements. Fortunate thing it is that so much of the world's exchange is in paper bills, in drafts and in checks. Many prosperous people see not a particle of gold from year's end to year's end. Paper money, copper money, silver money work not such moral devastation as gold money. It is well that these substitutes keep the world from the dazzling eye of the more precious metal.

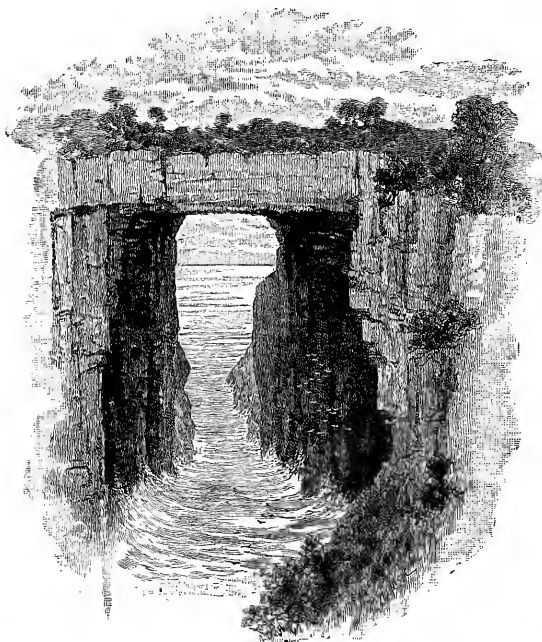


THE CASCADE, LODDON RIVER, AUSTRALIA.

A dementia born of the gold mine is evident to all who have struck the regions auriferous. The gambling spirit sweeps like a cyclone over such places. In some places in Australia, after the discovery of gold, it seemed almost necessary to declare martial law. People drop their occupations and professions and make a mad rush for the enchanted grounds. Who is going to work for ordinary wages when gold diggers in Australia receive in wages about \$1900 a year? Who can be content with investments that yield six or ten per cent when one nugget of gold was sold at Sidney for \$5780 and a native Australian picks up, on Dr. Kerr's Station, a lump of gold worth \$22,500?

A man playing euchre with his friend lost all his money, and then put up his shares in an Australian mine. The successful player also won them. This new owner of the mine

went up with a friend to see the mine. On the way back both were taken ill, and the friend died. The successful man at euchre got well after careful nursing, and he felt so obligated to the man who had nursed him during the illness, that he gave him a check for \$75,000, that being half the value of the shares the convalescent owned in the mine, namely \$150,000. The recklessness of those who made their money by big chunks, and the glitter of the stuff, and the disappointment of those who paid fabulous prices for shares in mines which would not yield the worth of a pin if worked a thousand years, put multitudes into a mood more adapted to the madhouse than to freedom in the open air. Geologists came to settle things. They were used to turning leaves of rock, and it was thought they could easily determine the home of the precious metal. But said one of the stockholders yester-



TASMAN'S ARCH.

terday to me: "We would have been better off up here if we had never seen a geologist, they mislead those who trusted in them." From what this man told me I was persuaded that the most ignorant miner's crowbar was more apt to find the gold than the most educated geologist's hammer. While the scientist was asking where the gold ought to be found, and at the shaft of the mine addressing the stockholders about Silurian bedrock, and "oldest drift," and "copper drift," and "recent drift," and "trachytic lava," and "agglomerites," the mining companies were losing their all, and their dupes had taken the money out of the safe banks of deposit and put it into holes eight hundred and nine hundred feet deep, for

ever to stay there. It did not make much difference to those who lost their investments whether the gold drift the geologists were looking for belonged to the Pliocene or the Miocene period. One has only to stand where I stood to-day to scatter the notion that gold is easily picked up in the gold regions. Into my hand a wedge of rock was placed with a light vein running through a part of it. The vein was gold. But the rock must be crushed, the small particles must be separated from the nine hundred and ninety-nine parts which are not gold. The gold must be smelted. It must be assayed. It must be transported. It must be put through the mint. The machinists, the mills, the miners, the carters, the smelters, the assayers, the clerks, the rents, the taxes, all suggest expenditure, and when that vast expenditure is subtracted from the few bright grains embodied in this wedge, which the manager has placed in my hands, there will not be much left, perhaps there will be nothing left. The woe of Australia is the speculative spirit. Australians will find out after awhile that the mine of gold in these lands is not a thousand feet down, but no deeper than a foot from the surface. It will be found in the potato hill, under the plow's furrow, and under the peach tree, and under the orange grove, and in the apple orchard, and in the head of wheat, and dripping from the sugar-cane, and under the snow-bank of bursting cotton pod. Agriculture will yet turn Australia into as rich a farm field as we have seen since the gates of Paradise shut out the original occupants. Never have I seen richer ground for agriculture. The greatest need of Australia to-day is more population. I have been riding for two days over lands which would have all the fertility of Westchester farms of New York, or Lancaster farms of Pennsylvania, or the Somerset farms of New Jersey, and yet the occupants of most of these Australian lands might be accommodated in the one rail train in which I have been riding.

My own absorbing interest in the future welfare of this land is easily understood when I tell you that all these colonies have been in my pastorate for many years. Deputations of ministers at every place we went and people crowding to the windows at the railway stations tell me that my sermons have been read in the cabins and the bushes and the mines as well as the villages and the cities. Enough encouragement have I received during this Australian journey to last me the rest of my life. A man who sits near me while I write tells me that he is an Anglican, or what we call an Episcopalian, and that for many years he has read my sermons to crowded congregations who have assembled for worship on the Sabbath and that he has ridden two days on horseback and one day by rail train to attend my service to-morrow. Night after night I confront audiences made up of people who crowd the churches, and halls, and academies of music, and blockade the streets, to which outsiders I speak before and after the indoor meeting. Hour by hour things are said in the way of thanks and concerning cases of comfort and reformation and destiny which I would not dare to repeat either by tongue or pen lest I be misunderstood, but no one can stand in the relation I have stood to these colonies for more than twenty years without feeling a profound interest in their welfare—domestic, social, moral and spiritual. I have been in two months of hearty salutation, and, from what I hear, it will continue until, on the twenty-ninth of the month, I step aboard the steamer at Adelaide, my last place of Australian visit, and beg the Southern and Indian Oceans to let me pass safely to what are called in the Missionary hymn "Ceylon's isle" and "India's coral strand," when I will have accomplished at least one-half of my journey around the globe.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### A BAKED MISSIONARY.

WE had just got off the locomotive of the rail train where we had been riding for many miles in conversation with the engineer and had re-entered the carriage of the train, when a clergyman got into the same car with us. He had been a missionary among the Fijis, and the following conversation took place between us.

*Question :* How long were you in the Fiji Islands?

*Answer :* Fifteen years.

*Question :* Did you have any experience with the cannibals?

*Answer :* Yes, I was appointed to fill the place of a minister who had been killed and then baked and then eaten. Having knocked him on the head they tied his arms around his knees and put him in an oven. When I arrived in the Island I was greeted by a message from some of the Fijis saying "Tell him to come up and we will eat him."

*Question :* Did you go alone to the Fiji Station?

*Answer :* No; I was married just before leaving England, and I took my young wife with me.

*Question :* How did your wife like the idea of such a honeymoon?

*Answer :* She did not like much to go to the Fijis, but she went.

*Question :* Did you have any narrow escapes from the cannibals?

*Answer :* Yes, plans were laid for my taking off during the night, as I was to preach in one of the settlements during the evening. But I saw ominous signs. There were whisperings and looks askance, and going to and fro, that made me feel I was in peril. So I told the chief that I could not wait until night but must preach immediately in the afternoon. I therefore conducted service and before night departed. I found afterward that all arrangements had been made for killing me that night, and when I passed by another tribe they expressed surprise at seeing me, saying "You were to be killed and eaten to-night."

*Question :* Was it an especial fondness for the taste of human flesh that led them to devour a human being?

*Answer :* Not that alone, but revenge also. They had that way for expressing their contempt and hatred for an enemy. The most triumphant boast a Fiji could make was to say to anyone "I ate your father."

*Question :* I suppose missionary life among the Fijis was a sacrifice?

*Answer :* Yes, among the greatest trials was that we had to be physicians for our own families. The Fiji treatment of sickness was cruel and senseless. Wherever there was a pain they felt they must stick something sharp into it from the outside. Although we had had no medical training we had to attend our families in the most serious crises. My first child was lost and she could have been saved by a doctor.

*Question :* Did the Fijis know anything about kindness?

*Answer :* Oh, yes! They could not do enough for you in the way of kindness. They would entertain you beautifully often in the early part of the very night when they were for some good reason, as they thought, to put you to death.

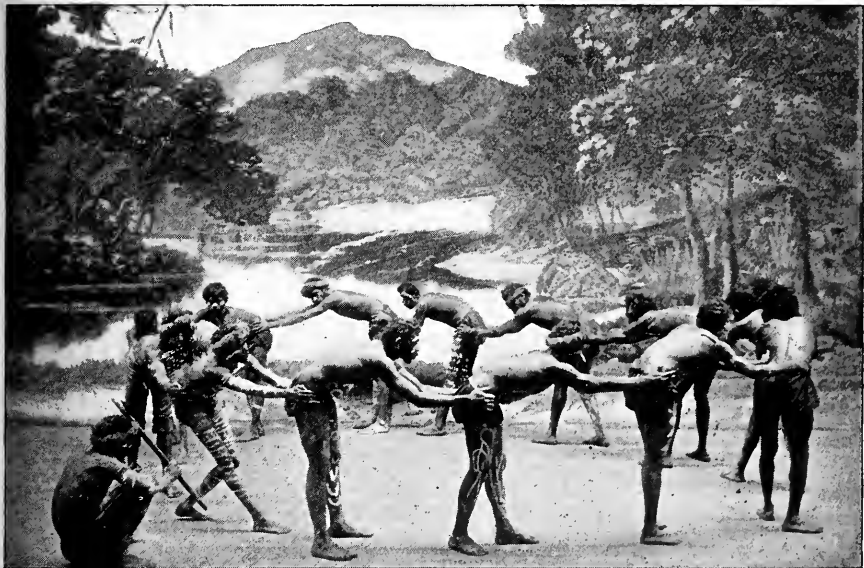
*Question :* Were they affectionate?



*Answer:* Yes, when I left the island they came out at three o'clock in the morning to see me off, and they bewailed and lamented and howled at my going until I asked them to suppress their crying, as the noise would wake up the passengers on the ship.

*Question:* Why did they kill, and bake, and eat your predecessor?

*Answer:* Because he went to a tribe without a proper introduction by the chief of another tribe. The chief felt that he was ignored and sent word to the tribe to which the missionary had gone that he must be killed for this offence.



CORABBOREE, OR NATIVE DANCE, AUSTRALIA.

The Australian and Tasmanian aborigines execute a dance called the *coraboree*, in which they imitate the frog and kangaroo, both leaping animals. In this dance the party, composed of men entirely, form themselves in a circle and in a stooping posture, with hands upon each other's hips; they move by a succession of leaps, accompanying their movements with grunts and gruff exclamations.

*Question:* Is there any cannibalism practiced now in the Fiji Islands?

*Answer:* No, all such things have ceased. Every evil custom has been abolished. The people are civilized and Christianized. There is no place in the world where our religion is more thoroughly triumphant.

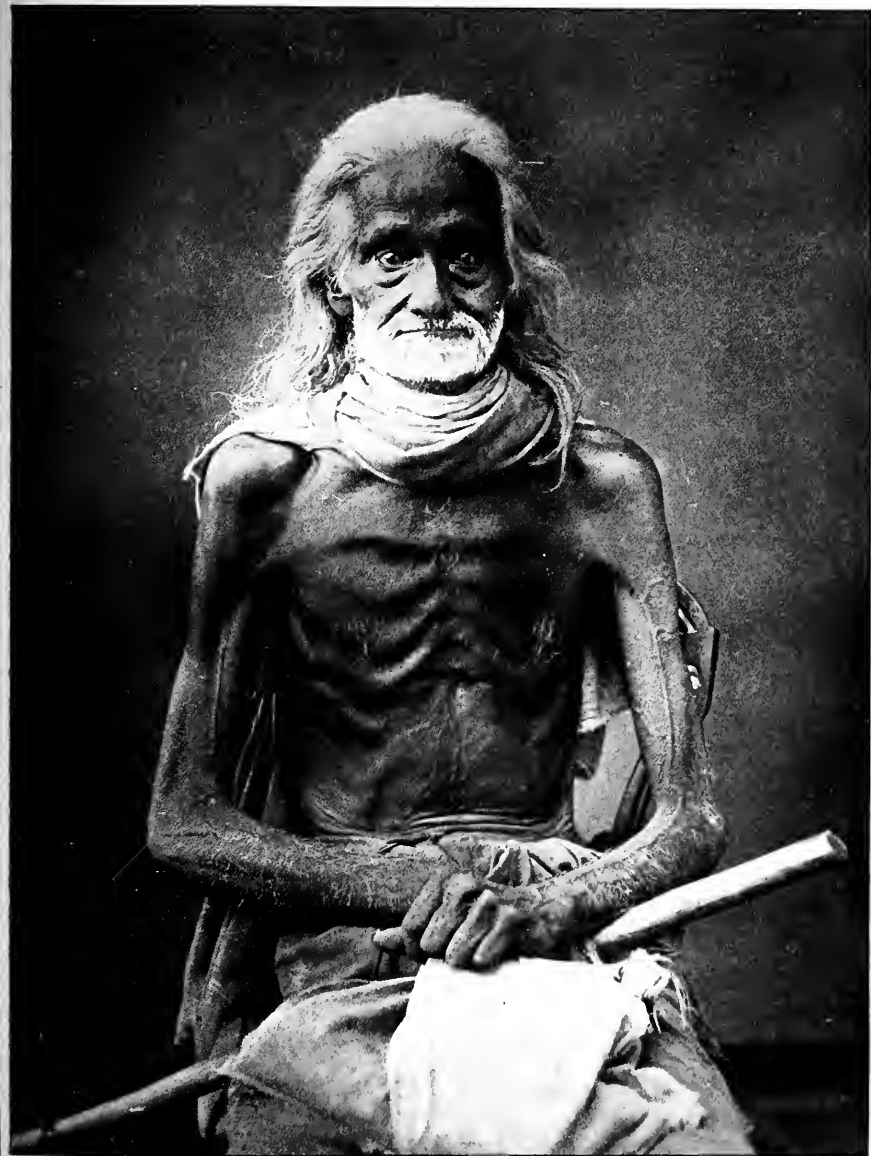
When in conversation I looked at this returned missionary, I said within myself, That is a hero worthy of coronation. What prowess, what self-sacrifice must have been required for such missionary life! And can any appreciation for such men be too great, any monument for them be too lofty, any epitaph be too egulistic, or any throne in heaven be too resplendent?

Now this story of baked missionary might excite astonishment in civilized lands, but things just as bad as this are transpiring in England and America, in the matter of unjust and cruel treatment of good men. "May I speak to you," said an elderly gentleman, as I

stood in the Australian hotel with Colonel Bell, our American Consul, who has thrilled these colonies with one of the most remarkable and eloquent speeches ever delivered on either side the equator. I said to the stranger addressing me, "You may speak with me a minute, but an especial boat is under sail to take Colonel Bell and myself for further revelation of the beauties of Sydney harbor, and I can speak with you only a minute." But the conversation proposed took a good deal more time than a minute, for it was the revelation of a tragedy in an American minister's life, as dramatic as anything I have ever heard. For good reasons I substitute fictitious proper names for the names he gave me. He said in substance :

"You must have heard of an American clergymen, over thirty years ago, arrested for murder, and imprisoned and tried and cleared." I said, "I don't remember such a case." Then in substance he went on to say, "I was pastor of a large church which was thronged with people, and this excited the jealousy always aroused against one who has an audience unusual for size. There were two brothers in the county by the names of John and Henry Haggard. John was an elder in my church. Henry had a deadly hatred against John because in the distribution of their father's property, John had received what he considered a more valuable portion, a village afterward being built on his part of the estate. The prosperity of John Haggard and my prosperity as his pastor, set Henry to work to destroy me. My wife, a splendid woman, after three years of illness and dementia, committed suicide.

"Three months passed and Henry Haggard, in a railroad train, said to his friends that I had murdered my wife. He published a leaflet with the same purpose, and under the advice of friends I brought a libel suit against him. Going into the printing office of a neighboring town I confronted Henry Haggard and called him by name. He said he did not know me. I said, 'I know you,' and turning to the printer I asked, 'Can you tell me who employed you to publish this leaflet?' 'I can tell you.' 'Who employed you?' I asked, and he replied, pointing to Henry Haggard, 'He did!' My evidence of his authorship was thus complete. Henry Haggard then went home and without any authorization employed a doctor by the name of Hildebrand, from a distant city, to exhume my wife's body and examine it. This physician reported that she had died not by suicide but by strangulation effected by other than her own hands. This physician said he had taken with him for evidence both her lungs. I was arrested and imprisoned until I could get bail. I then had, unknown to outsiders, my wife's body exhumed and examined by three of the most eminent physicians of America. They found that the aforesaid physician who had made the exhumation, and said that he had taken the two lungs had removed only one lung, and that the lung left gave positive evidence that there had been no strangulation. The trial came on. The doctor who first exhumed the body of my wife was put on the witness stand. He testified that he had both lungs in his possession and that they showed positive evidence of strangulation. Then my attorney, who was afterward a Senator of the United States, undertook the cross-examination and said, 'Doctor, did you examine both lungs of the deceased and find evidence of strangulation?' The witness answered 'Yes.' 'Did you take both lungs with you?' 'I did.' 'You are sure you took away both lungs?' 'Yes.' 'You swear to that?' 'I do.' 'Now,' said my attorney, rising to his feet, livid with rage and thundering at the witness, 'do you not know that three of the most eminent physicians of the land went to that woman's grave and exhumed the body and found that you left one lung and that that lung shows positive evidence that strangulation did not take place and that we have that lung in the court-room and that here it is?'



SINGALESE BEGGAR.—*From a Photograph.*

The witness was overwhelmed. The court was indignant. The three eminent doctors were present to give testimony that the charge against me was outrageous and damnable, and the Judge said, 'I dismiss the case. In all the annals of jurisprudence I never knew anything so nefarious as the persecution of this minister of the gospel. Adjourn the court!' I resumed my pulpit, my congregation unanimously standing by me. To meet the expenses of the law-suit and the trial, John Haggard paid \$21,000 out of his own pocket. I was triumphant, and all good people everywhere rejoiced with me. But the strain on my nerves had been too great. The eminent Rev. Dr. Brainard invited me to take a church in Philadelphia, thinking that change of scene would recuperate me. I assumed the Philadelphia charge, but my health was too much broken to keep it. Then the Rev. Albert Barnes, the world-renowned commentator, advised me to take for recuperation a long sea voyage. I took it. I am here in Australia living a quiet life, unable to do work of any kind, but I have some means left and so I will stay here and spend the rest of my days."

So ended the strange story! I stood amazed and aghast, looking at the narrator. My sympathies for the man were wrung out. He wanted no help, but just the relief of telling the story. A splendid man blasted by scandalization! A victim on the holocaust of revenge! A deed of barbarism encouraged in a Christian country! A diabolism worthy of perdition! An exile from home and country to live and die among strangers! What better is that ministerial sacrifice than the one I have just told about baked missionary. The Fiji oven was more merciful than the furnace of spite into which this American clergyman was thrown and fastened. How many lives have been ruined by devilish persecution? Ovens for baking such victims, clerical and lay, are always heated! The fires in them are always stirred! The fuel for kindling them is always at hand. Baked missionaries! Baked pastors! Baked officials! Baked merchants! Baked mechanics! Baked farmers! Australia has more men with graphic and startling history than any land with the same number of people. Many strong natures despairing of any peace in their own land, and tired of the injustices of the world, have retreated to this land and have here found that quiet and freedom from pursuit which they never could have found in their own land. The fact is that many good men have always been misunderstood and always will be misunderstood, and some of them have been wise enough to give up the work of useless explanation, and have taken themselves to "the uttermost parts of the earth." I admire them for that they had the courage and the perseverance and the intelligence to cross the seas, and among strangers begin anew under other auspices. God help the voluntary exiles all the world over! They may be far from the cradles in which they were rocked for their early slumbers, and from the graves where their parents repose in the last slumber, but the unloosed and winged spirits of their ancestors will hover over them whether on this or the other side of the Pacific, whether north or south of the Indian Ocean. Why do not some of my readers who are hemmed in and crowded by circumstances and buffeted with enemies who are all the time heading you off, pick up your valuables, tell your wife to go up and kiss the old folks "Good-bye," and take your ticket for some of these regions where you can have five hundred acres at less expense than you can have a city back-yard, and turn your children among the lambs, and live in a climate where the winter is so mild it kills neither the grass nor the flowers?

In all these Australian latitudes I find men who were so strong as to take such a decisive step and their heroism has already been rewarded. But many cannot leave their native land, and exchange the scene of persecution and strife for antipodean release, as in the case of the self-expatriated minister whom I have mentioned. Antagonisms are almost

always aroused by jealousies. Some one has more money or more power or more social position or more office than we have. We must get even with him somehow. If we cannot get the office he occupies we will make him uncomfortable while he occupies it. If we cannot get as much money as he gets we will at any rate start the suspicion that he obtained it dishonestly. If we cannot climb as high as he, we will anxiously wait till he starts down hill and then we will help him in the precipitation. If he be too strong to grapple with, we will at any rate have the satisfaction of making mouths at his sister. In contrast with the wrongs and injustices inflicted in Christian lands by the world's jealousies cannibalism seems less reprehensible. The tortures of barbarism were less severe than the tortures of civilization. Rather than endure the scalding waters and red-hot gridirons of persecution which I have seen many innocent and lovely men and women in America suffer, I would prefer the fate of some of those excellent men who, gone among the Fiji Islanders to benefit and save them, have been knocked on the head, and fastened, and with their arms bound round their knees, take the fate of the one described at the opening of this letter, and become Baked Missionary.



CROSSING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE SHEEP BEFORE HER SHEARER.

THE most beautiful, tender and suggestive industry of Australia is sheep raising. Only twenty-nine sheep were landed from the ship of the first expedition that came up Sydney harbor, and now there are about a hundred million in Australia. The climate, the herbage, the absence of wild beasts, make this country the best sheep home in all the world. In 1890 when there were forty-two million sheep in America there were one hundred and sixteen million in Australia. In 1889 Australia produced three hundred and forty million pounds of wool. What a contribution the sheep make to the warmth and comfort and luxury of the world! What other creature of God gives so much for the little it receives. For the grass it nibbles, most of it wild grass, paying in mutton and lamb chops, and clothing material, which keeps the factories a hum and enable the human race to be defiant of the cold. If sheep ever think at all what an idea they must have of the meanness of the human race to take the covering from the back of sheephood and put it upon the back of manhood. And yet we all have something that ought to be given to somebody else. The fact is that the most of what we have we get from others. From others all good influences under which we started life, others construct our houses, others build our rail tracks and control our rail trains, others organize the government under which we live, others execute the laws that give us safety, others rock our cradle, others dig our grave. We sit down at our table for ordinary food, and workers of the mine furnish us our salt, and workers of the pottery furnish us our cups, and workers in the refinery furnish us our sugar, and workers in the fields of Java or China furnish us our coffee and tea, and the poulterer furnishes us the chicken, and the butcher furnishes us the beef, and the olive vineyard the oil, and the reaper of the wheat field the bread, and the rice swamps of Carolina the pudding, and the orchards the fruits. It takes the whole world to furnish us with a breakfast or a supper. Come to think of it a sheep does no more by yielding its wool than we do. We yield for others our strength, or our thought, or our help. We have all been sheared for others. Are we as patient as these sheep of Australia under the shearer, or do we kick and bleat, and resist and struggle? One of the great sheep-raisers of Australia told me he had 30,000 sheep on 40,000 acres, while others own 100,000 sheep. His place is for sale, and now is your chance. This man told me that the taking of the tariff off the wool a few days ago by the American Congress increased the value of the wool here a cent a pound. We are now in the midst of sheep shearing in parts of Australia. But what a different process it is from that which many of us boys found in America. In those days first came the washing of the sheep in the river, and the struggle as to who ought to go under the water—ourselves or the sheep. And then thirty or forty sheep all sheared by slow process. Now here it is done by machinery, and tens of thousands pass under the machine. The poor creature is flung upon its back, and its head taken between the knees of the operator. The shearing apparatus is hung overhead, and by an air pressure through a tube of gutta percha acts upon a comb through which a cutter passes back and forth four thousand times a minute, and this instrument running along the sheep-skin removes the wool with great speed. At first the machine



AT WORK IN THE SHEARING HOUSE.

lacerated the sheep, but now it works with a precision and efficiency and harmlessness wonderful. The poor animal lies quietly under the process, not a struggle, or even a sound of hard breathing. The sheep before her shearers is dumb. The sharp but safe instrument finds its way through the rich fleece which rolls back and off and down. Fold after fold until the spoils of the flock are piled up into great mounds for cartage and transportation, and the animal robbed of its wardrobe goes forth to grow upon its back another harvest for its owner. There is to me a pathos in such scenes, and I wonder not that some shepherds are the tenderest and best of men. We have celebrated the victories of the sword. It is high time some one celebrated the victories of the shears. They put their captured wealth at the feet of nations. The sound of their grinding blades is heard in the grand march of the world's progress. May the shears of Australia have more and more conquests! And God speed them as they go forth on their mission to clothe and adorn and beautify the world!

The Australian pastoralists' or sheep-raisers' life is not all poetic. This man of whom I speak told me that a few days ago he was passing through a room of his house and his foot got tangled in what he supposed to be a garment of his child. After awhile he got his foot out and what he supposed to be his child's garment he found was a death adder. He then stamped on it and the adder stuck its fangs into his shoe, but it did not reach the flesh or he would have died in a few minutes. The fact is there are more snakes in Australia than seem to be necessary. The curator of a museum reports that just outside one of the Australian cities he found in the woods nineteen different species of snakes—a fact that might be very interesting for the naturalist but not pleasant to the tourist. South Australia has fifteen species of snakes, Victoria has twelve, New South Wales thirty-one, Queensland forty-one, and any one who likes snakes, or desires to study their habits, will find entertainment here. But I know men who, in America, after too prolonged and intense conviviality, have seen forty snakes without crossing the Pacific seas to find them. The adder which the sheep-raiser ran his foot against has led me into this paragraph about snakes. Now while I write, the newspapers are full of sheep-shearing strikes. The shearers have stopped work all up and down Australia because of the controversy between the pastoralists and the shearers. Combined employers versus combined laborers! As usual the strikers are getting the worst of it, because the pastoralists have means and can fall back upon old resources while the shearers have no aforetime accumulations. Why this fight not only in Australia but all around the world? Because capital and labor do not understand the principle recognized by a manufacturer whom I met in Canada seven or eight years ago when there were many strikes throughout Canada and the United States.

I knew he had thousands of men in his manufacturing establishments and I said to him "Have you had any strikes in your factories?" He said "I never had any strikes, nor will I have any," I asked "How do you avoid them?" He said "When I find my income decreasing and there is no such demand for my goods as previously, and I am losing money, I call my men together. I have a room in the factory for that purpose. I say to them, 'Men, I have called you together for consultation. You know I have my money in these factories. I don't of course do business for fun. I ought to have a certain income from these factories. Now I have so much money invested. I pay out for machinery so much, I pay for taxes so much, I pay for wages so much. You see here the aggregate. Now I am receiving so much. You see there is a deficit. I am losing money or getting so little it doesn't seem worth my going on. What shall I do? Shall I run these factories on half time, or shall I stop altogether, or shall I go on losing money. You are common sense men





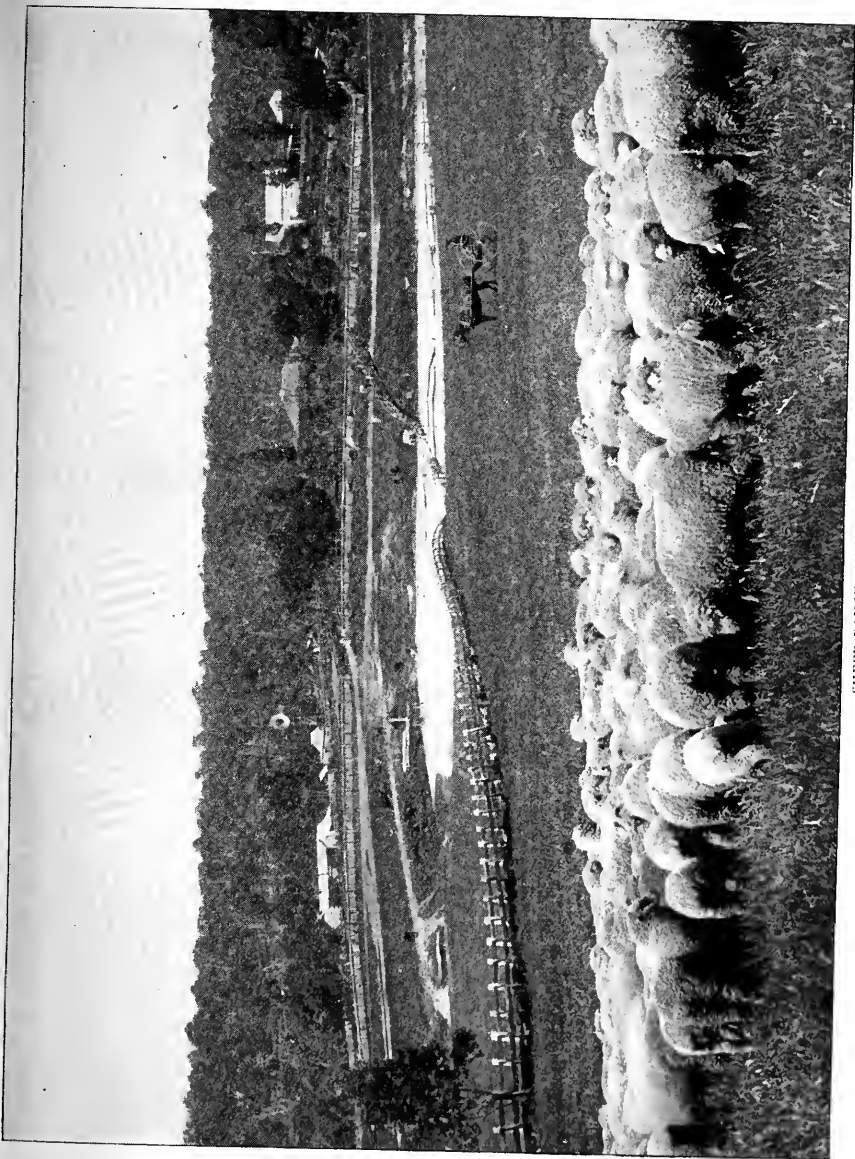
SHEARING UP THE BACK.

UP-STATE - 10 THE BACK 750

and I ask for your advice.' Then I wait for a few moments while there is a dead halt. Then there is a whispering among the men. After awhile one of them rises and says, 'Boys, you see how the matter stands. It would be a bad thing to have the business stopped or even run on half time. I move that we throw off ten per cent from our wages. What do you think?' 'Aye! Aye!' shout all the voices, and they wind up by saying, 'three cheers for the boss!' Time passes on, and there is an increased demand for my goods and I am making money rapidly. I call my employes together in the aforesaid room and I say to them, 'Men I have good news for you. Business has revived, and I am making money. As you were kind enough to throw off ten per cent from your wages when things were down I have called you together to say that I do not need that reduction any longer. I will give you the old time pay. Do you think you can stand it?' and they say 'Yes! yes! three cheers and a tiger for the boss.'"

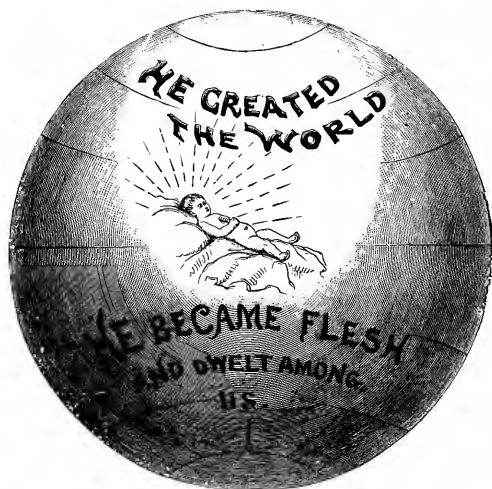
The Canadian manufacturer is not a Christian man, and is so far from that, that I understand he uses language objuratory, but he consults his men in that way from purely worldly policy. That theory carried out would put an end to all strikes. The trouble is that employers are reticent and mysterious, and their laborers think the capitalists are making fabulous sums of money when they are making little or nothing. Let all employers take their employes into their confidence and the world will soon attend the funeral of the last strike.

There is something so human about the sheep I cannot help being interested in them. It is soothing and helpful to walk among these flocks. Though the pastoralists pulled back the wool of the sheep and showed me a fleece at least twelve inches long, the advantage I gained was not so many pennies a pound, but in sentiment and moralization and suggestiveness. Then the pharmacy of the sheepfold is very much like the pharmacy of the human family. The diseases of the sheep are about the same as those that affect our race, and they have asthma, and pleurisy, and erysipelas, and sore throat, and rheumatism, and peritonitis, and bronchitis, and paralysis, and apoplexy, and nervous prostration. Sheepology is a very interesting study. I am not surprised that in ancient sacrifices it was used as typical, or that musical instruments were made out of rams' horns, or that the lamb has always been a symbol of gentleness, or that among the pictures of the domain celestial there is a "Lamb in the midst of the Throne." Although the old time shepherd is not needed here, as a wire fence sweeps round for miles, enclosing the sheep in what is called a paddock, yet these sheep-raisers necessarily pass most of their days under the open skies and face to face with the natural world. About the men who own these flocks of sheep I have to say that for the most part they are a stalwart race. Indeed that is for the most part characteristic of the Australians descended from those who came out here in the early days. Not only are the present pastoralists and farmers stout and strong by the healthy life they are compelled to live in the open air, but they have inherited the brawn and muscle of those who dared the seas for six or nine months in order to reach these colonies from England, Scotland and other European lands. The grandfathers and grandmothers of these occupants of the soil were heroes and heroines of endurance, and the descendants of such men and women partake of the strength of their ancestry. After a country has long been settled houses become too warm, and luxuries become too abundant, and dissipations become too rampant, and the race is apt to be enervated. But the present men and women of Australia have the advantage of the compelled struggle of the past, and are not yet far enough down in the ancestral line to have been submerged with the weaknesses of refined civilization. It is an advantage to every family at some time in its history to have had a long chapter of outdoor life, such



SHEEP RANGE, AUSTRALIA.

as that which the Australian pastoralists and farmers have been compelled to endure. Oaks are not born in hot houses. David's life as a shepherd helped to fit him for the life of the palace. Our world itself was rocked into its present beauty by a cradle of earthquake. Continued health I wish to these men of outdoor life in Australia. May their flocks increase, and the droughts which sometimes slay millions of sheep in a season be arrested in their consuming power, and every lonely watcher of the Australian flocks have the companionship of Him who inspired the watcher of sheep to write, thousands of years ago, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and realize in each hardship of pastoral life the protection of Him whom the dramatist describes as "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb," and possess the patience under all the trials of colonial life of Him of whom it was said, "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb so he opened not his mouth!"



## CHAPTER XVI.

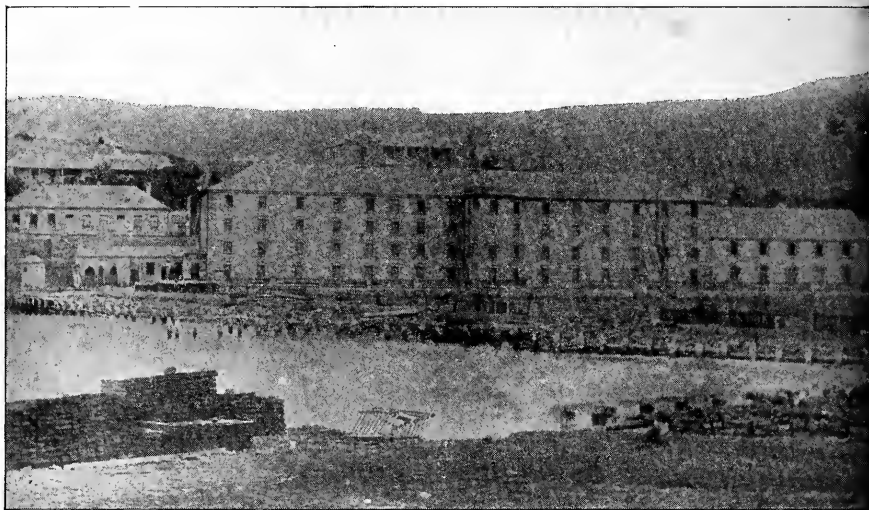
### CHAINS AND EXILE.

PUTTING his foot amid acacias, and honeysuckle, and lilies, and waratahs, and ferns, and amaryllis, and orchids, as he landed, Captain Cook called this place Botany Bay because it would be a good region for botanists to study the flora. What a shame that it should, in the minds of nations, be associated with crime! To be sentenced to Botany Bay from England was considered like being sentenced to Dry Tortugas from the United States. It meant exiled villainy. The fact is, that though this place had the reputation of a penal colony, the convicts of England were not sent here at all, but to places approximate. But while the world stands, Botany Bay will mean the terminus of criminal transportation. No one can visit Australia without thinking of the times when the chains clanked as prisoners disembarked for lifetime banishment. Misery and mercy fought for supremacy in this colony from 1788, when Australia became the place of punishment for unfortunate Englishmen, until 1840, when such transportation was prohibited. But after fifty-two years mercy triumphed, and happy homes and literary institutions now stand on the places where for half a century tragedies of suffering and outrage were enacted. For the most trivial offences, for misappropriation of a chicken, for breaking of a window glass, for abstraction of a loaf of bread by a hungry man, for a defamatory word spoken, for the slightest stumble in morals, men were sent from England to Australia, never to return. If a man had enemies, they would conspire and for little dereliction, or no dereliction at all, get him shipped for these "ends of the earth." The convict ships were floating prisons, many of them commanded by fiends, and the asphyxiation from lack of fresh air, and the whip or shackle or bludgeon blow given for the slightest protest, and the sicknesses that ravaged the rough bunks, made the ocean voyage an agony that shocked the heavens. The albatrosses and seagulls heard such groans as must have made them halt on their wings. Sixteen inches of room for a man. One hundred and seventy-eight men in a space of fifty feet! Landed in Australia in pens, hunger and effluvia, and cursing and stinging cold, or sweltering heat and despair their portion. Many of them drowning themselves because life was unbearable. Many of them turned into maniacs through the maltreatment. Irons eating to the bone, or the men working up to their knees standing in the mire. Charles Anderson chained to a rock for two years only a specimen of the cruelties. Men committing murder that they might be hung and so escape the wretchedness of exile. Rev. Dr. Ullathorne put upon the witness stand before a committee appointed to examine into the Australian outrages, testified in the following words: "As I mentioned the names of those men who were to die, they, one after another, as their names were pronounced, dropped on their knees and thanked God that they were to be delivered from that horrible place, whilst the others remained standing mute and weeping. It was the most horrible scene I have ever witnessed."

The fact is that few men can be trusted with unlimited and unwatched power. Australia was then five times further off from England than it is now, and captains of convict ships, and constables, and jailers, and turnkeys, abusing their power, were so far off

from reprehension, and their tyrannies were so slowly reported—if reported at all—that it seemed safe to maul and beat and starve the helpless exiles.

The government at home would never have allowed such atrocities if they had realized that such diabolism was being practiced. As soon as, through investigation, the abominations were proven, the British lion put his foot upon them, and Australia was forever freed from this disembarkation of unfortunates. At one point during the course of years 70,000 convicts were landed. One hundred and twenty thousand convicts left ship for these shores. What has been the result? From such a blasted parentage, you would have supposed a most degraded state of society in Australia. But here comes an offset to many of our elaborate theories about heredity. Indeed, we have all seen in our own countries so many of the demonstrated tendencies of a corrupt pedigree, that we have probably said things

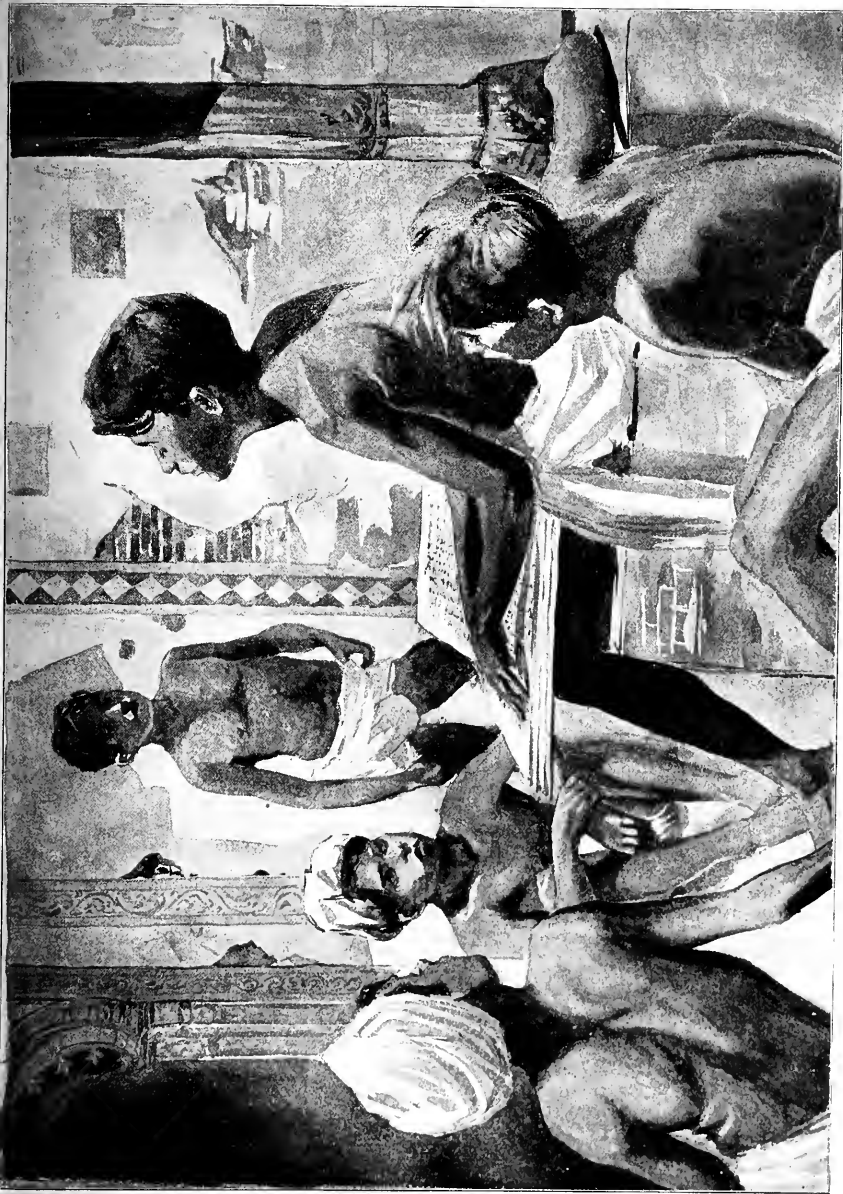


OLD PENAL COLONY PRISON OF AUSTRALIA, STILL STANDING. USED FIFTY YEARS AGO.

too discouraging for those who were born wrong. But here opens a wide door of mighty hope to all those come of bad ancestors. The simple fact is that the majority of the criminals in Australia were not the children of convicts.

An authorized statement before me shows that in 1886 there were 32,011 persons arraigned for crime, and that about only one-third of them were born in Australia; the other two-thirds having been born in England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland. In that colony of Australia to which the largest number of convicts were banished, the percentage of crime is now less than in any of the other colonies. How shall we account for this?

We need not surrender our theories about the depraved tendency of bad parentage. But it seems as if Providence intended in Australia to demonstrate to all people of all climes, that however unfortunate the cradle in which one is rocked he can mount into respectability and honor. The vast majority of the children of the 120,000 of those condemned to



A BLIND HINDU BOY READING WITH HIS FINGERS.

Australia must have turned out honest and virtuous. Some of the children and grandchildren of those expatriated ones are now in the most important and honorable positions of Australian life. They are physicians having on them all the responsibilities of the sick-room. They are attorneys pleading causes involving immense value of property and life itself. They are executors of estates. They are members of boards of trade and manage commerce. They are fathers and mothers of the best households. They are officers of religion, and carry the sacramental cup through the aisles of the holy communion. The mother of one who is now an arch-deacon, and who has been speaker of the House of Assembly, was exiled from England to Australia for stealing a horse, in order that she might ride away to see her lover. The mother of one of the chief justices of these colonies was deported for her turpitude. By righteous Act of Parliament many of the public records of transportation for offences have been destroyed. But better than that, many men and women by their exemplary career have abolished the stigma of their sad heredity. What an encouragement and a cheer for the millions of people all round the earth who had vicious or dissolute ancestors, to start anew and open another chapter of family record, to beat back the waves of depressing reminiscence, and to be as honored for their exaltation of character as their predecessors were dishonored for their malevolence or fraud or dissipation. We need to attach enough importance to family blood to impress parents with the overmastering thought of their responsibility in all matters of conscience and behavior, but we must avoid making so much of heredity as to discourage those who would like to escape from under the curse of ancestral obliquity. Some one might say that these excellent descendants of profligate forefathers may have been helped to go right by the punishment the offenders received. Well, that might have worked salutary results in many cases but not in all.

Another large percentage of good descendants may be accounted for by the fact that many of the convicts were really innocent and why should not their offspring be innocent? But after all the reasons given for the fact that the regions once occupied by convicts are now as moral, if not more moral, than those settled by avowedly good people, are insufficient reasons, and I account for it by the fact that the world needed an illustration on a conspicuous and mighty scale that a family wrecked upon the breakers of crime may be got safely off and sail away on a prosperous voyage carrying whole generations. And that is right. It would be sad, indeed, if because a great-grandfather had committed assault and battery, or put the saddle on the wrong horse before taking a midnight ride, or unduly practiced someone else's chirography at the foot of a promissory note, or meddled with poultry in a roost not belonging to him, that therefore all the children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren should have to suffer from the malignment. According to Sacred History there is one unhappy incident in the family line of all of us that should make us lenient, and that is the story of the two fruit thieves in the Garden on the Euphrates. I simply state the impression I have formed that whatever may have occurred in the past, the world has no finer citizenship than that now to be found in the Australian colonies. As I am not a detective, I have not sought out the undesirable things which might be found everywhere, but I avow that the churches, and merciful institutions, the art galleries, the schools, the colleges, the Christian homes, the throngs of good men and good women here to be found, are something for all the earth and all the heavens to rejoice over. But is it not high time that this place called Botany Bay be freed from the derision so long attached to it, and be used as Captain Cook, the discoverer, on his arrival here intended it, to suggest flowers, for the manner in which many parts of Australia are crimsoned and purpled



and whitened and flecked and fringed and starred and emparadised with flora is enough to enchant all botanists. I have in these colonies ridden through hundreds of miles of wattle, a glorious flower with a poor name. The wattles grow on high bushes and have the yellow of fallen sunsets. From the car window, hour after hour, you look out until your vision is dazed and bewildered with the unending opulence. Unfenced gardens of vast acreage laid out and planted by the hand of Eternal Beauty. Valleys of it, hills of it, lengths and breadths of it! We rode through one lane of wattles five hundred miles long. But there are in Australia over 9000 species of flowers already discovered and by the botanists christened with names under the baptism of dew. To the aboriginal plants have been added an immigration of Polynesian and Indian families of flowers. Plants brought from



SYDNEY GARDENS, AUSTRALIA,  
As I walked through day after day.

other lands change their habits to suit the seasons here and their environment. Such flowers may have been Europeans, or Asiatics, or Americans, but as soon as they make their home here they become Australians. Blooming in other lands only once a year, in this winterless clime they bloom again and again and are perennial. Here is osage-orange from America, cabbage trees from New Zealand, fig trees from Ceylon, erythrines from the West Indies, the maiden hair from Japan and cacti from everywhere. Oh, what a land of pictorialized leaves! What cups of amber and silver and gold and amethyst set on an emerald table of the fields for the bee and the butterfly to drink out of to the health of the

morning! What pillars of divinely shaped stamen! What miracles of calyx! What poems in letters of camellia! What banners of lichen and moss unfurled on the rocks! What trembling harp of ferns played on by the west wind! What honeysuckle bleeding with deep color all up and down the hills! What inverted firmaments of gentian! What blue-bells tolling their sweetness on the air! What morning-glories worshipping the rising sun! As mythology tells us that wherever the tears of a maiden fell there afterward sprung up sweet and beautiful flowers, who knows but that wherever the tears of the innocent and wrong-sufferers of penal convict days soaked the ground, there may now come up silver-tipped lilies, and that where the drops of blood fell from the shoulders of exiles unrighteously whipped, there now come up red roses full blown? As Captain Cook suggested by the name given to this bay the opportunity of great things in the science of botany, I wish to suggest that botany may be an everlasting study in the world to come. Other sciences will for the most part be extinct. Astronomy may be of little use then, for the worlds will have dropped like blasted figs. Geology may be of little use, for the rocks will have crumbled, granite and basalt as easily as sandstone. Chemistry may be of little use, for our world itself gone, we shall have but little interest in what were its component parts. Who will want to spend his time in discussing a defunct planet? Who will want to invest much in a bankrupt world? But botany will cross into the supernal paradise. Trees certainly and flowers I think. The river of life will make the place fertile, and there will be plenty of sunshine in that nightless realm, and water and sunshine mean flowers. In that land the trees bear twelve manner of fruit, and there must be blossoms to herald its coming. So that earthly botany here will be only the preface to celestial botany. This much I know that the Rose of Sharon will bloom on the eternal hills and the Lily of the Valley will make redolent the Imperial Gardens. This stroll to-day on the beach of Botany Bay has led me to think of the enthronement and coronation of that beautiful science which on earth and in heaven will be a subject of absorbing and rapturous consideration: the science of botany which we study here by pulling sepal from sepal and petal from petal, and with our knife cutting the delicate fibres, will in that land be studied while we are twisting the garlands for those who are "more than conquerors."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### ZOOLOGICAL WONDERS.

**H**E who has not seen this metropolis of Victoria, this city of gardens and museums, colleges and churches, university and observatory, huge banks and brilliant hotels, palaces of merchandise, vast auditoriums and arboreal streets, has missed a vision of brightness. It stands on the banks of the River Yarra, which is to it what the Delaware is to Philadelphia, the Ohio is to Cincinnati or the Hudson is to New York. Melbourne is surrounded by country seats and health resorts, St. Kilda and Brighton and Sandringham and Williamstown. The shepherd who, in 1848, discovered the

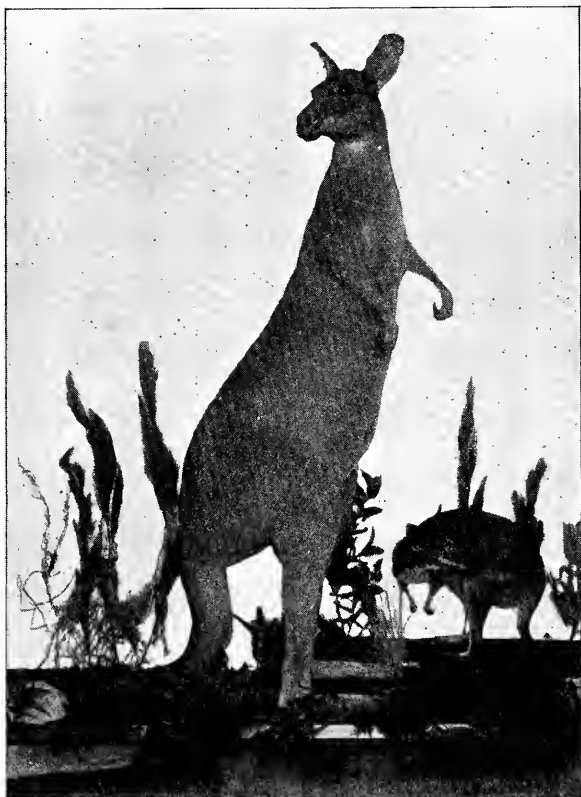


SYDNEY HARBOR, AUSTRALIA.

gold near by, hid his secret for two years while deciding how he could make the most out of it. But falling sick and expecting to die he told the secret of the finding, and in 1851 all the world knew of it, and the finding of one nugget of gold called the "Welcome Stranger;" that one chunk worth \$50,000, attracted the attention of all nations. We must be careful and not make comparison between Australian cities, especially between Melbourne

and Sydney. Indeed the only thing I find to dislike in these cities is their wholesale depreciation of each other. Ask a citizen of Sydney what he thinks of Melbourne and he will tell you "It is a mushroom growth, situated in a flat country and had a sudden prosperity that depended upon gold fields which have run out."

Ask a citizen of Melbourne what he thinks of Sydney, and he will say, "It was so long a penal colony that it has never gotten over it." Melbourne and Sydney love each other about



KANGAROO.

as much as Minneapolis loves St. Paul, and Seattle loves Tacoma, and New York loves Chicago. Almost every city of America or England has a rival city up or down the river, whose existence is an exasperation. For the sin of trying to set themselves up higher than others, angels were flung out of heaven as they deserved to be. Forever silenced be all the mean rivalries among cities. They do no good, but injure and belittle. Individuals, churches, cities, nations, never advanced themselves by abuse of others. Subtraction from one is not addition to another. During my stay in Australia, in conversation and on platform, and in letter, I have carefully avoided invidious comparisons.

It is characteristic of the large cities of Australia that they have great public gardens, statuetted and fountained and arbored where the populations

saunter and play. Benedictions eternal upon all those who planned for this garlanding of the cities! Melbourne and Sydney, and Adelaide too, each one for itself, each a chorus of colors and aromatics. Alongside of it you will find a zoological collection.

This land is the native home of the kangaroo. When good kangaroos die they only go to another part of Australia. Strange, nervous nondescripts are the kangaroos. They almost make us believe in evolution, for they seem to be incomplete, and on the way to something else. They seem as if nature had become frightened when they were only partly

done, and left them to scramble for themselves. But evolution will have to slow up on the hind quarters, and quicken its work on the fore quarters to make this animal a success, either human or quadrupedal. It will require two or three Darwins to fix him up into anything admirable. If it took a million years to develop a tadpole into a man, it will take at least half that time to develop the kangaroo into a shape at all plausible. The kangaroos have to fall down in order to walk. The last half of them seems to have been first made, and the first half only just begun; superfluity of hind feet and paucity of fore feet. Kangaroos have the appearance of being on the edge of a fit. When they walk they jump. When they lie down they are standing up. The kangaroo is the impersonation of ungainliness. It is the consummation of awkwardness. It is the anticlimax of nature. It is the burlesque of the animal kingdom. It seems to be in a state of wonderment as to who you are, and with the fore feet beckon you to come, or bid you depart, and you cannot tell which. At one time they were the pests of the colonies. On one station \$4000 were paid for their extirpation. But they are now so nearly driven out that they are kept in zoological museums as curiosities.

You ought to hear the parrots of Australia talk, for there are sixty species of them; and you ought to see the glance of the falcons, for there are twenty-six kinds of them; and to see the "lyre-birds" with plumes in shape of a thrummed musical instrument; and the "bower-birds," so called because they build arbors and adorn them with shells for themselves and their mates to live amidst; and owls that look the solemnest when they are meditating the cruelest things, and when they are about to prey upon the chicken, seem by their looks to say, "Let us prey!"

But the strangest creature we saw in the zoological gardens of Australia was what is commonly called here "the laughing jackass." It is a bird endowed with such a voice as was never poured forth by any other creature of the forest. It has a wise look and a crown of feathers on its head as though it had been coronetted for its vocal qualities. Its beak looks like two tablespoons, the top spoon inverted. Suddenly it opened its beak and began with sounds which were a combination of hoot and yell and bray and cackle, startling for compass and wierdness, and volume that would throw any woods into a pandemonium. The bray of an American donkey is harmony itself compared with the vociferation of this Australian bird. We had seen and heard laughing jackasses before in America and England, that is those who laughed at nothing and laughed very loudly, and laughed at the wrong time, and laughed at the misfortunes of others; but the laughing jackasses of Australia surpass them all. They are not to blame, for they do the best they can, and are to be encouraged from that fact that if they please no one else they please themselves, and that is commendable; for there are many people in the world who neither please others nor please themselves.



LAUGHING JACKASS.

While writing of the fauna of this country, I must mention that the rabbits are so hated in Australia that they are not kept as curiosities. They have nearly eaten up some of the colonies. Large rewards have been offered for the killing of them. Two Scotchmen, years ago, coming to Australia brought their pet rabbits with them so as to have something to remind them of home; and that Adam and Eve of haredom have raised a family that have become one of the greatest scourges of the colonies, not the first nor the last time that people's pets have become a nuisance to the neighborhood, although never perhaps a nuisance on so illimitable scale. I could not at first understand why Australians had such a hatred for rabbits; for I remembered well that in my boyhood if the track of a rabbit were seen some morning on the new fallen snow it set us all wild with glee, and the old gun that had not been shot off for a long while and was never shot off without danger of its bursting, was taken down from its place among the rafters, and the rusty gun-lock was picked, and all hands with halloo and swinging caps were on the track of that poor rabbit, and if after a half day's chase we brought in the prey, it was hung up with pride, and all the neighbors came in to feel the fur, and see where the shot entered the neck; and that one of the boys who had successfully pulled the trigger was honored as a mighty Nimrod far and near. But a rabbit in Australia is a synonym for disgust.

In my journey through New Zealand and Australia, the fauna and the flora and the botanical and zoological gardens have been to me a fascination and a charm. What an education for a city are such places! Would that all our American and English towns and cities had such adjuncts. It would be a good thing if some of the wealthy men, who leave larger bequests to their children than is good for them, demonstrated in their last will and testament some public spirit. Not, however, of the absurd kind shown by the man who bequeathed that, after death, he be skinned, and his skin given to Agassiz and Oliver Wendell Holmes to be made up into two drumheads, on one of which should be written "Pope's Universal Prayer," and on the other the Declaration of American Independence, the latter drumhead to be beaten the seventeenth day of June at the foot of Bunker Hill. We do not like that testator's mode of showing his public spirit. But many of our wealthy men could leave enough money to their children to spoil them and yet have enough to open botanical and zoological gardens that would bless whole towns and cities for all time to come.

I will be asked when I get home if in any part of Australia I saw anything of the Bushrangers, the desperadoes who aforetime swooped down with pistol and dirk upon the settlements of the helpless ones in the Bush. No! We might express surprise that the bushrangers were at work in Australia as late as ten or fifteen years ago, but Australians might express surprise that within a few years we have had in America, the Dalton and James Brothers, and banks blown up by dynamite, and masked horsemen, and rail train robbers. Every nation at some time has had to contend with this evil: Ruffianism in stirrups; romance of villainy; glorified assassination; murder on the wing; infamy stuffed with braggadocia; pride of dirk; highwaymen in triumph; death in full glee; recalcitrancy mounted; brigandage crowned. Every generation has had its Jack Sheppards, and Dick Turpins. But Australia has put down the wickedness. With the "Kelly Gang" scattered and hung about fifteen years ago the chief violence halted. To see how determined Australian authorities were in the extermination of the Bushrangers, you have only to notice the rewards offered for their arrest: \$5000 for the arrest of Daniel Morgan; \$5000 for Benjamin Hall; \$5000 for Thomas Clark; \$5000 for John Gilbert; \$40,000 for the "Kelly Gang" before mentioned. A costly and imposing monument stands on the main street of Mansfield, Australia, in honor of the three policemen who lost their lives in

contending with the Kelly bushrangers. Why not monuments to brave policemen who in any country die in the interests of law and order. Certainly it requires as much courage, alone and single-handed, to confront a blood-thirsty villain, as to go into a battle where out of a thousand men in a regiment there is no probability that more than twenty per cent will be slain. Monuments for soldiers by all means, but monuments for heroic constabulary, just as important. Bushranging in Australia is a matter of history, although you may to-morrow read of a man butchered in an Australian bush, as in the same paper you may read of the passengers on a Rocky Mountain rail train urgently invited to hold up their arms so as to make access to their pockets the more easy.

More than anything else, I have been impressed with the people of Australia, their independence, self-reliance, and freedom from conventionality. Under God these people made themselves. Why will men stay in countries where their environments are hindering, when there is so much room elsewhere? In all these colonies are men largely successful in merchandise and law and medicine and theology, who would never have gotten on if they had stayed in the old countries. Some mistake made before they left home would have kept them crippled, or their fellow-citizens had gotten in the habit of talking against them, or their social surroundings were depressing. They would have always been underlings had they stayed at home, but they struck out, and ever since they have been free with any amount of possibilities open before them.

Just now things in Australia are depressed as they are depressed everywhere, but the embarrassment cannot last. There is but One Being in the universe who knows of the immensity of the resources of Australia, and He is the God who made it. People talk of the law of the pendulum as though it were the law of man. No! It is the law of God. Now we all know that if the pendulum swing out in one direction, you have only to watch it to see it swing out just as far in the opposite direction. Finance in Australia, as well as in America, for the last three years has been swinging out toward loss, toward discouragement, toward bankruptcy, toward ruin; but the law of God will yet make it swing just as far in the opposite direction toward prosperity, toward success, toward opulence. And this is gloriously true on a still larger scale, planetary as well as national. The silver pendulum of this world began to swing in the wrong direction about 5894 years ago, as near as I can calculate. No adequate effort to swing it back was made until about 1894 years ago. Be not surprised that 1894 years have not swung it in the right direction as far as the previous 4000 years swung it in the wrong. During 4000 years, it curved out toward barbarism, toward cruelty, toward darkness, toward sin, toward perdition. But it is beginning to swing toward Christianity, toward civilization, toward goodness, toward heaven, and will continue to swing that way until it has gone as far right as it went far wrong. What then? Will not the same law make it swing back again? No! The world will then have accomplished its mission, and the pendulum will be unhooked from the clock of the ages, and shall cease to swing at all, for time shall be no longer. What would be the use of the pendulum when there is no time.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AT MELBOURNE.—“SOME BIG BLUNDERS.”

**O**UR reception at Melbourne, Australia, was as cordial and hearty as that accorded us by the people of Auckland, and in some respects the enthusiasm was greater. On the evening of August 17, I delivered, in the Town Hall, the following lecture on “Big Blunders,” to an audience that tested the capacity of the building.

The man who never made a blunder has not yet been born. If he had been, he would have died right away. The first blunder was born in Paradise and it has had a large family of children. Agricultural blunders, commercial blunders, literary blunders, mechanical blunders, artistic blunders, ecclesiastical blunders, moral blunders, and blunders of all sorts; but an ordinary blunder will not attract my attention. It must be large at the girth and great in stature. In other words, it must be a big blunder. Let me premise that my ideas of human life are very practical. I have not much patience with those people who talk of human life as something you could pass on stilts. You cannot. Such a man as that is sure to be tripped up. I heard of a large religious meeting where people were giving their experience. A man of great pomposity arose and said, “I am on board the old ship Zion, and I am sailing heavenward, and I am going at the rate of seventeen knots an hour, and I shall soon on this ship sail up the harbor of heaven.” Another man with still more pomposity, got up and said, “I too am on board the old ship Zion, and I am sailing heavenward, and I am going at the rate of forty knots an hour, and I shall soon on this ship sail up the harbor of the blessed.” And he sat down. Another man with still more pomposity, arose and said, “I too am on board the old ship Zion, but the ship I am on is a steamship, and it is a steamship of 400 horse-power, and I shall soon on this steamship sail up the harbor of the blessed.” And he sat down. When an old-fashioned woman arose and said, “I have been going heavenward for seventy years, and I have been going a-foot, and from the looks of things I shall have to go a-foot all the way, and if some of you people that are going by steam don’t look out you’ll bust your bilers.” The most of us will have to go a-foot, and if anybody can point out to us the right path we will be everlastingly obligated to him. I am glad that you understand my subject. It is important to have it accurately announced.

Some years ago I was to deliver a lecture in one of our cities, and on my way to the lecture hall I saw on a board fence the advertisement of my lecture. It had been partially covered up by other announcements, partially mutilated and mixed up with other advertisements, until the announcement on the board fence read something like this:

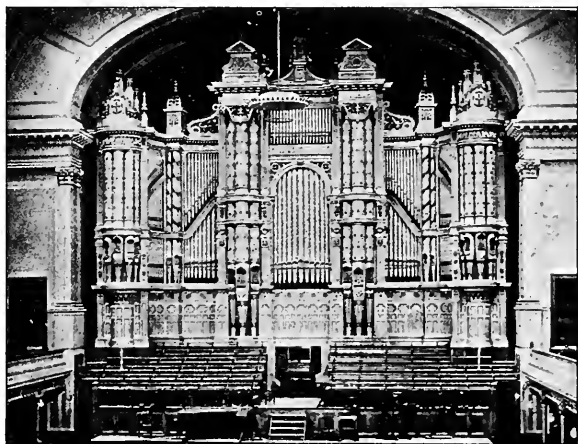
“Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage will, to-morrow night, at Wieting’s Hall, hold the fifth annual fireman’s ball, will walk 100 consecutive hours without food or sleep, will welcome to the city Heenan, the champion of pugilists, will run a sorrel horse against any other for a purse of \$500!”

I never had such an embarrassing amount of work to do in one night in all my life. You have no such extravagant anticipations, but are only to listen while I speak to you about big blunders.

Blunder the first: Multiplicity of occupations. I have a friend who is a very good painter, and a very good poet, and a very good speaker, and he can do a half dozen things



well, but he is the exception. The general rule is that a man can do only one thing well. Perhaps there are two things to do. First, find your sphere; secondly, keep it. The general rule is, masons, stick to your trowel; carpenters, stick to your plane; lawyers, stick to your brief; ministers, stick to your pulpit, and don't go off lecturing. Fireman, if you please, one locomotive at a time; navigator, one ship; professor, one department. The mighty men of all professions were men of one occupation. Thorvalston at sculpture, Irving at literature, Rothschild at banking, Forrest at acting, Brumel at engineering, Ross at navigation, Punch at joking. Sometimes a man is prepared by Providence through a variety of occupations for some great mission. Hugh Miller must climb up to his high work through the quarries of Cromarty. And sometimes a man gets prepared for his work through sheer trouble. He goes from misfortune to misfortune, and from disaster to disaster, and from persecution to persecution, until he is ready to graduate from the University of Hard Knocks. I know the old poets used to say that a man got inspiration by sleeping on Mount Parnassus. That is absurd. That is not the way men get inspiration. It is not the man on the mountain, but the mountain on the man, and the effort to throw it off that brings men to the position for which God intended them. But the general rule is that by the time thirty years of age is reached the occupation is thoroughly decided, and there will be success in that direction if it be thoroughly followed. It does not make much difference what you do, so far as the mere item of success is concerned, if you only do it. Brandreth can make a fortune at pills, Adams by expressage, Cooper by manufacturing glue, Genin by selling hats, contractors by manufacturing shoddy, merchants by putting sand in sugar, beet juice in vinegar, chicory in coffee, and lard in butter. One of the costliest dwellings in Philadelphia was built out of eggs. Palaces have been built out of spoons, out of toothache drops, out of hides, out of pigs' feet, out of pickles, out of tooth-brushes, out of hose, h-o-s-e and h-o-e-s, out of fine-tooth combs, out of ice, out of water, out of birds, out of bones, out of shells, out of steam, out of thunder and lightning.



TOWN HALL ORGAN, FIFTH LARGEST IN THE WORLD, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

The difference between conditions in life is not so much a difference in the fruitfulness of occupations as it is a difference in the endowment of men with that great and magnificent attribute of stick-to-itiveness. Mr. Plod-on was doing a flourishing business at selling banties, but he wanted to do all kinds of huckstering, and his nice little property took wings of ducks and turkeys and shanghais and flew away. Mr. Loomdriver had an excellent factory on the Merrimac, and made beautiful carpets, but he concluded to put up

another kind of factory for the making of shawls, and one day there was a nice little quarrel between the two factories, and the carpets ate up the shawls, and the shawls ate up the carpets, and having succeeded so well in swallowing each other, they turned around and gulped down Mr. Loomdriver.

Blackstone Large-Practice was the best lawyer in town. He could make the most plausible argument and had the largest retainer, and some of the young men of the profession were proud to wear their hair just as he did, and to have just as big a shirt collar. But he concluded to go into politics. He entered that paradise which men call a caucus. He was voted up and he was voted down. He came within three votes of getting it. He never got any nearer than three votes. He got on the Chicago platform, but a plank broke and he slipped through. He got on the St. Louis platform, but it rocked like an earthquake, and a plank broke and he slipped through. Then, as a circus rider with one foot on each horse whirls round the ring, he put one foot on the Chicago platform and another foot on the St. Louis platform, and he slipped between, and landing in a ditch of political obloquy, he concluded he had enough of politics. And he came back to his law office and as he entered covered with the mire, all the briefs from the pigeon hole rustled with gladness, and Kent's Commentaries, and Livingston's Law Register broke forth in the exclamation, "Welcome home, Honorable Blackstone Large-Practice, jack of all trades is master of none." Dr. Bone-Setter was a master in the healing profession. No man was more welcome in anybody's house than this same Dr. Bone-Setter, and the people loved to see him pass and thought there was in his old gig a kind of religious rattle. When he entered the drug store all the medicines knew him, and the pills would toss about like a rattle box, and the quinine would shake as though it had the chills, and the great strengthening plasters unroll, and the soda fountain fizz, as much as to say, "Will you take vanilla or strawberry?" Riding along in his gig one day he fell into a thoughtful mood, and concluded to enter the ministry. He mounted the pulpit and the pulpit mounted him, and it was a long while before it was known who was of the most importance. The young people said the preaching was dry, and the merchant could not keep from making financial calculations in the back part of the psalm-book, and the church thinned out and everything went wrong. Well, one Monday morning Messrs. Plod-on, Loomdriver, Blackstone Large-Practice and Dr. Bone-Setter met at one corner of the street, and all felt so low-spirited that one of them proposed to sing a song for the purpose of getting their spirits up. I have forgotten all but the chorus, but you would have been amused to hear how, at the end of all the verses, the voices came in, "Jack of all trades is master of none." A man from the country districts came to be President of the United States, and some one asked a farmer from that region what sort of a President Mr. So-and-so would make. The reply was, "He's a good deal of a man in our little town, but I think if you spread him out over all the United States he will be mighty thin." So there are men admirable in one occupation or profession, but spread out their energies over a dozen things to-do and they are dead failures. Young man, concentrate all your energies in one direction. Be not afraid to be called a man of one idea. Better have one great idea than five hundred little bits of ones. Are you merchants, you will find abundant sweep for your intellect in a business which absorbed the energy of a Lenox, a Stewart, and a Grinnell. Are you lawyers, you will in your grand profession find heights and depths of attainment which tasked a Marshall, and a McLean, and a Story, and a Kent. Are you physicians, you can afford to waste but little time outside of a profession which was the pride of a Rush, a Hervey, a Cooper, and a Sydenham.

Every man is made to fit into some occupation or profession, just as a tune is made to fit a metre. Make up your mind what you ought to be. Get your call straight from the throne of God. We talk about ministers getting a call to preach. So they must. But every man gets a call straight from the throne of God to do some one thing—that call written in his physical or mental or spiritual constitution—the call saying, "You be a merchant, you be a manufacturer, you be a mechanic, you be an artist, you be a reformer, you be this, you be that, you be the other thing." And all our success and happiness depend upon our being that which God commands us to be. Remember there is no other person in the world that can do your work. Out of the sixteen hundred millions of the race,



GENERAL POST-OFFICE, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

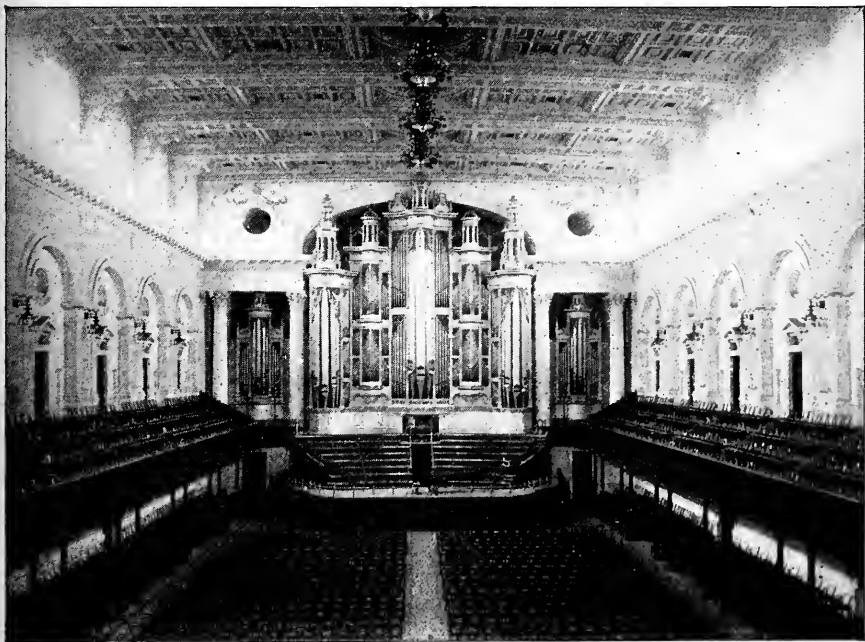
not one can do your work. You do your work and it is done forever. You neglect your work and it is neglected forever. The man who has the smallest mission has a magnificent mission. God sends no man on a fool's errand. Getting your call straight from the throne of God, and making up your mind what you ought to do, gather together all your opportunities (and you will be surprised how many there are of them), gather them into companies, into regiments, into brigades, a whole army of them, and then ride along the line and give the word of command, "Forward, march!" and no power on earth or in hell can stand before you. I care not what your education is, elaborate or nothing, what your mental calibre, great or small, that man who concentrates all his energies of body, mind and soul in one direction is a tremendous man.

Blunder the next: indulgence in temper. Good humor will sell the most goods, plead the best argument, effect the best cure, preach the best sermon, build the best wall, weave the best carpet. The poorest business firm in town is "Growl, Spitfire & Brothers." They blow their clerks. They insult their customers. They quarrel with the draymen. They write impudent duns. They kick the beggars. The children shy off as they pass the street and the dogs with wild yelp clear the path as they come. Acrid, waspish, fretful, explosive, saturnine, suddenly the money market will be astounded with the defalcation of Growl, Spitfire & Brothers. Merryman & Warmgrasp were poor boys when they came from the country. They brought all their possessions in one little pack slung over their shoulder. Two socks, two collars, one jackknife, a paper of pins and a hunk of gingerbread which their mother gave them when she kissed them good-bye, and told them to be good boys and mind the boss. They smiled and laughed and bowed and worked themselves up higher and higher in the estimation of their employers. They soon had a store on the corner. They were obliging men, and people from the country left their carpet bags in that store when they came to town. Henceforth when the farmers want hardware or clothing or books they went to buy it at the place where their carpet bags had been treated so kindly. The firm had a way of holding up a yard of cloth and shining on it so that plain cassimere would look almost as well as French broadcloth, and an earthen pitcher would glisten like porcelain. Not by the force of capital, but by having money drawer and counting desk and counter and shelves all full of good temper, they rose in society until to-day Merryman & Warmgrasp have one of the largest stores and the most elegant show windows and the finest carriages and the prettiest wives in all the town of Shuttleford. A melancholy musician may compose a "Dead March," and make harp weep and organ wail; but will not master a battle march, or with that grand old instrument, the organ, storm the castles of the soul as with the flying artillery of light and love and joy until the organ pipes seem filled with a thousand clapping hosannas. A melancholy poet may write a Dante's Inferno until out of his hot brain there come steaming up barking Cerebus and wan sprite, but not the chime of Moore's melodies or the roll of Pope's Dunciad, or the trumpet call of Scott's Don Roderick, or the archangelic blast of Milton's Paradise Lost. A melancholy painter may with Salvator sketch death and gloom and monstrosity. But he cannot reach the tremor of silvery leaf, or the shining of sun through mountain pine, or the light of morning struck through a foam wreath, or the rising sun leaping on the sapphire battlements with banners of flame, or the gorgeous "Heart of the Andes," as though all the bright colors of earth and heaven had fought a great battle and left their blood on the leaves.

Blunder the next: Excessive amusement. I say nothing against amusement. Persons of your temperament and mine, could hardly live without it. I have noticed that a child who has no vivacity of spirit, in after life produces no fruitfulness of moral character. A tree that has no blossoms in the spring will have no apples in the fall. A good game at ball is great sport. The sky is clear. The ground is just right for fast running. The club put off their coats and put on their caps. The ball is round and hard and stuffed with illimitable bounce. Get ready the bats and take your positions. Now, give us a ball. Too low. Don't strike. Too high. Don't strike. There it comes like lightning. Strike! Away it soars higher, higher. Run! Another base. Faster. Faster. Good! All around at one stroke. All hail to the man or the big boy who invented ball playing. After tea open the checker board. Now, look out, or your boy Bob will beat you. With what masterly skill he moves up his men. Look out now, or he will jump you. Sure enough, two of your men gone from the board and a king for Bob. With what cruel pleasure he sweeps the

board. What! Only two more men left? Be careful now. Only one more move possible. Cornered sure as fate! and Bob bends over, and looks you in the face with a most provoking banter, and says, "Pop, why don't you move?"

Call up the dogs, Tray, Blanchard and Sweetheart. A good day for hunting. Get down, Tray, with your dirty feet! Put on powder flask and shoulder the gun. Over the hill and through the wood. Boys, don't make such a racket you'll scare the game. There's a rabbit. Squat. Take good aim. Bang! Missed him. Yonder he goes. Sic 'em, sic 'em. See the fur fly. Got him at last. Here, Tray, here, Tray! John, get up the bays. All ready. See how the buckles glisten, and how the horses prance, and the spokes flash in the sun. Now open the gate. Away we go. Let the gravel fly, and the tires rattle over



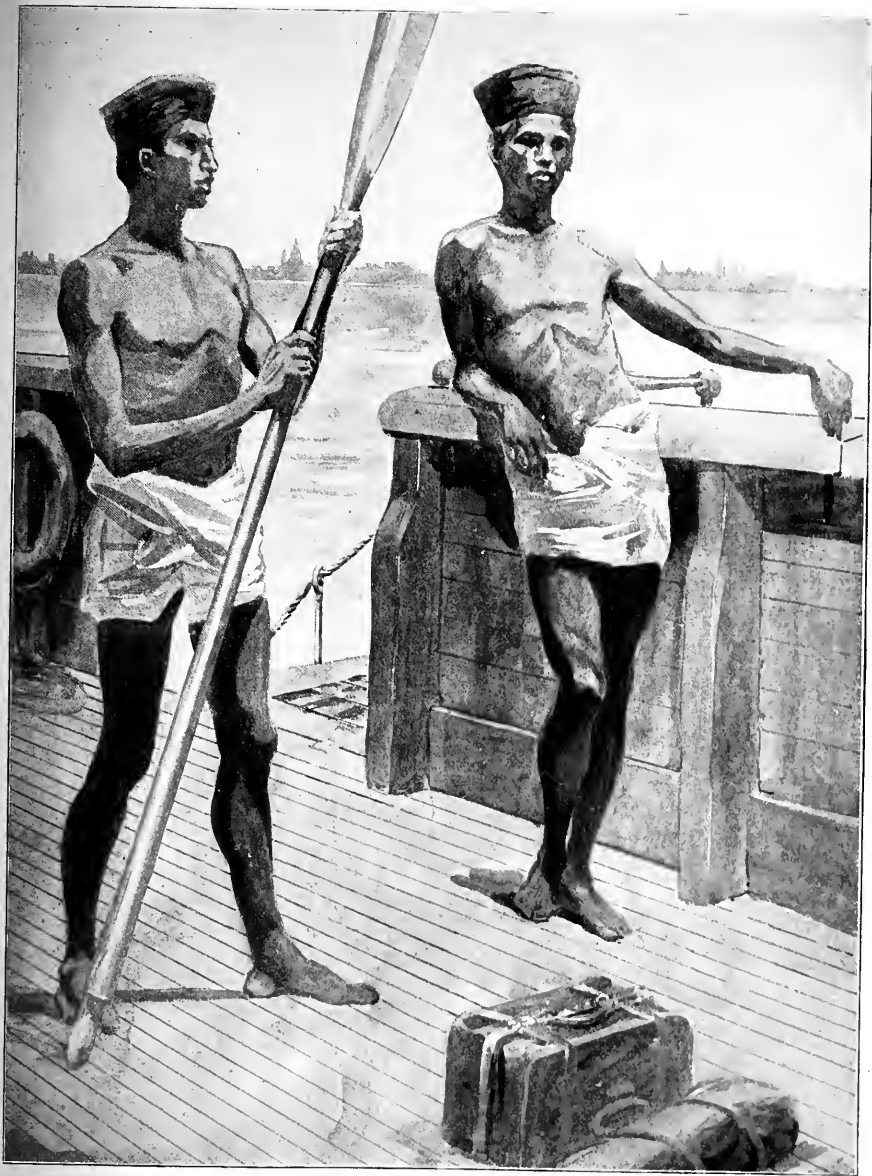
TOWN HALL, SYDNEY.

the pavement, and the horses' hoofs clatter and ring. Good roads now, and let them fly. Crack the whip. G'long! Nimble horses with smooth roads, in a pleasant day, and no toll gates—clatter, clatter, clatter. I never see a man go out with a fishing rod to sport but I silently say, "May you have a good time, and the right kind of bait, and a basketful of catfish and flounders." I never see a party taking a pleasant ride but I wish them a joyous round, and say, "May the horse not cast a shoe, nor the trace break, and may the horse's thirst not compel them to stop at too many taverns." In a world where God lets His lambs frisk, and His trees toss, and His brooks leap, and His stars twinkle, and His flowers make love to each other, I know He intended men at times to laugh and sing and sport. The

whole world is full of music if we only had ears acute enough to hear it. Silence itself is only music asleep. Out upon the fashion that lets a man smile, but pronounces him vulgar if he makes great demonstration of hilarity. Out upon a style of Christianity that would make a man's face the counter upon which to measure religion by the yard. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is as true as preaching, and more true than some preaching. "Better wear out than rust out," is a poor maxim. They are both sins. You have no more right to do the one than the other. Recreation is re-creation. But while all this is so, every thinking man and woman will acknowledge that too much devotion to amusement is ruinous. Many of the clergy of the last century lost their theology in a fox chase. Many a splendid business has had its brains kicked out by fast horses. Many a man has smoked up his prospects in Havanas of the best brand. There are battles in life that cannot be fought with sportsman's gun. There are things to be caught that you cannot draw up with a fishing tackle. Even Christopher North, that magnificent Scotchman, dropped a great deal of usefulness out of his sporting jacket. Through excessive amusement many clergymen, farmers, lawyers, physicians, mechanics, artists have committed the big blunder of their lives. I offer this as a principle: those amusements are harmless which do not interfere with home duties and enjoyments. Those are ruinous which give one distaste for domestic pleasure and recreation.

When a man likes any place on earth better than his own home, look out! Yet how many men seem to have no appreciation of what a good home is. It is only a few years ago that the twain stood at the marriage altar and promised fidelity till death did them part. Now, at midnight, he is staggering on his way to the home, and as the door opens, I see on the face inside the door the shadow of sorrows that are passed, and the shadow of sorrows that are to come. Or, I see her going along the road at midnight to the place where he was ruined, and opening the door and swinging out from under a faded shawl a shriveled arm, crying out in almost supernatural eloquence, "Give him back to me, him of the noble brow and the great heart. Give him back to me!" And the miserable wretches seated around the table of the restaurant, one of them will come forward, and with bloated hand wiping the intoxicant from the lip, will say, "Put her out!" Then I see her going out on the abutment of the bridge, and looking off upon the river, glassy in the moonlight, and wondering if somewhere under the glassy surface of that river there is not a place of rest for a broken heart. Woe to the man that despoils his home. Better that he had never been born. I offer home as a preventive, as an inspiration, as a restraint. Floating off from that, beware!

Blunder the next: the formation of unwise domestic relation. And now I must be very careful. It is so with both sexes. Some of the loveliest women have been married to the meanest men. That is not poetry, that is prose. The queerest man in the Bible was Nabal, but he was the husband of beautiful Abigail. We are prodigal with our compassion when a noble woman is joined to a husband of besotted habits, but in thousands of the homes of our country, belonging to men too stingy to be dissipated, you may find female excellencies which have no opportunity for development. If a man be cross and grudgeful and unobliging and censorious in his household, he is more of a pest than if he were dead drunk, for then he could be managed. It is a sober fact which every one has noticed that thousands of men of good business capabilities have been entirely defeated in life because their domestic relations were not of the right kind. This thought has its most practical bearing on the young who yet have the world before them and where to choose. There is probably no one in this house who has been unfortunate in the forming of the relation I have mentioned; but if you should happen to meet with any



NATIVE SAILORS OF THE SOUTH SEA.

married man in such an unfortunate predicament as I have mentioned, tell him I have no advice to give except to tell him to keep his courage up, and whistle most of the time, and put into practice what the old lady said. She said she had had a great deal of trouble in her time, but she had always been consoled by that beautiful passage of Scripture, the thirteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter of the book of Nicodemus: "Grin and bear it."

Socrates had remarkable philosophy in bearing the ills of an unfortunate alliance. Xantippe, having scolded him without any evident effect, threw upon him a pail of water. All he did was to exclaim: "I thought that after so much thunder we would be apt to have some rain." It is hardly possible that a business man should be thriftless if he have a companion always ready to encourage and assist him—ready to make sacrifices until his affairs may allow more opportunity for luxuries. If during the day a man has been harassed and disappointed, hard chased of notes and defrauded, and he find in his home that evening a cheerful sympathy, he will go back next day to his place of business with his courage up, fearless of protests, and able, from ten to three o'clock, to look any bank full in the face. During the financial panic of 1857 there was many a man who went through unabashed because while down in the business marts he knew that although all around him they were thinking only of themselves, there was one sympathetic heart thinking of him all day long, and willing, if the worst should come, to go with him to an humble home on an unfashionable street, without murmuring, on a sewing machine to play, "The Song of the Shirt." Hundreds of fortunes that have been ascribed to the industry of men bear upon them the mark of a wife's hand. Bergham, the artist, was as lazy as he was talented. His studio was over the room where his wife sat. Every few minutes, all day long, to keep her husband from idleness, Mrs. Bergham would take a stick and thump up against the ceiling, and her husband would answer by stamping on the floor, the signal that he was wide awake and busy. One-half of the industry, and punctuality that you witness every day in places of business is merely the result of Mrs. Bergham's stick thumping against the ceiling. But woe to the man who has an experience anything like the afflicted parson, who said that he had during his life three wives: the first was very rich, the second very handsome, and the third an outrageous temper: "So," says he, "I have had 'the world, the flesh and the devil.'" Want of domestic economy has ruined many a fine business. I have known a delicate woman strong enough to carry off her husband's store on her back and not half try. I have known men running the gauntlet between angry creditors while the wife was declaring large and unprecedented dividends among milliners' and confectioners' shops. I have known men, as the phrase goes, "With their nose to the grindstone," and the wife most vigorously turning the crank. Solomon says: "A good wife is from the Lord," but took it for granted that we might easily guess where the other kind comes from. There is no excuse for a man's picking up a rough flint like that and placing it so near his heart, when the world is so full of polished jewels. And let me say, there never was a time since the world stood when there were so many good and noble women as there are now. And I have come to estimate a man's character somewhat by his appreciation of womanly character. If a man have a depressed idea of womanly character he is a bad man, and there is no exception to the rule. But there have been men who at the marriage altar thought they were annexing something more valuable than Cuba, who have found out that after all they have got only an album, a fashion plate and a medicine chest.

Many a man reeling under the blow of misfortune has been held up by a wife's arm, a wife's prayer, a wife's decision, and has blessed God that one was sent from heaven thus to



strengthen him; while many a man in comfortable circumstances has had his life pestered out of him by a shrew, who met him at the door at night, with biscuit that the servant let fall in the fire, and dragging out the children to whom she had promised a flogging as soon as the "old man" came home, to the scene of domestic felicity. And what a case that was, where a husband and wife sat at the opposite ends of the tea table, and a bitter controversy came up between them, and the wife picked up a tea cup and hurled it at her husband's head, and it glanced past and broke all to pieces a beautiful motto on the wall entitled "God bless our happy home!" There are thousands of women who are the joy and the adornment of our American homes, combining with elegant tastes in the arts and every accomplishment which our best seminaries and the highest style of literature can bestow upon them, an industry and practicality which always insure domestic happiness and prosperity. Mark you, I do not say they will insure a large number of dollars. A large number of dollars are not necessary for happiness. I have seen a house with thirty rooms in it and they were the vestibule of perdition, and I have seen a home with two rooms in it, and they were the vestibule of heaven. You cannot tell by the size of a man's house the size of his happiness. As Alexander the Great with pride showed the Persian princesses garments made by his own mother, so the women of whom I have been speaking can show you the triumphs of their adroit womanly fingers. They are as expert in the kitchen as they are graceful in the parlor, if need be, they go there. And let me say that that is my idea of a lady, one who will accommodate herself to any circumstances in which she may be placed. If the wheel of fortune turn in the right direction, then she will be prepared for that position. If the wheel of fortune turn in the wrong direction (as it is almost sure to do at least



JENOLAN CAVES, INDIA.

once in every man's life) then she is just as happy, and though all the hired help should that morning make a strike for higher wages, they will have a good dinner, anyhow. They know without asking the house-keeper the difference between a washtub and a filter. They never sew on to a coat a liquorice drop for a black button. They never mistake a bread-tray for a cradle. They never administer Kellinger's horse liniment for the baby's croup. Their accomplishments are not like honeysuckles at your door, hung on to a light frame easily swayed in the wind, but like unto the flowers planted in the solid earth which have rock under them. These are the women who make happy homes and compel a husband into thriftiness. Boarding schools are necessities of society. In very small villages and in regions entirely rural it is sometimes impossible to afford seminaries for the higher branches of learning. Hence, in our larger places we must have these institutions, and they are turning out upon the world tens of thousands of young women splendidly qualified for their positions. But there are, I am sorry to say, exceptional seminaries for young ladies which, instead of sending their students back to their homes with good sense as well as diplomas, despatch them with manners and behavior far from civilized. With the promptness of a police officer they arraign their old-fashioned grandfather for murdering the King's English. Staggering down late to breakfast they excuse themselves in French phrase. The young men who were her friends when she left the farm house for the city school, come to greet her home again, and shock her with a hard hand that has been on the plough handle, or with a broad English which does not properly sound the *r* or mince the *s*.

"Things are so awkward, folks so impolite,  
They're elegantly pained from morn 'till night."

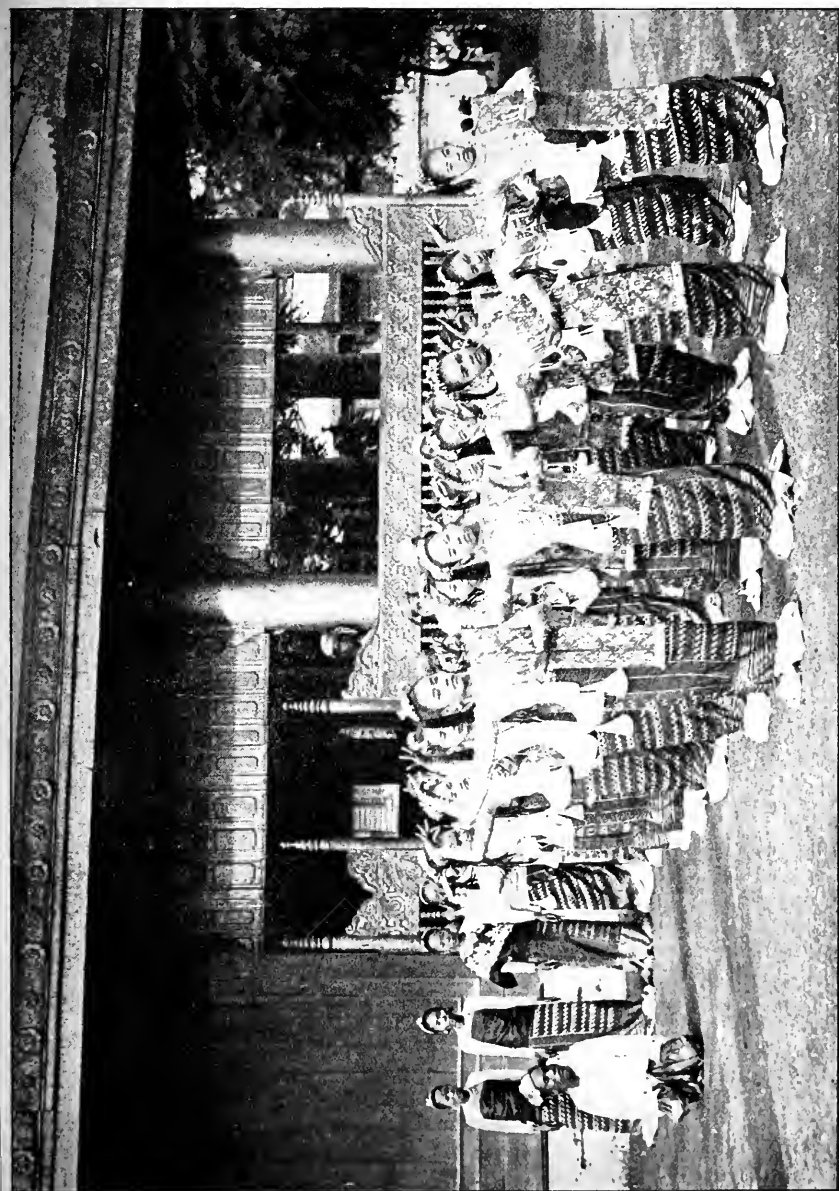
Once she could run at her father's heel in the cool furrow on the summer day, or with bronzed cheek chase through the meadows gathering the wild flowers which fell at the stroke of the harvesters, while the strong men with their sleeves rolled up looked down at her not knowing which most to admire, the daisies in her hair or the roses in her cheeks, and saying: "Bless me! Isn't that Ruth gleaning after the reapers?" Coming home with health gone, her father paid the tuition bill, but Madame Nature sent in an account something like this:

Miss Ophelia Angelina to Madame Nature, Dr.

To one years' neglect of exercise . . . . .	15 chills.
To twenty nights' of late retiring . . . . .	75 twitches of the nerves.
To several months' of improper diet . . . . .	A lifetime of dyspepsia.

Added up making in all an exhausted system, chronic neuralgia and a couple of fits. Call in Dr. Pillsbury and uncork the camphor bottle; but it is too late. What an adornment such an one will be to the house of some young merchant, or lawyer, or mechanic, or farmer. That man will be a drudge while he lives, and he will be a drudge when he dies.

Blunder the next: Attempting life without a spirit of enthusiasm and enterprise. Over caution on one side, and reckless speculation on the other side must be avoided; but a determined and enthusiastic progress must always characterize the man of thrift. I think there is no such man in all the world as he who is descended from a New England Yankee on the one side, and a New York Dutchman on the other. That is royal blood, and will almost invariably give a man prosperity, the Yankee in his nature saying: "Go ahead," and the Dutch, in his blood, saying: "Be prudent while you do go ahead." The



BURMESE PURAY, DANCED BEFORE PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR, AT MANDALAY.

main characteristics of the Yankee are invention and enterprise. The main characteristics of the Dutchman are prudence and firmness, for when he says "Yaw," he means "Yaw," and you no change him. It is sometimes said that Americans are short-lived, and they run themselves to pieces. We deny this. An American lives a great deal in a little while—twenty-four hours in ten minutes.

In the Revolutionary war American enterprise was discovered by somebody who, describing the capture of Lord Cornwallis, put in his mouth these words:

"I thought five thousand men or less  
Through all these States might safely pass,  
My error now I see too late,  
Here I'm confined within this State.  
Yes, in this little spot of ground,  
Enclosed by Yankees all around,  
In Europe ne'er let it be known,  
Nor publish it in Askelon,  
Lest the uncircumcised rejoice,  
And distant nations join their voice.  
What would my friends in Britain say,  
I wrote them I had gained the day.  
Some things now strike me with surprise,  
First, I believe the Tory lies.  
What also brought me to this plight  
I thought the Yankees would not fight.  
My error now I see too late,  
Here I'm confined within this State.  
Yes, in this little spot of ground,  
Enclosed by Yankees all around,  
Where I'm so cramped and hemmed about,  
The devil himself could not get out."

From that time American enterprise has continued developing, sometimes toward the right and sometimes toward the wrong. Men walk faster, think faster, drive faster, lie faster, and swear faster. New sciences have sprung up and carried off the hearts of the people. Phrenology, a science which I believe will yet be developed to a thorough consistency, in its incomplete stage puts its hand on your head, as a musician on a piano, and plays out the entire tune of your character, whether it be a grand march or a jig; sometimes by mistake announcing that there are in the head benevolence, music, and sublimity, when there is about the same amount of intellect under the hair of the subject's head as in an ordinary hair trunk; sometimes forgetting that wickedness and crime are chargeable, not so much to bumps on the head as to bumps on the heart. Mesmerism, an old science, has been revived in our day. This system was started from the fact that in ancient times the devotees of Esculapius were put to sleep in his temple, a mesmeric feat sometimes performed on modern worshippers. Incurable diseases are said to slink away before the dawn of this science like ghosts at cock-crowing, and a man under its influence may have a tooth extracted or his head amputated without discovering the important fact until he comes to his senses. The operator will compel a sick person in clairvoyant state to tell whether his own liver or heart is diseased, when if his subject were awake he would not be wise enough to know a heart from a liver. If you have had property stolen, on the payment of one dollar—mind that—they will tell you where it is, and who stole it, and even if they do not make the matter perfectly plain, they have bettered it; it does not all remain a mystery; you know where the dollar went.

There are aged men and women here who have lived through marvelous changes. The world is a very different place from what it was when you were boys and girls. The world's

enterprise has accomplished wonders in your age. The broad-brimmed hat of olden times was an illustration of the broad-bottomed character of the father, and the modern hat, rising high up as the pipe of a steam engine, illustrates the locomotive in modern character. In those days of powdered hair and silver shoe buckles, the coat extended over an immense area and would have been unpardonably long had it not been for the fact that when the old

gentleman doffed the garment it furnished the whole family of boys with a Sunday wardrobe. Grandfather on rainy days shelled corn or broke flax in the barn, and in the evening with grandmother went round to visit a neighbor where the men sit smoking their pipes by the jambs of the broad fire-place, telling of a fox chase, or heats at mowing without once getting bushed, and gazing upon the flames as they sissed and simmered around the great back log, and leaped up through the light wood to lick off the moss, and shrugging their shoulders satisfactorily as the wild night wind screamed round the gable, and clattered the shutters, and clicked the icicles from the eaves, and Tom brought in a blue-edged dish of great "Fall pippins," and "Dair-claushes" and "Henry Sweets," and "Granny-winkles," and the nuts all lose their hearts sooner than if the squirrels were there, and the grandmothers talking and knitting, talking and knitting, until John in tow pants, or Mary in linsey-woolsey, by shaking the old lady's arm for just one more "Grannywinkle," makes her most provokingly drop a stitch, and forthwith the youngsters are dispatched to bed by the starlight that drips through the thatched garret chinks.

Where is now the old-fashioned fire-place where the andirons in a thrilling duet sang "Home, Sweet Home," while the hook and trammels beat time? Great solemn stoves



A PRINCESS OF BURMAH IN COURT COSTUME.

have taken their place, where dim fires, like pale ghosts, look out of the isinglass, and from which comes the gassy breath of coal, instead of the breath of mountain oak and sassafras. One icicle frozen to each chair and sofa is called a sociable, and the milk of human kindness is congealed into society—that modern freezer warranted to do it in five minutes. You have also witnessed a change in matters of religion. I think there is more religion now in the world than there ever was, but people sometimes have a queer way of showing it. For instance, in the matter of church music. The musical octave was once an eight-rung ladder, on which our old fathers could climb up to heaven from their church pew. Now, the minstrels are robbed every Sunday. The pious old tunes which our fathers sang have gone with them to glory. This old psalm on brotherly love was once magnificently chanted: “It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron’s beard, that went down to the skirts of his garment.” Now, it is sung to a fugue tune, and the different voices come in as follows:

“ True love is like that precious oil,  
 That ran down his beard and o’er his head,  
 His head ran down his beard.  
 And o’er his head his beard ran down,  
 His down, his down, its moisture shed.  
 Ran down his beard, ran down his shed.  
 Ran down, ran down, ran down, ran down.  
 Ran down, ran down, ran down, ran down.  
 His shed ran down his beard,  
 And o’er his shed his beard ran down,  
 Ran down, ran down, ran down, ran down.”

The plain English of which I take to be that Aaron, the priest, had an awful time with his whiskers. On one occasion after this fugue was executed, a spectator expressed the fear that after Aaron the priest had gone through such a process as that he could not have had a hair left. That was advancement in the wrong direction. But, oh, what progress in the right direction. There goes the old stage-coach hung on leather suspenders. Swing and bounce. Swing and bounce. Old grey balky, and sorrel lame. Wheel fast in the rut, “All together, yo heave!” On the morning air you heard the stroke of the reaper’s rifle on the scythe getting ready to fight its way through the swaths of thick set meadow grass. Now, we do nearly all these things by machinery. A man went all the way from New York to Buffalo on an express train, and went so rapidly that he said in all the distance he saw but two objects. Two haystacks, and they were going the other way. The small particles of iron are taken from their bed and melted into liquid, and run out into bars, and spread into sheets, and turned into screws, and the boiler begins to groan, and the valves to open, and the shafts to fly, and the steamboat going, “Tschoo! Tschoo! Tschoo!” shoots across the Atlantic, making it a ferry, and all the world one neighborhood. In olden times they put out a fire by buckets of water, or rather did not put it out. Now, in nearly all our cities we put out a fire by steam. But where they haven’t come to this, there still has been great improvement. Hark! There is a cry in the street: “Fire! Fire!” The firemen are coming, and they front the building, and they hoist the ladders, and they run up with the hose, and the orders are given, and the engines begin to work, and beat down the flames that smote the heavens. And the hook and ladder company with long arms of wood and fingers of iron begin to feel on the top of the hot wall and begin to pull. She moves! She rocks! Stand from under! She falls! flat as the walls of Jericho at the blast of the ram’s horns, and the excited populous clap their hands, and wave their caps, shouting “Hurrah, hurrah!”

Now, in an age like this, what will become of a man if in every nerve and muscle and bone he does not have the spirit of enthusiasm and enterprise? Why, he will drop down and be forgotten, as he ought to be. He who cannot swim in this current will drown. Young man, make up your mind what you ought to be, and then start out. And let me say, there has never been so good a time to start as just now. I care not which way you look, the world seems brightening. Open the map of the world, close your eyes, swing your finger over the map of the world, let your finger drop accidentally, and I am almost sure it will drop on a part of the world that is brightening. You open the map of the world, close your eyes, swing your finger over the map, it drops accidentally. Spain! Coming to a better form of government. What is that light breaking over the top of the Pyrenees? "The morning cometh!" You open the map of the world again, close your eyes, and swing your finger over the map. It drops accidentally. Italy! The truth going on from conquest to conquest. What is that light breaking over the top of the Alps? "The morning cometh!" You open the map of the world again, you close your eyes, and swing your finger over the map, and your finger drops accidentally. India! Juggernauts of cruelty broken to pieces by the chariot of the Gospel. What is that light breaking over the tops of Himalaya? "The morning cometh!" The army of Civilization and Christianity is made up of two wings, the English wing and the American wing. The American wing of the army of Civilization and Christianity will march across this continent. On, over the Rocky Mountains, on over the Sierra Nevada, on to the beach of the Pacific, and then right through, dry shod, to the Asiatic shore. And on across Asia, and on, and on, until it comes to the Holy Land and halts. The English wing of the army of Civilization and Christianity will move across Europe, on and on, until it comes to the Holy Land and halts. And when these two wings of the army of Civilization and Christianity shall confront each other, having encircled the world, there will go up such a shout as the world heard never: "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

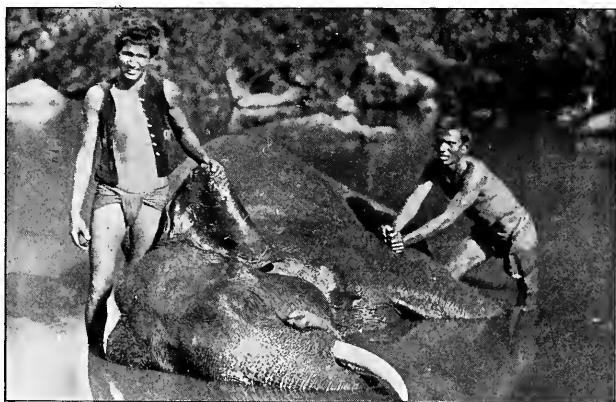
People who have not seen the tides rise at the beach do not understand them. Some man who has never before visited the seashore comes down as the tide is rising. The wave comes to a certain point and then retreats, and he says: "The tide is going out, the sea is going down." No, the tide is rising, for the next wave comes to a higher point and then recoils. He says: "Certainly, the tide is going out, and the sea is going down." No, the tide is rising, for the next wave comes to a higher point and then recoils, and to a higher,



DAVID JAMAL, OUR DRAGOMAN.

and higher and higher point until it is full tide. So, with the advance of civilization and Christianity in the world. In one decade the wave comes to a certain point and then recoils for ten or fifteen years, and people say the world is getting worse, and the tides of civilization and Christianity are going down. No, the tide is rising, for the next time the wave reaches to a still higher point and recoils, and to a still higher point and recoils, and to a higher and a higher and a higher point until it shall be full tide, and the "Earth shall be full of the knowledge of God as the waters fill the sea." At such a time you start out. There is some especial work for you to do.

I was very much thrilled, as I suppose you were, with the story of the old engineer on his locomotive crossing the Western prairie day after day and month after month. A little child would come out in front of her father's cabin and wave to the old engineer and he would wave back again. It became one of the joys of the old engineer's life, this little child coming out and waving to him and he waving back. But one day the train was belated and night came on, and by the flash of the head-light of the locomotive the old engineer saw that child on the track. She knew not her peril. She had come out to look for the old engineer. When the engineer saw the child on the track a great horror froze his soul, and he reversed the engine and leaped over on the cow-catcher, and though the train was slowing up, and slowing up, it seemed to the old engineer as if it were gaining in velocity. But, standing there on the cow-catcher, he waited for his opportunity, and with almost supernatural clutch he seized her and fell back upon the cow-catcher. The train halted, the passengers came around to see what was the matter, and there lay the old engineer on the cow-catcher, fainted dead away, the little child in his arms all unhurt. He saved her. Grand thing, you say, for the old engineer to do. Yes, just as grand a thing for you to do. There are long trains of disaster coming on toward that soul. Yonder are long trains of disaster coming on toward another soul. You go out in the strength of the Eternal God and with supernatural clutch save some one, some man, some woman, some child. You can do it.



THE ELEPHANT BATH.



## CHAPTER XIX.

### GATE OF DEPARTURE.

**A**S we entered Australia at the Sapphire Gate of Sydney, we are about to leave through the golden gate of a bright morning in Adelaide.

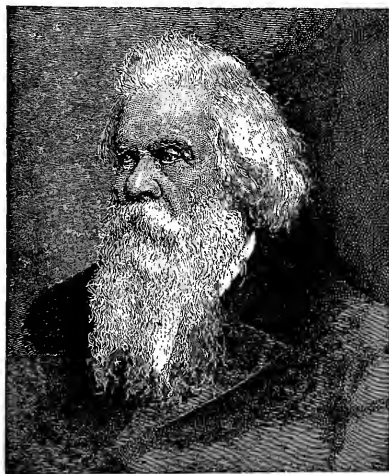
Near the end of my preaching and lecturing tour of Australia am I. It might be asked why should one in my profession not always preach and never lecture. Answer—A journey around the world properly accompanied is a very expensive journey, and I lectured to meet that expense. Beside that, the building of three immense churches in America, all of them destroyed by fire, cost much personal sacrifice. The \$16,000 I paid in cash toward those buildings and five years preaching practically without salary, and an evangelistic tour in Europe two years ago which cost me personally, \$5000, will suggest to most people the use which might be made of the moneys received for lecturing. But I have preached in all the great cities of New Zealand and Australia. Other clergymen traveling generally have their way paid by benevolent persons or societies, I pay my own expenses.

If my preaching services in Australia and New Zealand are ever described, others, for the most part, will describe them. My Sabbath at Melbourne was a type of all the Sabbaths. Passing along the great Town Hall, the largest auditorium of the city—although the preaching service was not to begin until three o'clock in the afternoon—at ten o'clock in the morning, I saw the audience gathering, ladies spreading their shawls on the stone steps to sit there until the doors were opened. When I approached the Town Hall, a little before three o'clock, I could make no progress through the streets except by the aid of the police, and it was a struggle every step of the way. Finding it impossible to get any further than the outside steps, I preached a short sermon there. By a reinforcement we finally got to the door and entered. The Moderator of the General Assembly who was to have presided did not get in at all. The service went on until nearly the close, when the mayor of the city came upon the platform to utter some words of thanks, and those who had charge of the doors opened them to let the people out, but the tide from without rushed in, and a panic would have taken place had not the organist begun to play the Doxology. This quieted everything. The mayor, however, had promised that I would preach again from the balcony, and so about a half hour afterward I spoke to the people still crowding the streets. And so it went on Sabbath after Sabbath, and I hope some good was done, but the Great Future will reveal.

As the Antipodean section of my journey is about to close, I am disposed to recall the faces of some of the more pronounced and eminent people whom I have met. Among the strong personalities of these Australian experiences is Sir Henry Norman, now Governor of Queensland, but his name is associated with the horrors of Lucknow, into which he rode with Havelock, Outram and Peel, for the rescue of the women and children imprisoned and waiting for massacre. I said to him, "Sir Henry, you are the first person I have seen who was at Lucknow. Please tell us about it." He pointed out to me on a picture in his drawing-room the meeting of the generals in India, forgetting to point himself out, until I asked which figure in the engraving was himself. As a few days after he sat before me, with his family and his suite in a great assemblage, I was almost diverted from what I was

saying to the memory of the scene through which that Scottish hero had passed. But instead of riding in full gallop, with torn epaulet and face covered with powder and blood, now he sits with countenance radiant with peace and Christian kindness. No wonder he was recently appointed by the English Government as Viceroy of India, at a salary of \$125,000 a year—the highest office in the gift of the Queen—instead of the \$25,000 he is now receiving. But after accepting the appointment and being all packed up for India—as His Ladyship told us—his boxes at the door—he withdrew his acceptance on conditions of health. No man can pass through that which he has passed through without having it tell upon his physical endurance. Great is the rejoicing all through Australia that he remains in the Governor's chair. There is no more popular Governor in all these colonies than the genial, talented, heroic, immortal and Christian, Sir Henry Norman.

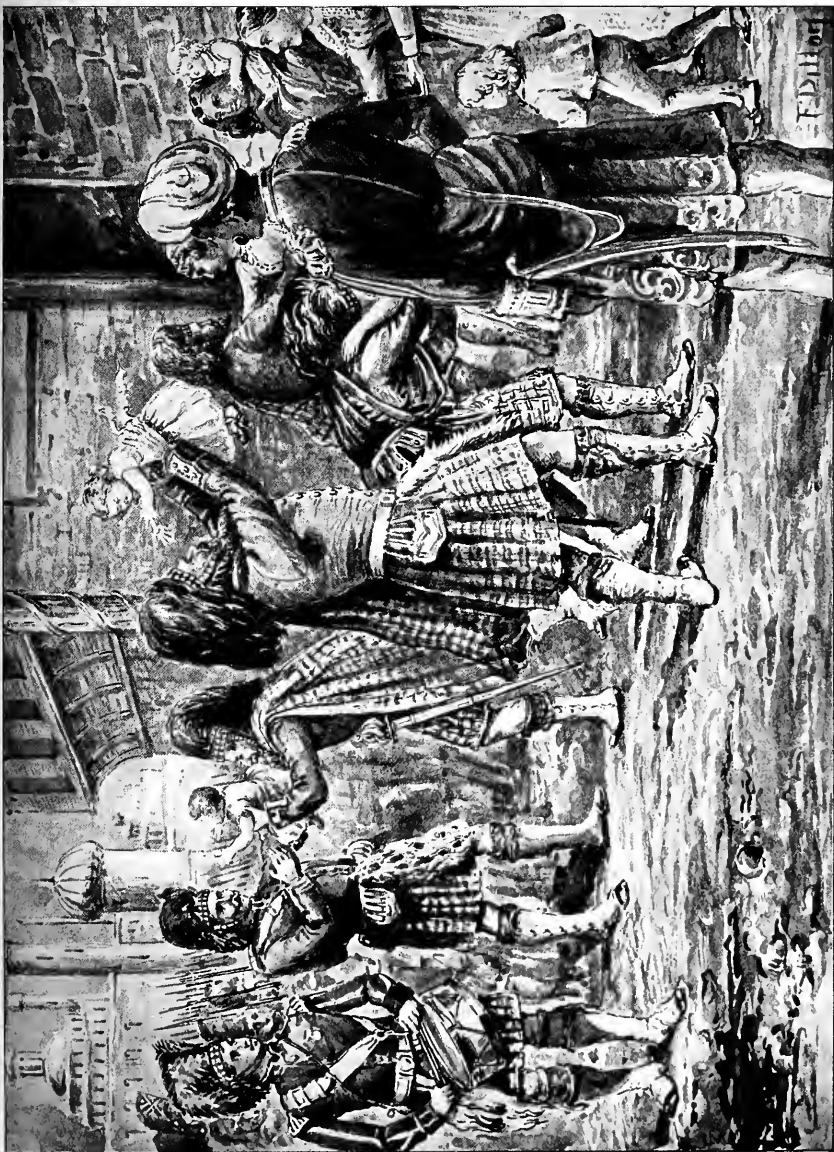
Among those who have passed a lifetime in Australia, the most marked character, the most warmly admired by many and the most bitterly hated by some, is Sir Henry Parkes.



SIR HENRY PARKES AS HE NOW APPEARS.

Coming to Australia a poor baker's boy, he afterward learned the printer's trade and soon published a newspaper of his own, setting up his own type and carrying the forms to the press on his own shoulder. He rose in influence and power until he could and did show me on the walls of his house, pictures of the men who had made up the five different governments of his fashioning. What Bismarck has been to Germany, and Gladstone to England, and Sir George Grey to New Zealand, Sir Henry Parkes has been to New South Wales. Though eighty-two years of age, he led us briskly up and down stairs in his own house on the outskirts of Sydney, showing us as many objects of interest as I ever saw in the same length of time. He unrolled to us from his autograph books, full, hearty and sympathetic letters from the Prince of Wales, and Thomas Carlyle, and Tennyson, and Cobden, and John Bright, and John Stuart Mills, and President Grant, and Cyrus W. Field, and eminent men in

all departments and all nations. Notwithstanding he is a little bent with age, and snow on his long beard would not make it any whiter, he looks as though he had years of work and command before him. He has a vivid remembrance of the honors bestowed upon him in New York by the commercial and literary magnates of America, Hon. Whitelaw Reid presiding, and the national escort afforded him across our continent from ocean to ocean. He is out of office now, but his enemies are trembling every time he takes his pen in hand, or walks up the steps of the government building. He is the kind of man nothing can keep down except his own sepulcher. Rugged, bluff, positive, assertive, defiant, volcanic, reckless of what others say or do. Had he been a soldier, he would have belonged to the cavalry and rode ahead of some "light brigade." Had he been a sailor, he would have been a Captain Cook and found some other Australia, had there been another to find. His eye, his shaggy brow, his lion-like face, his wit, two-edged, his raillery, his confidence in himself to do all that ought to be done, is something that impresses you at the time, and keeps you



THE RELIEF AT LUCKNOW.

impressed whenever you think of him. He gives himself up to his guests, until one feels he has no right to so much of the time of a busy and absorbed man. His enemies have extinguished him times without number, and still he goes on, and his opinion on everything is more sought after than the opinion of any man in Australia, whether that opinion be liked or reprehended. His name will go down in history and be associated with all the great movements connected with the welfare of these colonies. At a banquet recently given him on the eighty-second anniversary of his birthday, he uttered this beautiful sentiment about his remaining days: "Two things I know, first that the road is short, and next that it leads to unbroken rest."

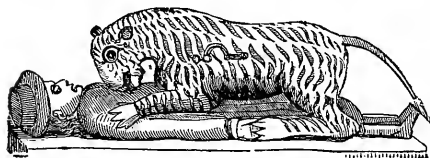
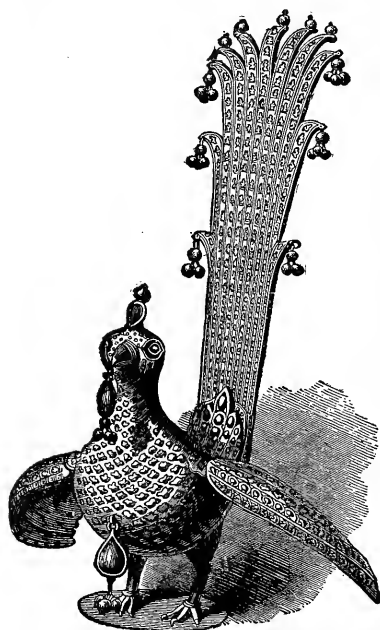
And now, as I am about to depart, I meet with the two men most honored in this colony of South Australia. The one is Chief Justice Way, the Lieutenant Governor. He is the most popular man in all the colonies, and is widely known in America, which he visited in 1892, as a delegate to the great Methodist Council at Washington. He presided with grace at my first meeting in Adelaide, and at his house he had assembled to meet me a group of gentlemen, clerical and lay, affable and talented. His house is in the midst of a garden to which nothing could be added in wealth of flowers and rare trees, and it has in the rear a fernery with rocks ingeniously scarped; and a very Minne-ha-ha of falling waters, and an ornithological collection with an infinity of chirp and carol, and chatter and song. But after we had heard his birds sing and breathed the fragrance of his garden, and looked at the pictures, and walked through his palace of a home, we bethought ourselves that after all the grandest attraction of the place is himself. He has achieved his own fortune. The son of a primitive Methodist minister, he had nothing to start with but the good example and instruction of a consecrated parentage; but he went right on and up in the legal profession to the top until there is nothing higher for him to win in these colonies. On the side of all that is elevating and good he is the pride and boast of all who know him. One such man in a nation is a conscious or unconscious lifting of the whole nation. If South Australia should by its own suffrage, or by the consent of England, become an independent nation, he would be its first president. If by federation of all the colonies there should be a union of all in one, he would be the first president of that. Long live Chief Justice Way, and may the world and the church have many more just like him!

Another vivid personage I met at this departing gate of the sea was the Earl of Kintore, Governor of South Australia. His invitation, calling me to the Executive mansion, did not remain long unanswered. One cannot help being impressed with his six feet three inches in height, straight as a Parthenon column, and with brawn of arm and blush of health resultant from fondness for outdoor sports, for the hounds love to follow him, and the steeplechase is apt to find him in stirrups or at the goal, where the lathered horses come in to be blanketed. Among my first questions when I got into the Governor's mansion, was, "Have you a picture of your father?" The Governor, without rising from where he sat, reached for a photograph and said, "That is father." Sure enough, just as I saw the late Earl of Kintore in 1879 when he presided at three of my meetings in England; one in a church, one at a philanthropic institution, and the other at Exeter Hall, on that memorable day when the body of the Prince Imperial of France was being taken through London, on its way from Portsmouth, where it had arrived by ship the day before, to Chisellhurst for burial beside his father, the Emperor Napoleon. As on that day the Earl of Kintore was introducing me to the people, in that historical auditorium, Exeter Hall, the minute-guns began to throb for the dead Prince, and the Earl impressively remarked: "We are assembled to-day to hear a lecture on 'Bright and Happy Homes,'



DR. TALMAGE ON THE DECK OF THE STEAMER CROSSING FROM CEYLON TO INDIA.

but that minute-gun reminds us of a once bright and happy home now desolate. Our sympathies are stirred for that young Prince Napoleon, who died in the service of the British Empire. God comfort his broken-hearted mother, the ex-Empress." You see, the present Earl of Kintore, now Governor of this colony, descends not from one who had nothing except the accident of birth, but from one of the noblest men Scotland ever produced. After parting from the late Earl on the streets of London in 1879, on a Monday



SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HINDOOS—AMULETS TAKEN  
FROM THE BODY OF TIPPOO SAHIB.

morning at one o'clock, just after midnight, he having taken me that night through the darkest parts of London to show me the midnight charities of which he was a patron, I said to my wife at the hotel, "You will never see Lord Kintore again, he is too good for this world. He will soon be taken." That was a September night, and in the following July he was lifted to the bright world into which he had helped so many by his beneficence and example. He was one of the dearest friends I ever had, and, except my own father, the best man I ever knew. His words at midnight in the streets of London were, "When you get to America send me a stick (meaning a cane) and let it be of American wood, and I will send you a stick from my grounds in Scotland." After my arrival in Brooklyn I received a shepherd's crook, cut from the Earl's estate, but before the cane I bought for him had arrived in Scotland the good Earl had gone to his rest. What a man he was! On week-days serving his country in the House of Lords, and on Sundays, though not a clergyman, preaching in the churches, not only the Presbyterian, the denomination to which he belonged, but in the established churches. I heard a rector of the Church of England chide him for not coming to speak in his cathedral the Sabbath before. What a strange sensation I experienced when I received from the good Earl a message, months after his death, not by spiritualistic conveyance, but through an American clergyman, who was in Scotland when the Earl gave him the message and did not return to America until some time afterward. It will be easily understood why I should be interested in the present Earl of Kintore, and why he received me with so much cordiality at his South Australian gubernatorial residence. The present Earl, whom I accompanied to the cathedral on Sabbath night, and with whom I afterward dined, is as stout an English churchman as his father was a stout Presbyterian; but, as Archbishop Leighton, the Anglican prelate, and John Knox, the reformer, are probably spending the Sabbath together in heaven, it ought not to startle us that the present Earl of Kintore is a devout worshiper

under the forms and ceremonies at which Jeannie Geddies hurled the foot-stool when they were read in her hearing.

And now, I turn my face toward the sea. Indeed the steamship *Massilia*, of the "Peninsular and Oriental Line," is now panting in the open roadstead of Adelaide, waiting for passengers. For two months I have had an unmingled delight with the audiences of New Zealand and Australia. I have waded through kindness, chin deep. If one-half the "God bless yous" are answered, I will be the happiest man on earth. Every night, except when traveling, I spoke from an hour and a half to two hours, and generally addressed the clergy of the different cities Monday mornings. I have been encouraged, solemnized, helped, and rejoiced more than I can tell. May the richest blessings of God abide on all these colonies, whether they come into grand confederation as many expect, or stand alone, each one fulfilling its mission. I hear the clang of the opening doors of prosperity such as the most sanguine political prophets have never yet foretold. With a heart full of gratitude to these people who are seeing me off, and a prayer to Him who walks the sea, and holds the wind in his fist, I step aboard the ocean steamer. A long, last, affectionate, and prayerful good-bye to Australia.



COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BURMESE ARMY IN COURT DRESS.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE ISLE OF PALMS.

THE Indian Ocean spread out both palms of its hands to pass us over from Australia to Ceylon. For the first two or three days it jolted us up and down like a rough nurse, to hint what it could do if it liked. But soon it became a quiet swing that put us under everlasting obligation, our ship running a new furrow across a new field blue as violets, that furrow soon to disappear as did all the other furrows of the deep. This international chariot moves along the streets of sapphire, but leaves no rut, and the horses of steam-power trample the royal pavement, leaving no sign of hoof during the long voyage of two weeks. We put out under the direction of a little finger in a compass box, and for fourteen days and nights the Titan engine, and the revolving screw, and the lives on board of a ship of nearly 5000 tons, obey the movement of that little finger. Straight as an arrow from shore to shore. We had on board a good bishop of the Church of England on the way to his new bishopric; a distinguished general of the English army who is returning from a furlough; merchants who, having made all the money they can make in Australia, or lost until they have no more to lose, are going home, that home in Europe or America. The captain, the officers, the crew, did their best to make everything agreeable. This Peninsular and Oriental Navigation Company leave nothing undone for the safety and comfort of the passengers. Musical instruments; electric lights; healthful bill of fare; competent libraries; cleanliness; prompt service, abolished as far as possible the tedium of the sea voyage. The fire-bell has rung twice during the voyage, and there has been a rush of the crew, some with the fire hose, and some with pails of water, and others with boxes containing food for the life-boats. But it was only an appointed drill of the service, and there was no fire at all. This alarm, though a little startling at the time, gave new assurance of the safety of the passengers when we found that every emergency was provided for.

But what a long voyage it was! No one who has not undertaken a journey around the world can appreciate how far it is. The two distances which most impress us in this globe-encircling journey are from San Francisco to Auckland, and from Australia to Ceylon. And then a feeling of home-sickness comes on,—that strange sensation that no one can describe; and the farther from home, the more intense and desolating. "I wonder what they are doing now at home?" "I wonder if any of them are sick?" "I wonder if we will all meet again in the familiar place?" "I wonder if they will be on the docks to greet us?" "How peculiar that we have not heard from them!" "I wonder how those letters happened to get astray?" "How strange that they do not write!" "I wish it were all over!" "With so much of absorbing interest yet to see, the place that I most want to see—home, with the home faces!"

But we brush away all such sentiments, for we are soon to enter the island of Ceylon. With what spirit shall we enter it? Some step ashore as hunters. The boxes carried ashore by the coolies are full of guns, traps, tents, ropes, cups and platters for extemporized breakfasts, weapons by which to take elephants, deer, bears and tigers. I can hear the tree branches crackle, and the tramping of wild beasts of the forest, and the splash into the lakes of the roebuck with the hounds close after it. I can see the trees at the door of the mountain hut hung with the dressed-meat quarters. I can see the struggle between leopard



and sportsman, now the prospect that the sportsman will slay the leopard, and now the probability that the leopard will slay the sportsman. Nights with stars looking down into lakes that have never been stirred of an oar, and jungles through which firearms have never resounded. Sound asleep with panther hide for a pillow. Early morning with richly-scented balsams, and violets, and foxgloves, and harebells, and cinnamon gardens, and wild nutmeg; and awakened by the voices of chattering squirrel, and the buzz of enough insects to confound entomology, and a heaven full of aviaries. Then after a morning repast, with appetite sharpened by excursions of many days through trackless woods, the hunter starts for the kennel to find all the hounds straining to get loose, spinning round and round in vortex of delight. Down, Tray! Back with you, Sweetheart! Hush, Blanchard! Now, all out! Burying their noses in the moss of the bank; then the pack



WEIGHING THE EMPEROR IN THE DEWAN KHASS, INDIA.

Before the conquest of India by the Mohammedans, it was the custom to weigh the Emperor annually in the Hall of Audience, or throne room, in the palace at Delhi. His weight was counterbalanced by gold, silver, precious stones and perfumed woods, which were afterward distributed as charities among his deserving subjects.

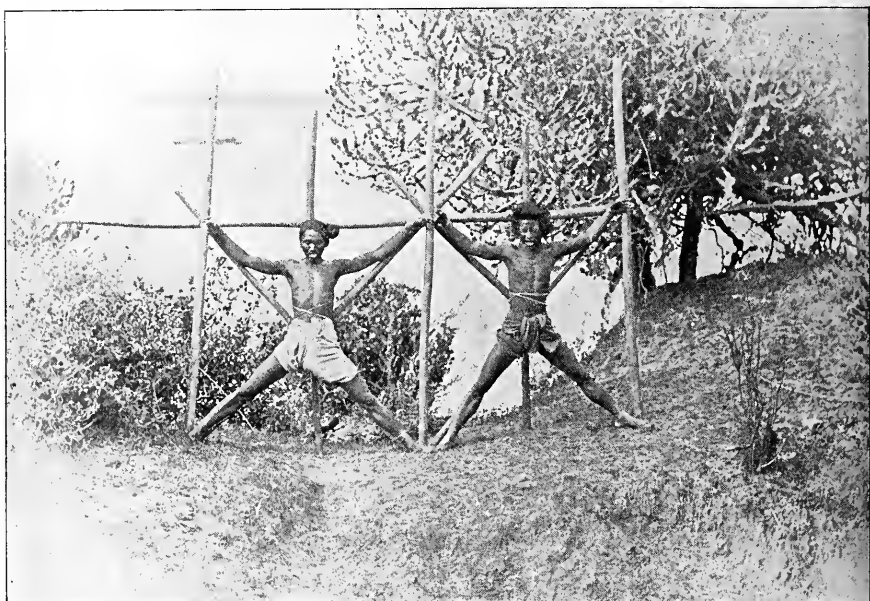
in full cry, their clangor sounding through the dark aisle of the forest. Oh, there must be health in such sport! and I congratulate all who land in Ceylon as hunters.

But others will go as naturalists. The sun with its intensification of heat, and the air with its superabundance of moisture, producing in Ceylon more life, and on a larger scale, than any other region I know of. Life everywhere, winged life, scaly life, tusked life, finny life, reptilian life, insectile life. Warmth is life, and cold is death; and the colder it is the more death, and the warmer it is the more life. Life in herds; life in flocks; life in shells; life in clouds; throbbing, glittering, burning, crouching, hissing, singing, roaring life. I congratulate entomologists, ichthyologists, ornithologists, conchologists, zoologists landing in Ceylon.

Others will land in this island as lovers of human kind, as moralists and religionists.

I gave my pennies in boyhood toward the evangelization of Ceylon. The fidelity and self-sacrifice of the men and women who here have told the Christly story for the last sixty years, is a matter of thrilling history and of celebrative anthem in the high places angelic.

There are two things I want most to see on this island: a heathen temple with its devotees in idolatrous worship, and an audience of Cingalese addressed by a Christian missionary. The entomologist may have his capture of brilliant insects; and the sportsman his tent adorned with antler of red deer and tooth of wild boar; and the painter his portfolio of gorge three thousand feet down, and of days dying on evening pillows of purple cloud etched with fire; and the botanist his camp full of orchids, and crowfoots, and gentians, and valerian, and lotus.



MODERN CRUCIFIXION OF CRIMINALS IN INDIA.

I want most to find out the moral and religious triumphs,—how many wounds have been healed; how many sorrows comforted; how many entombed nations resurrected. Sir William Baker, the famous explorer and geographer, did well for Ceylon after his eight years' residence in this island, and Professor Ernst Heckel, the professor from Jena, did well when he swept these waters, and rummaged these hills, and took home for future inspection the insects of this tropical air. And forever honored be such work: but let all that is sweet in rhythm, and graphic on canvas, and imposing in monument, and immortal in memory be brought to tell the deeds of those who were heroes and heroines for Christ's sake.

But we must not anticipate. Here we are! Land, ho! What is it? Ceylon. Along a low ridge of shore it rises out of the sea, with here and there a light-house growing dim



COLOSSAL IDOL OF BUDDHA, NEAR KAMAKURA, JAPAN.

The largest bronze idol in the world is the one shown in the photograph, which represents Buddha, a gigantic image twenty miles from Yokohama, in Japan. The figure itself, though in a sitting posture, is 44 feet high, and including the terrace is 65 feet high. It is made of bronze plates nicely joined together, and the head is covered with an imitation of snail shells to protect it from the sun. This monstrous idol was set up about 600 years ago, but though exposed to the weather for so many centuries it still stands unharmed by time.

under the rising glow of the greater light-house of the sky. At every stir of the screw the shores become more prominent, springing into hills, rolling into more height, and into mountains breaking off into precipices. Hovering over the island are clouds thick and black as the superstitions which have hovered here for centuries; but the morning sun breaking through like the Gospel light which is to scatter the last cloud of moral gloom. The sea lay along the coast calm as the eternal purposes of God toward all islands and continents. We swing into the harbor of Colombo, which is made by a break-water built at vast expense. As we floated into it the water is black with boats of all sizes, and manned by people of all colors, but chiefly Tamils and Cingalese. There were at least ten boats for each passenger that wanted to go ashore. It did not take long for us to get aboard a craft with five men to row and one to manage the rudder, and all determined to persuade us that we had chosen the right boat, and that if we wanted any other service during the day they were the only persons to whom we could safely entrust ourselves.

The first thing was a place to find clothing appropriate to the climate. We had come from the winter of Australia, and here we were in the land of perpetual summer. We doffed the black and put on the white, and submerged ourselves under a hat higher and broader than we had ever seen, one of those edifices built in defiance of the tropical sun. Yet, after the heat of the day had passed, we started out in as new a world as would be to us Saturn, or Mars, or Jupiter, or Mercury.

Among the first places visited was a Buddhist college, about one hundred men studying to become priests gathered around the teachers. Stepping into the building where the high-priest was instructing the class, we took on an apologetic air and told him we were Americans, and would like to see his mode of teaching if he had no objections; whereupon he began, doubled up as he was on a lounge with his right hand playing with his toes. In his left hand he held a package of bamboo leaves on which were written the words of the lesson, each student holding a similar package of bamboo leaves. The high-priest first read and then one of his students read. A group of as finely-formed young men as I ever saw surrounded the venerable instructor. The last word of each sentence was intoned. There was in the whole scene an earnestness which impressed me. Not able to understand a word of what was said, there is a look of language and intonation that is the same among all races. That the Buddhists have full faith in their religion no one can doubt. That is, in their opinion, the way to heaven. What Mohammed is to the Mohammedan, and what Christ is to the Christian, Buddha is to the Buddhist.

We waited for a pause in the recitation, and then, expressing our thanks, retired.

Near by is a Buddhist temple, on the altar of which, before the image of Buddha, are offerings of flowers. As night was coming on we came up to a Hindoo temple. First we were prohibited going farther than the outside steps, but we gradually advanced until we could see all that was going on inside. The worshipers were making obeisance. The tom-toms were wildly beaten, and shrill pipes were blown, and several other instruments were in full bang and blare, and there was an indescribable hubbub, and the most laborious style of worship I had ever seen or heard. The dim lights, and the jargon, and the gloom, and the fitting figures mingled for eye and ear a horror which it is difficult to shake off.

All this was only suggestive of what would there transpire after the toilers of the day had ceased work and had time to appear at the temple. That such things should be supposed to please the Lord, or have any power to console or help the worshipers, is only another mystery in this world of mysteries. But we came away saddened with the spectacle, a

sadness which did not leave us until we arrived at a place where a Christian missionary was preaching in the street to a group of natives.

I had that morning expressed a wish to witness such a scene, and here it was. Standing on an elevation the good man was addressing the crowd. All was attention, and silence, and reverence. A religion of relief and joy was being commended, and the dusky faces were illumined with the sentiments of pacification and reinforcement. It was the rose of Sharon after walking among nettles. It was the morning light after a thick darkness. It was the Gospel after Hinduism.

Asked to speak, my address was rendered into two languages by interpreters, first into Cingalese and then into Tamil. Sentence by sentence, each sentence three times uttered. Strange, weird and solemn occasion.

Going back to our hotel, we waited there until nearly eight o'clock, when we were taken to the preaching services to the old historical church, once the Reformed Dutch Church when the Hollanders held Ceylon, but now a Presbyterian Church, presided over by a minister from Scotland. The church was built in the year 1749, and is now, as then, a graceful and majestic structure; an imposing cruciform; on its walls entablatures to the Dutch Governors who used there to worship, and until the time when the English took possession. The Dutch Governors are buried beneath the floor of this church. To my surprise, the great church was thronged, although our steamer did not arrive until ten o'clock that morning and the service was not announced until after twelve. How startled I was on opening the Psalm Book that night at the beginning of the service to find the words, "Reformed Dutch Church;" for that was the name of the church in which I was baptized and received into membership, and ordained into the ministry. So they stand side by side: Church of Christ, and Temple of Buddha. Pillar of light, and colossus of gloom. The one proposing to cheer in this world and then give transportation to a world of radiant explanation, to go no more out forever, and the other a transformation from creature to creature, and a revolving wheel, and a passing on until personal existence is swallowed up as a drop of water is swallowed up of the sea—side by side those religions stand in Ceylon; midnight and midnight!

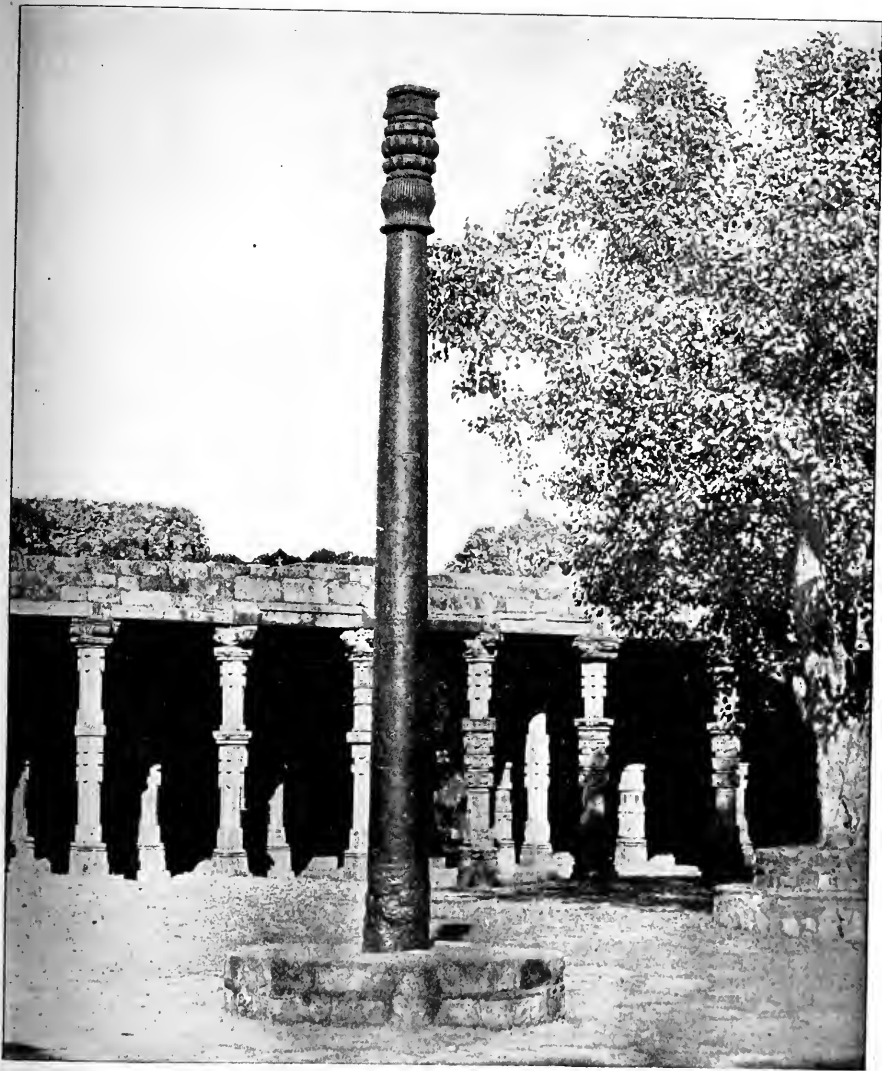
## CHAPTER XXI.

### RELIGIONS GOOD AND BAD.

TWO processions I saw in this city within one hour, the first led by a Hindu priest, a huge pot of flowers on his head, his face disfigured with holy lacerations, and his unwashed followers beating as many discords from what are supposed to be musical instruments as at one time can be induced to enter the human ear. The procession halted at the door of the huts. The occupants came out and made obeisance and presented small contributions. In return therefor, the priest sprinkled ashes upon the children who came forward; this evidently a form of benediction. Then the procession, led on by the priest, started again; more noise, more ashes, more genuflexion. However keen one's sense of the ludicrous, he could find nothing to excite even a smile in the movements of such a procession. Meaningless, oppressive, squalid, filthy, sad.

Returning to our carriage, we rode on for a few moments, and we came on another procession—a kindly lady leading groups of native children, all clean, bright, happy, laughing. They were a Christian school out for exercise. There seemed as much intelligence, refinement and happiness in that regiment of young Cingalese as you would find in the ranks of any young ladies' seminary being chaperoned on their afternoon walk through Central Park, New York, or Hyde Park, London. The Hindu procession illustrated on a small scale something of what Hinduism can do for the world. The Christian procession illustrated on a small scale something of what Christianity can do for the world. But those two processions were only fragments of the two greater processions ever marching across our world. The procession blasted of superstition and the procession blessed of Gospel light. I saw them to-day in Ceylon. They are to be seen in all nations. Nothing is of more thrilling interest than the Christian achievements in this island. The Episcopal Church was here the national church, but disestablishment has taken place, and since Mr. Gladstone's accomplishment of that fact in 1880, all denominations are on equal platform, and all are doing mighty work. America is second to no other nation in what has been done for Ceylon. Since 1816 she has had her religious agents in the Jaffna Peninsula of Ceylon. The Spauldings, the Howlands, the Doctors Poor, the Saunders and others just as good and strong have been fighting back monsters of superstition and cruelty greater than any monsters that ever swung the tusk or roared in the jungles.

An assistant master in the Royal College has taken the trouble to write out for me authenticated statistics which are not dull figures, but resounding anthems. The American missionaries have given especial attention to medical institutions, and are doing wonders in the driving back of the horrors of heathen surgery. Cases of suffering were formerly given over to the devil-worshippers and such tortures inflicted as may not be described. In cases of accouchment, for three days the poor woman was kept suspended by ropes reaching to the roof, so that gravitation might do the work of relief. This failing, the patient was trampled by the feet of the attendants. The crisis past, the patient was laid on the floor and pails of cold water were dashed upon the sufferer, and it is only of God's mercy that there is a living mother in Ceylon. Oh, how much Ceylon wants doctors and the native



THE IRON PILLAR, NEAR DELHI.

This is one of the wonders of India, a shaft of mixed metal resembling bronze, sixteen inches in diameter and rising to a height of 30 feet above ground. Archæologists have tried to find its base, but though they excavated to a depth of 26 feet the foundation was not reached. It is known to have stood in silent mystery for more than 1500 years, and yet the inscriptions and metal are as bright as though new. The Hindoos say it was the club that Ilsema wielded, and the Buddhists declare that it pierces the entire depth of the earth and rests upon the head of Vasuki, the gigantic snake that supports the world. It is regarded as the palladium of Hindoo dominion.

classes of medical students such as were established here by Samuel Fish Green, providing the alleviations, and kindly ministries, and scientific acumen that can be found in American and English hospitals.

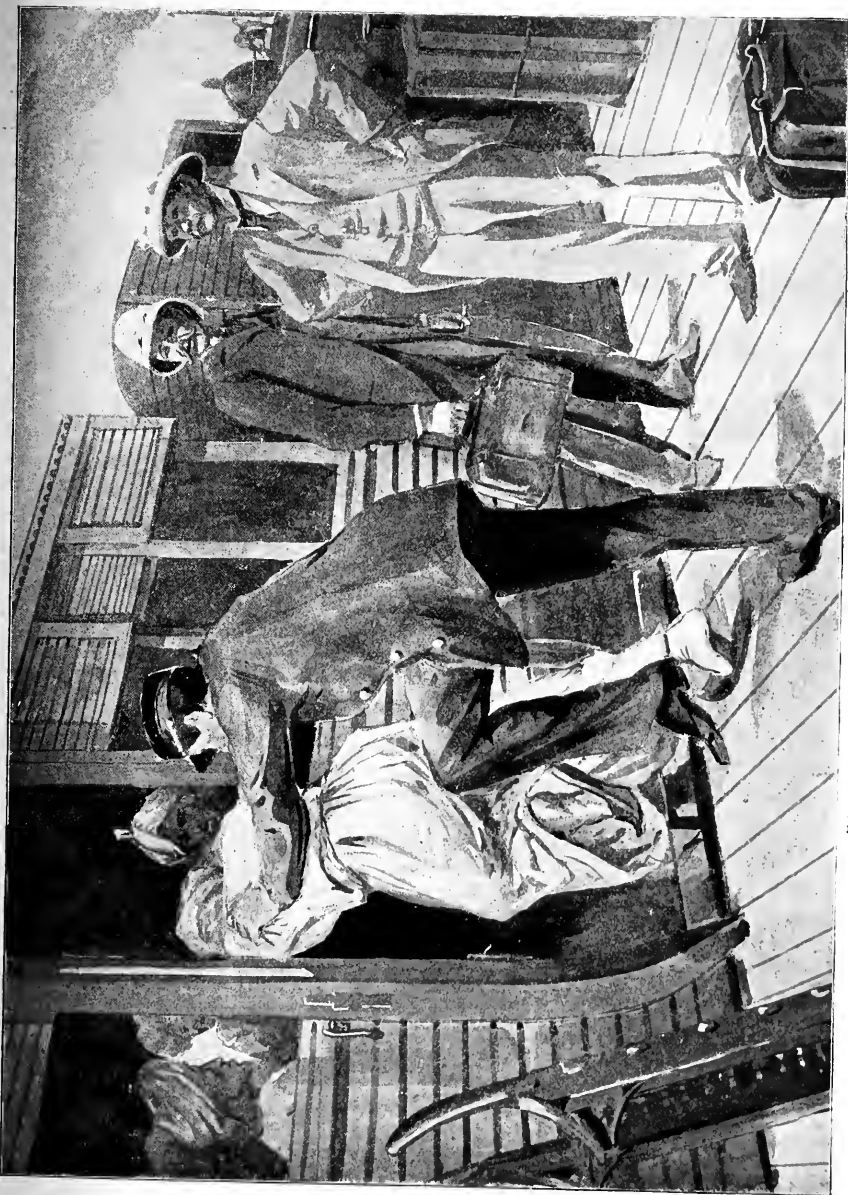
In Ceylon 132 American schools; 213 Church of England schools; 234 Wesleyan schools; 234 Roman Catholic schools. Ah! the schools decide most everything. Churches here, and almost everywhere, are making prolonged effort to do in ten, or twenty, or forty years that which the school might have done in a week, if it had begun in time. How suggestive the incident that came to me this morning. In a school under the care of the Episcopal Church two boys were converted to Christ, and were to be baptized. An intelligent Buddhist boy said in the school that all the boys on Buddha's side were to come to this side of the room, and all the boys on Christ's side to go to the other side of the room. All the boys except two went on Buddha's side, and when the two boys who were to be baptized, were scoffed at and derided, one of them yielded and returned to Buddha's side. But after a while that boy was sorry that he had yielded to the persecution and when the day of baptism came, stood up beside the boy who remained firm. Some one said to the boy who had vacillated in his choice between Christ and Buddha: "You are a coward and not fit for either side." But he replied, "I was overcome of temptation, but I repent and believe." Then both boys were baptized, and from that time the Anglican mission moved on more and more vigorously. We express no preference for the work of any of the great denominations. They have all done a work that will last forever. The Wesleyans have been gloriously busy in all parts of Ceylon, building altars and saving the people. The native churches, self-supporting now, stand where stood the missions once entirely dependent upon England. The Episcopal Church has had here some of its most talented and consecrated bishops, and her sublime liturgies sound now in places where nothing more elevating was heard than the groan of besotted idolatries. Here Reverend William Oakley toiled in Ceylon Mission fifty-three years without once going home to his native England. The Baptist Church has preceded all other Protestant missions in this island, and dipped her candidates into these lakes and rivers in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

According to the document put in my hand in this city, there are now in Ceylon:

Christians . . . . .	267,977
Buddhists . . . . .	1,698,070
Hindus . . . . .	593,630
Mohammedans . . . . .	197,775
Others . . . . .	2,286
Making . . . . .	2,759,738

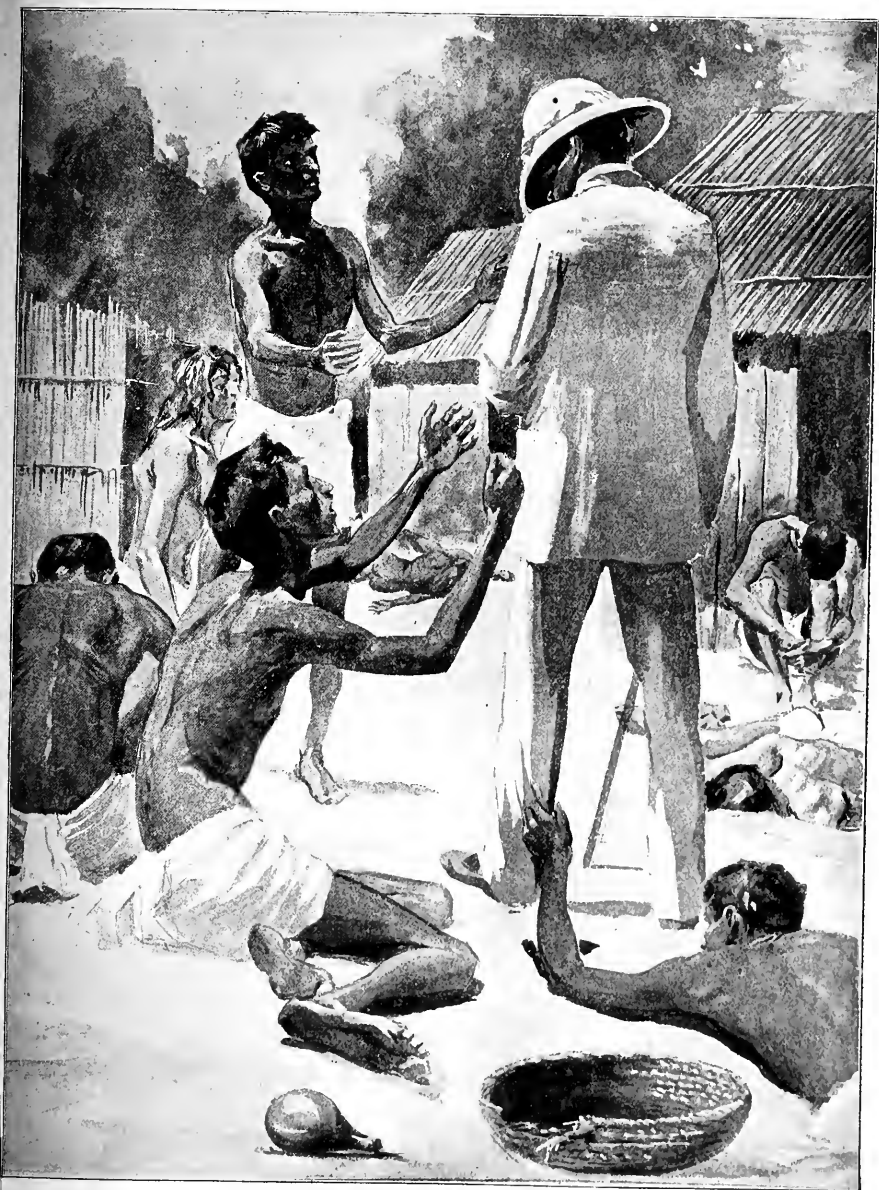
These figures suggest the magnitude of the work accomplished, and the greater magnitude of the work yet to be done. More than anything else it impresses me with the fact that if the Christian religion is not a supernatural religion it will never conquer this world. The Buddhists are in vast majority. The Hindus in vast majority. They were entrenched long ages before Christ was born. They have the advantage of being advocated by some of the most brilliant and learned men of all time. Take up a book of their proverbs, and see that we have to contend not against imbeciles, but against principalities and powers. Read also some of the sentiments of their religion, and find that they equal Christianity in excellence. Buddhism has received reinforcement in recent times from Theosophy, the religion of moonshine, the religion of cranks, a religion advocated by those who can find but little to admire in the religion of Christ which purifies the life, and





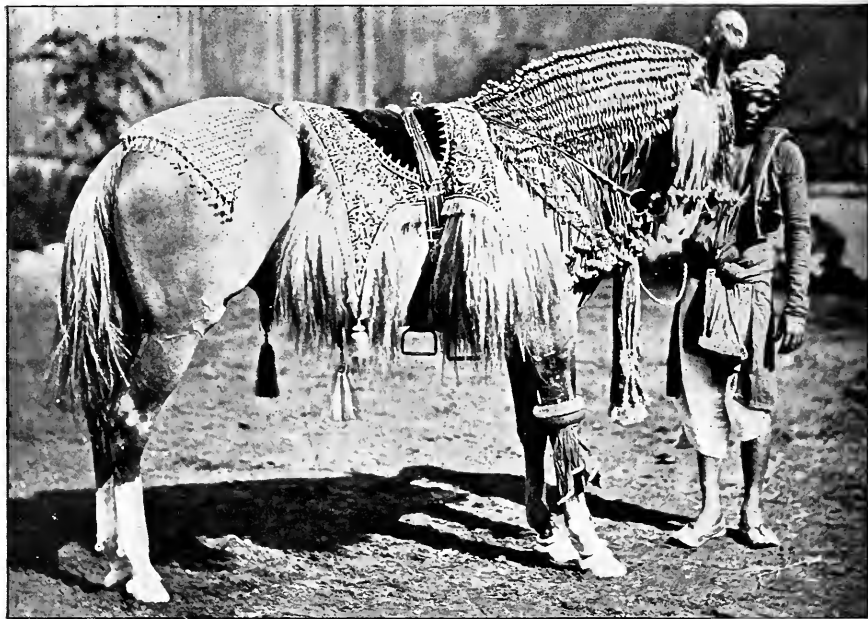
TUMBLING AN OLD BRAHMIN INTO A THIRD-CLASS COACH.

establishes home, and advances civilization, and the wiseacres have plunged through the jungles of two thousand years to find their favorite god amid the buried cities of Ceylon. Some representatives of the British Government have also helped a revival of Buddhism. The priests of that religion are more honored here in Ceylon on grand religious occasions than the representatives of any other religion. And, more than all, the birthday of Buddha is now made a public holiday, as much as Christmas celebrates the birth of our Saviour, and this under the flag of the best Christian Queen among the nations. Ye spirits of the men and women who, born under the shadow of the kirk of Scotland, or within sound of the English cathedral rolling its doxology heavenward, or who, baptized in the waters of the Hudson, or Ohio, or the Savannah, came here to toil, and suffer, and die for Christ's sake, tell us from your thrones, what think you of this? At near the close of the nineteen centuries which have passed since the meteoric finger pointed to the straw pillow in Bethlehem, we have to confront the fact that while there are in the island of Ceylon 267,000 Christians, there are 2,489,000 Buddhists, Hindus and Moham-medans. Nothing but the supernatural in the Christian religion can ever overcome that fearful odds. Behold, then, the responsibility of those critics of our time who would eliminate the supernatural and make the Christian religion a human affair, to be advanced only by human thought, and dependent upon human machinery! We are, in the attempt to evangelize Ceylon, engaged in attempting an impossibility, unless we have the help of the One who can divide the sea, and make the sun and moon stand still, and cause a shadow to go back on the dial, and set up a pillar of fire over the wilderness. But the victory is coming. The most of our artillery is in the heavens, and in due time it will be unlimbered. "We must do our part and God will do His part. I believe the Mosaic account of the creation, and the geological account. It took millions of years to get out the timber for building this world, and hauling it to the right spot, but it took only six days to put on it the finishing touch to make it the fit residence for the bride and groom of Paradise. So the material for the reconstruction of our destroyed world may be a long while in gathering, and centuries of Christian and missionary effort may be requisite, but when the right time comes, it will require only a few years, and perhaps only a few days, to make it a fit residence for our Lord when He comes to take by the hand the Church which is the Lamb's wife. In the meanwhile, what an amazement the Christian world must be to Buddhists and Hindus. One of them said to the captain of our ship: "India is a great big country, and 500,000,000 inhabitants, but we have only two religions. England is an island with less than 100,000,000, and you have so many religions I cannot count them." No doubt that Buddhist merely stated a mystery that must fill the minds of many of the natives of Ceylon and India. Presbyterians come here to Colombo and tell the natives that as soon as they are converted they must be baptized by sprinkling. The Baptists tell them that as soon as they are converted they ought to be immersed. The Wesleyans tell them that in the churches they may approach God in any reverential and spontaneous, and unpremeditated way they choose. The Anglicans tell them they ought to confine themselves in public worship to the prayer-book and such forms as the Church of England decrees. The Roman Catholic Church comes in with its imposing rituals and proclaims the head of the Church is at Rome, and you must cross yourself with holy water, and let her lead your worship in Latin. From so much original and diverse advice I have no doubt many of them fall back upon the old religion and say: "Buddha's religion we understand, and it tells us just how to do, and it tells just the same thing, and to Buddha hereafter we will repair."



FAMINE SCENES IN AN EAST INDIAN CITY.

There are only two things certain: the one is that the patient is very sick, and the other is that there are ten or eleven doctors in the room, each one with a different prescription. Who knows but that under some especial baptism of power from on high, which shall reach all beliefs and all organizations, there may be found for missionary purposes a combination of all the present hundred sects, and taking the hint of apostolic times, each church shall take the name of the locality where it works, and as in Pauline, Peterine and Johannian times it was "Church of Smyrna," or "Church of Thyatira," or "Church of Ephesus," or "Church of Philadelphia," it shall be the Church of Ceylon, the Church of India, the Church of China, the Church of Sumatra, the Church of Borneo? That church shall be in its worship both liturgical and spontaneous; part of the service read so as best



A STATE HORSE OF INDIA.

to express the feelings of those who prefer that mode, and part extemporaneous to express the feelings aroused by the peculiar circumstances of that day, and there shall be on one side of the pulpit a font, and on the other a baptistery; a stone cup for those who would consecrate themselves to God under the falling of the morning dew, and a brazen sea for those who wish in most emphatic mode to have signalized that all their sins are washed away. In those days there will be such a complete submergence from generous, and holy, and self-sacrificing influence, that the mere technicalities of religion will dwindle into the infinitesimal, until it will take the most powerful microscope of the double-dyed bigot to see them at all. And Zoroaster, and Buddha, and Mahomet will be honored for the good they accomplished, and pitied for the evil they inaugurated. But Christ shall be all in all.

Events and dates that are now perhaps uncelebrated and perhaps not noticed at all, will loom up into their deserved importance; such as, 1749, A. D., the Wolvendal Presbyterian Church erected here at Colombo, and the New Testament translated into Tamil; 1796, the Pentateuch translated into Tamil; 1812, Auxiliary Bible Society instituted, a Baptist Mission commenced in Ceylon; 1814, Wesleyan Mission commenced; 1815, first Sunday-school opened by the Wesleyan missionaries; 1816, American Mission commenced in Ceylon; 1818, Episcopal missionaries arrived; 1833, Cotta translation of the Bible in Cingalese; 1845, Ceylon constituted an Episcopal See; 1869, the Presbytery of Ceylon established by the ministers of the Church of Scotland; 1874, a religious conference of Protestants held in Colombo, which led to the establishment of the Ceylon Christian Alliance and the formation of the Sunday-School Union.

Surely such events are worthy of commemoration, and the time will come when they will make more impression on the mind and heart of the world than the number of pounds of tea and chips of cinnamon shipped from Ceylon annually. But there is at present a great set-back to the Christianization and moralization of Ceylon, and that is in the liquor traffic. Buddhists, according to their religion, must not take strong drink, but multitudes of them do take it, and the presence of so many foreigners who are perpetually under stimulants is so debasing that it is uncertain whether foreign nations are doing most for civilization or the destruction of Ceylon. One million three hundred thousand rupees are spent annually by Government and by foreign and local organizations for educational and classical purposes in Ceylon; 1,300,000 rupees are spent annually in Ceylon for strong drink; 1,300,000 rupees for gospelization; 1,300,000 rupees for individual, social and national degradation.

But our hope is in the God who made the Cingalese as well as the American, and He can as easily manage them in the mass as He can individually; and if God can lift the tides at Liverpool Docks twenty feet with the slender silver thread of the moonbeam, surely He can lift all nations by the omnipotence of His love! The long, bright, dazzling flash of the lightning on the summer sky may be only the pulling of the sword a little from His scabbard as if in preparation for the time when He will entirely unsheathe it and strike for the setting of all nations free. And the thunder that rolls from these July heavens may be the rumble of the chariot of the Almighty as His harnessed purposes are being fastened to it for His descent along the sapphire steeps when He shall come forth conquering and to conquer.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### THE CINGALESE.

**M**ONOTONOUS is an adjective of no use in this island. The scene changes every minute. The busiest hour on Broadway, New York, or the Strand of London, is not more lively and spirited than the chief streets here. First of all, the most interesting study is that of the people themselves. Brown as the coffee they raise are the Cingalese. The man's hair is worn long and coiled on the top of his head. Conspicuously on the sides and the back of his head is a comb. It is made of the shell of the tortoise. The tortoise is hung over a fire until his shell falls off. Obtained in this cruel way the shells are said to be of superior quality. The man must wear this comb, though for reasons it may be covered up. I said to my barber on shipboard: "Are you a Cingalese?" He replied: "Yes." Then I said to him: "Where is your comb?" He said: "It is covered." The woman fastens her hair with pins. To an American the men and women of Ceylon look very much alike. Embarrassing mistakes are sometimes made by an Englishman or American, supposing he is waited upon by a man-servant when the attendant is a maid-servant; or by a lady of other lands supposing she is waited on by a maid-servant when the attendant is a man-servant. The faces of the masculine Cingalese are for the most part not only effeminate, but delicately beautiful. The smile has its home on almost every face. They are a cheery race, and do more of the business of happiness on a small capital than any other people I ever saw. The streets are thronged with these frisking, skipping, running, gleeful folk. Many of them have lips blood-red with betel-nut which they chew incessantly and without any reference to the cleanly or picturesque. Into the betel leaf is wrapped frequently the areca nut and a sprinkle of lime, and then it is vigorously chewed. The compound thus chewed is said to be good for the teeth. I am glad it is good for something. Universal expectation. They all have something to sell; or they will sing for you a song; or they will perform a dance; or they will astound you with some sleight-of-hand; or they will open your carriage-door; or they will help you out, or help you in; of all of them voluble with the superiority of their own services to that of any other service.

But all up and down the streets you find the Tamils, whose ancestors came over from India. Their heads are shaven and always covered with a turban in the presence of their superior. The Tamils are a swarthier race than the Cingalese. They look as if they could do more work and that is their reported characteristic.

But passing up and down the streets of Ceylon you find all styles of people within five minutes: Afghans, Kaffirs, Portuguese, Moormen, Dutch, English, Scotch, Irish, American; all classes, all dialects, all manners and customs, all styles of salaam. The most interesting thing on earth is the human race, and specimens of all branches of it confront you in Ceylon. The island of the present is a quiet and inconspicuous affair compared with what it once was. The dead cities of Ceylon were larger and more imposing than are the living cities. On this island are dead New Yorks, and dead Pekins, and dead Edinburghs, and dead Londons. Ever and anon at the stroke of the archæologist's hammer the tomb of some great municipality flies open, and there are other buried cities that will yet respond to



BRAHMIN WEDDING.

the explorer's pick-axe. The Pompeii and Herculaneum underneath Italy are small compared with the Pompeiis and Herculaneums underneath Ceylon. Yonder is an exhumed city which was founded five hundred years before Christ, standing in Pompeian splendor for twelve hundred years. Stairways up which fifty men might pass side by side. Carved pillars, some of them fallen, some of them a-slant, some of them erect. Phidiases and Christopher Wrens never heard of, here performed the marvels of sculpture and architecture. Aisles through which royal processions marched. Arches under which kings were carried. City with reservoir twenty miles in circumference. Extemporized lakes that did their cooling and refreshing for twelve centuries. Ruins more suggestive than Melrose and Kenilworth. Ceylonian Karnaks and Luxors. Ruins retaining much of grandeur, though wars bombarded them and Time put his chisel on every block, and, more than all, vegetation thrust its fingers, and pries, and wrenches into all the crevices. Dagobas, or places where relics of saints or deities are kept. Dagobas four hundred feet high, and their fallen material burying precious things for the sight of which modern curiosity has dugged and blasted in vain. Procession of elephants in imitation, wrought into lustrous marble. Troops of horses in full run. Shrines, chapels, cathedrals wrecked on the mountain-side. Stairs of moonstone. Exquisite scrolls rolling up more mysteries than will ever be unrolled. Over sixteen square miles, the ruins of one city strewn. Throne rooms on which sat 165 kings, reigning in authority they inherited. Walls that witnessed coronations, assassinations, subjugations, triumphs. Altars at which millions bowed ages before the orchestras celestial woke the shepherds with midnight overture.

When Lieutenant Skinner, in 1832, discovered the site of some of these cities, he found congregated in them undisturbed assemblages of leopards, porcupines, flamingoes and pelicans; reptiles sunning themselves on the altars; prima donnas rendering ornithological chant from deserted music halls. One king restored much of the grandeur; rebuilt 1500 residences; but ruin soon resumed its sceptre. Now all is down; the spires down; the pillars down; the tablets down; the glory of splendid arches down. What killed those cities? Who slew the New York and London of the year 500 B. C.? Was it unhealthful with a host of plagues? Was it foreign armies laying siege? Was it whole generations weakened by their own vices? Mystery sits amid the monoliths and brick dust, finger on lip in eternal silence while the centuries guess and guess in vain. We simply know that genius planned those cities, and immense populations inhabited them. An eminent writer estimates that a pile of bricks in one ruin would be enough to build a wall ten feet high from Edinburgh to London. Sixteen hundred pillars with carved capitals are standing sentinel for ten miles. You can estimate somewhat of the size of the cities by the reservoirs that were required to slake their thirst; judging the size of the city from the size of the cup out of which it drank. Cities crowded with inhabitants: not like American or English cities, but packed together as only barbaric tribes can pack them. But their knell was sounded; their light went out. Giant trees are the only royal family now occupying those palaces. The growl of wild beasts, where once the guffaw of wassail ascended. Anuradhapura Pollonara will never be rebuilt. Let all the living cities of the earth take warning. Cities are human, having a time to be born and a time to die. No more certainly have they a cradle than a grave. A last judgment is appointed for individuals, but cities have their last judgment in this world. They bless; they curse; they worship; they blaspheme; they suffer; they are rewarded; they are overthrown.

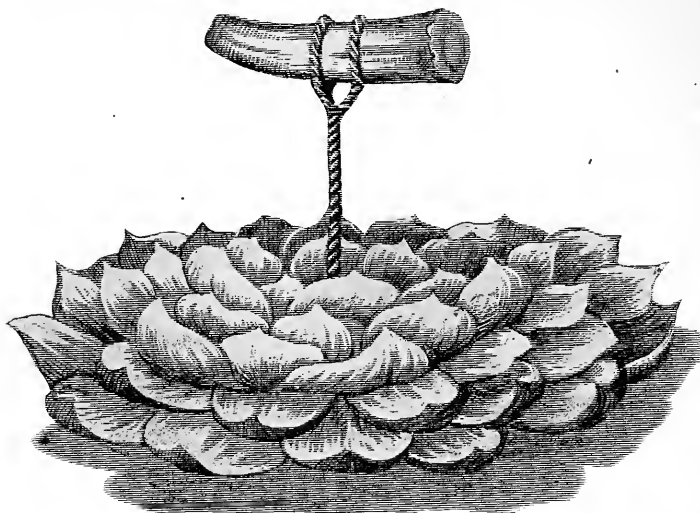
Some of these cities were associated chiefly with some relic of Lord Buddha, who the most of the Buddhists say was only a man, but they all worship him as a god. One temple





SERPENT PAGODA.

contains his jaw-bone. Another was taken from his thorax. Another has simply a tooth ; although imitations of that tooth are in several of the temples. I infer from the size of the tooth Buddha must have been Cyclopean, Samsonian, Titanian. What he ever did with a tooth like that I cannot understand. How he worked a whole mouthful of them is to me a mystery. No human being I ever saw could afford to sport such an ivory. The sailors talk a great deal about the teeth of the wind, and I can imagine from the way that the tempests sometimes chew up a city that the teeth of the wind may be monstrous teeth, but Buddha was supposed to be peaceable, and what use a peaceable being could make of such an instrument I cannot see. But there it hangs—the sacred tooth of Buddha. Thousands of people come thousands of miles to see it. If it were a wisdom tooth, he must have been



THE WORSHIPFUL TOOTH.

When Gautama, known as the Buddha, died at the age of 80 (543 B. C.), his body was burned with great ceremony, and from the ashes eight relics were obtained, one of which was a tooth. This tooth has been sacredly preserved ever since in the Buddhist temple, at Kandy, Ceylon, which is exhibited with great pomp once each year before vast crowds that come to worship it.

copy of the tooth. The fact is that the original sacred tooth is not now in existence, but the substitute does very well for the original. One king was said to have offered in sacrifice one hundred million blossoms in one day in honor of this sacred tooth. Most people have to be satisfied with looking at the case that incloses it, but the Prince of Wales was allowed to see the thing itself. A golden wire suspends a crystal case holding the tooth. Even the case containing the tooth is not always in sight. It is put away with all possible ceremony. Lock after lock, case within case ; jewels above it, and beneath it, and all around it. Emeralds, garnets, lotus leaves wrought in gold, and silken brocades, and barbaric splendors amid which it is wrapt and set. Oh, what a tooth ! Was ever such a fuss made over a molar, and that not genuine ? Other nations have sent ambassadors to buy it. The Governor of Siam offered for it \$250,000, but could not get it. Not getting it, that government sent an embassy to have the sacred tooth dipped, in oil and a few drops

very wise. If it were what is called a "sweet tooth," it must have taken an enormous quantity of the saccharine to satisfy him. I would like to see the forceps that could draw a tooth like that. What capacity it would have had to ache if once it had begun to grumble ! That tooth is at least two inches long. The temple is built at Kandy in honor of this tooth, but in a temple at Colombo you see a

of the oil allowed them; and so it was done. There are shrines in other lands with reputed teeth of Buddha; indeed, more teeth than he could have found convenient during his lifetime, for I imagine it would be as much a trouble to have too many teeth as to have not enough teeth. Yet, let us not have our own teeth too much set on edge by the story of Buddha's teeth, for the fact is, that every tooth is sacred. Thanks to modern dentistry, that fact is becoming better known. This important factor of the human body decides mastication; and mastication decides digestion; and digestion decides the disposition; and the disposition decides the destiny of nations. Thomas Carlyle thought every thing was going to ruin because of a sixty-year attack of dyspepsia. How many battles have been lost or won; how many sermons have been potent or a failure; how many chapters of the world's destiny have been decided by the condition of the tooth! More and more let it be guarded. All prosperity to the efforts made for its health! Very sacred let the tooth be kept, though we cannot lift it like Buddha into worship. We suspect that almost every error is only a truth exaggerated. Adoration where there ought to be nothing stronger than admiration.

Among the most absorbing chapters of Ceylonian events is that connected with the pearl fisheries. I am glad to find, since coming here, that Sir William Baker's prophecies concerning them have been a failure. An intelligent Cingalese told me yesterday that the coming season he thought would be one of the most profitable in the Ceylon pearl fisheries. Although for years the oysters were gone, taking their jewels with them, the year 1891 flung a necklace that astonished the world. How much was the value of the pearls yielded I know not, but the share of the English Government that one year was \$4,818,000. Yet the beautiful pearl in hilt,



THE SAAMI ROCK AT TRINCOMALEE (WORSHIP AT SUNSET).

The Saami Rock of Trincomalee is believed by devout Cingalese to be a fragment of the holy Mount Meru, which was hurled from heaven during a celestial battle, on which account it is deeply venerated. Upon its summit a chapel was built and dedicated to Siva, which is best known as the Shrine of the Thousand Columns.

or necklace, or crown gives no suggestion of the process through which it came ashore. But for a large and efficient army of police, the pearl fisheries of Ceylon would produce a plague. Think of the tons of oysters brought to the bank by ten or fifteen thousand fishermen, and all of those oysters left to spoil in the sun, except the small pearl taken from here and there one, and all this goes on for about three hot months. There is also the scramble for the pearls which would, but for the constabulary force, be so easily stolen. It is interesting, also, to know that the island of Ceylon vies with the main coast in the production of jewels. The chrysolite is here. The garnet is here. The emerald is here. The amethyst is here. The moonstone is here. The sapphire is here. The ruby is here. Five hundred years ago the greatest ruby in the world was owned by the Emperor of Ceylon. It was about six inches long, and as thick as your arm. The Buddhist temple at Kandy is a conflagration of precious stones. The Indian Rajahs array themselves in the jewels from Ceylon. An English syndicate has been formed for gem-digging in this island. Ceylon itself is a gem in the world's coronet. In many a home of Europe and America are pearls brought from the pearl banks of Ceylon. They have been handed down from generation to generation, and the fact forgotten that they were by the diving Cingalese, at the peril of their life, brought up from depths just off these Ceylon coasts. Sixty thousand people under government license gather on these banks, and at the sound of a gun push out and plunge for pearls. The statistician fleetest in figures could not tell how much has been added to the world's wealth by these pearl fisheries. But one season an English Governor of Ceylon, Sir W. Horton, distinguished himself by nearly destroying the fisheries. As he approached the close of his term of office he had all the oysters taken from the depths and examined for pearls and the shells thrown away. He hoped by one mighty haul of pearls to show what a wonderful Governor he was, and imperilled the largest and richest incomes of this island. For a long while nothing seemed left of that great industry. The Government house that was built fell into ruins, and the eighteen-pounder that used to fire the signal for the boats to launch was rusted and unwheeled, and filled with sand. Nothing but gloom and thorny bush, and barrenness remained on that once favored beach, up which men carried the jewels that flashed in hilts of swords, and on the necks of beauty, and in the coronets of emperors, the jewel that seems to be the divine favorite, because it was used in sacred classics as a symbol of Him who is the Pearl of Great Price, and the twelve shining Gates of Heaven are made out of it.



RETURN TO THE MONASTERY OF BURMESE PRIESTS AFTER BEGGING THEIR DAILY FOOD.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### ISLE OF IVORY.

**S**AID a gentleman to me before I left Australia, "You will die in Ceylon." Somewhat startled at such prognostication, I asked, "Why do you say that?" He replied, "You may go home, but you will be so charmed by what you see in Ceylon you will return and make it your home for life." Indeed, all ingenuity of figure and phrase have been employed to describe the charms of this island. As Lake Galilee by its loveliness has won three names, so Ceylon has been crowned by multiform nomenclature. Adam and Eve adjourned to this place after Paradise was confiscated—at least so think the Mohammedans. It does look like an Edenic annex. In Solomon's time it was called Tarshish, and the Land of Ophir. The Romans called it Taprobane. Sinbad the Sailor called it Serendib. John Milton called it Golden Chersonese. Moderns have called it the Isle of Palms, and the Isle of flowers; the "Pearl-drop on the Brow of India;" the "Island of Jewels;" the "Island of Spice;" the "Show-place of the Universe;" the "Land of Hyacinth and Ruby." Bishop Heber made it famous writing about it: "Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile;" a version somewhat changed by the speculator in coffee who lost his all in Ceylon, and wrote of it: "Every prospect pleases, but no man makes a pile." Considering the coffee and tea this island has yielded, it might be appropriately called the Coffee or the Tea Caddy of the world. It is a mixture of Yosemite and Yellowstone Park.

Among the curious fauna of Ceylon are the flying-foxes. These creatures are like foxes with the exception that they have wings. They are fond of palm wine, and are often found intoxicated. The Cingalese put bowls under the cocoanut to catch the sap as it distills and the flying-foxes sometimes take too much of it. They are found drunk in the morning on the scene of their wassail, no one having been able to carry them home. Overcome by this inebriation, it in no wise injures them among other flying-foxes, for they are all guilty of it. They belong to the brute creation, and ought not to be blamed for taking too much, and there are no temperance societies for the reformation of intemperate flying-foxes. The simple fact is that these flying-foxes are too fond of their cups. The word fox means "cunning," but there are in all realms instances of where those most cunning have become the victims of wine. Alas for these unfortunate subjects, whether they walk or fly!

Ceylon is the greatest place on earth for elephants. The sportsmen have driven these mountains of flesh back farther and farther until most people when they come to Ceylon see not a single tusk, and so far from beholding an elephant's trunk, if they do not keep a sharp look-out for their baggage they lose their own trunk. But the elephants afforded great sport to Gordon Cumming and Tom Spinner and Samuel W. Baker. Well on to three thousand of these monsters have been transported to other lands, while thousands without number have been hunted down, their carcasses left for the jackals after the tusks had been removed.

But it is no easy thing to hunt elephants. I had an opportunity of undertaking it, but two reasons hindered me: First, it would not be just the thing for a man who preaches

the gospel of peace to be out killing elephants; and, secondly, when I went out to hunt the elephants the elephants might come out to hunt me, and I do not think the result would be complimentary to myself. What an international joke was the imperial elephant hunt a few years ago in Ceylon. The sons of the Prince of Wales, Albert Victor and George, were coming here, and five hundred "beaters," as they are called, were out for a month "beating" elephants from the wide expanse of the forest into closer quarters where the royal boys might have the rare sport of killing them. But the affair was a failure. The ship in due time landed the boys in Colombo, but the "beaters" could not control the elephants. When the princes arrived in the evening on the approximate grounds, they were told that there were two herds of elephants only a mile off: one herd of fifteen, and the other of seven, and the next day the hunt was to begin, and the capture to be made. Not much sleep that night, I warrant, because of the great things to be done the next day. But the elephants did not enter into the spirit of the occasion. That night they broke through the guards and went crushing down the trees and disappeared among the jungles. Wide and arduous attempt was made to re-assemble them where they could be noosed and tied up and reviewed by the members of the royal family. The kraal, or strong enclosure, made out of trunks of trees was completed. A grand-stand had been erected. A place had been arranged for the tame elephants; a place also for the wild elephants. Strong ropes were ready. The hunter's cry had resounded through the mountains: "Hari-hari-hari-hari-hari-ho-ho!" Expectation was at the height. The auditorium of the forest was ready. The audience was ready. The stage of the theatre was ready—but no actors. As when a bill of operatic or dramatic entertainment has for weeks been published, and the night comes, and Patti's throat is out of order, or the tragedian fails to come because of an accident on the rail train: so this elephantine failure to appear put everything into confusion. Prince Albert had arrived walking with the Governor. Prince George had rode in on a proud steed that leaped a stream without at all disconcerting his rider. The telegraphic apparatus and the cable had begun to click restlessly while waiting for news to be swung under the sea from Ceylon to the throne of England that the two grandsons had either captured, or been present at the capture, of twenty-two wild elephants. Once or twice, to fill up the time, there had been a false alarm, shouting, and screaming, and snapping of tree branches, and cries of, "The herd! They come! The herd!" which brought out the expectants, flushed and pale, upon the grand-stand; but a vigorously resounding "Oh, pshaw!" finished that part of the entertainment.

The time had arrived when Prince Albert must take the train for Colombo, and he and most of the illustrious party left the scene. But Prince George remained with his tutor, the Reverend J. A. Dalton. I suppose the minister as well as George wanted to see the elephant.

On the following day something was accomplished. A man got near enough to an elephant to be hurt, and was killed, and an elephant came to grief, the tail of the elephant carried off to Prince George as a trophy, a slight souvenir, a memento. But all were disappointed, and the Governor blamed Saunders, and Saunders blamed Dawson, and Ekreligoda, the old chief who had been busy with the five hundred "beaters" in gathering fifteen of the tuskers, blamed Iddomaligoda, the old chief who had gathered the seven tuskers, and the chagrined spectators blamed Ceylon. The fact was, nobody was to blame. The elephants simply declined to take part in the mountain drama. They are a wily, intelligent and affectionate race. Again and again a group of them have been seen standing in silence about the stretched-out carcass of some one of their family. The wrathiest



THE WAR ELEPHANT OF INDIA.

elephantine stroke ever given is at him who dares wound her young. Harnessed and put in shafts, there have been instances where they have dropped dead under the humiliation. But the strength and uncouthness of these creatures diverted the world from their gentler qualities. They must have ears very impressionable. If one be accompanied by an elephant-charmer a whole herd will do no damage. Such a charmer has but to hum the words, "Om-amari-navi-saringham-saravaye," and the whole herd fall back terrified and rush back into the jungle,—under what spell, beastly or demoniac, no one surmises. How the old monster has come swinging down the centuries! In ancient battle the elephants swung their tusks to

the slaying of the opposing hosts. After all other means of carrying besieged gates have failed, they have been taken by elephants. One of these ancient cities of Ceylon stood up defiant month after month against all assault. Then Kadol, a famous war elephant, was sent to charge the gate. Against it he hurled himself, a living battering-ram. Red-hot lead poured on him from the heights, he retreated. Then he was encased in metal plates and started for another charge, and hurling himself again, and again, and again against the gate, it burst open and the fortress was taken. Vast, mysterious, affectionate, gentle, over-powering monster! For centuries he held possession of these forests, and he still washes in these lakes, and trumpets to the mountain hurricane. If practical use can be made of him, let the hunters come on with their fire-arms, or their traps; but if it be merely to find sport that they lacerate, and wound, and slay, let them take less noble game.

Of one other creature of Ceylon I make mention, and that is



LOWER FLIGHT OF ROCK STEPS AT MIHINTALE.

Mihintale is a rocky mountain 1000 feet high, to which King Dewenipattissa was enticed by the god Mahindo in the form of a deer, and there converted to Buddhism, on which account it is deeply venerated. The summit is reached by a flight of 1840 steps of gneiss rock, some of which are 20 feet long. The sight of numerous priests in yellow robes, and multitudes of devotees ascending and descending is one not easily forgotten.

the most dreadful thing that glides the earth,—the cobra. Its bite is death, and thousands have expired under its fang. It was a mystery to me that the people of Ceylon and India did not rise for its extirpation, but the fact is the cobra is considered sacred, and to have divine power, and therefore the most celebrated descendant of that old serpent, the devil, lives on, coils up in the hall-way, attacks the bare feet of the coolie, strikes at the hunter, and is as potent now to destroy as when it stung into fatal paroxysm the children of the first missionaries.



The cobra is a genuine disciple of Buddha. In his temple you find a statue of its founder hovered over by the hood of the cobra, as in cathedrals there is a halo of light around the Madonna. To kill the cobra is to offend Deity. To save its life the native will coax the cobra into a basket of leaves and float him down the river. In many cases the cobra has been domesticated, and defends the house like a watch-dog, and crawls up into the lap of the matron, or licks the milk from the saucer of the children. How beautiful it must be to have one of them coiled around your pillow! The dear pets!

There is a story among these people of Ceylon that two snakes, the cobra and ticprolonga, at a well met a child and asked from her a drink. She said she would give them a drink if they would not hurt her. They promised. The cobra kept his promise, but the ticprolonga stung the child to death. Hence the ticprolonga is hated, but the cobra is honored and worshipped.

But the cobra has an enemy which, though small, is capable of grappling with it, and that is the mongoose, which grows to about the size of a small cat. When not called the mongoose, it is called the ichneumon. It feeds on an herb which is an antidote to the cobra's poison. The cobra trembles and cowers before it. The mode of battle sometimes chosen by the mongoose is to bite off the head of the cobra. This radical style of battle leaves nothing much to be done. After the cobra has lost his head he cannot again rally his forces. The mongoose has been taken into other lands for exterminating purposes; to Australia to kill rabbits, and to the West Indies to kill the rats. I suppose in all departments of life that when there is a pest, there is an exterminator; where there is an evil, there is a cure; where there is a cobra, there is a mongoose. Down with this religion of snakes!

But this reminds me that it is supposed by vast multitudes that Ceylon was the original Garden of Eden, where the snake first appeared on reptilian mission. There are reasons for belief that this was the site where the first homestead was opened and destroyed. It is so near the equator that there are not more than 12° of Fahrenheit difference all the year round. Perpetual foliage, perpetual fruit, and all styles of animal life prosper. As far as warmth is concerned, no clothes are needed, and the fig-leaves would still be appropriate fashion if circumstances had not abolished the Edenese patterns. What luxuriance, and abundance, and superabundance of life! What styles of plumage do not the birds sport! What styles of scale do not the fishes reveal! What styles of song do not the groves have in their libretto! Here on the roadside and clear out on the beach of the sea stands the cocoanut tree, saying: "Take my leaves for shade. Take the juice of my fruit for delectable drink. Take my saccharine for sugar. Take my fibre for the cordage of your ships. Take my oil to kindle your lamps! Take my wood to fashion your cups and pitchers. Take my leaves to thatch your roofs. Take my smooth surface on which to print your books. Take my 30,000,000 trees covering 500,000 acres, and with the exportation enrich the world. I will wave in your fans, and spread abroad in your umbrellas. I will vibrate in your musical instruments. I will be the scrubbing-brushes of your floors."

Here also stands the palmyra tree, saying: "I am at your disposal with these arms. I fed your ancestors one hundred and fifty years ago, and with the same arms I will feed your descendants one hundred and fifty years from now. I defy the centuries!"

Here also stands the nutmeg tree, saying: "I am ready to spice your beverages, and enrich your puddings and with my sweet dust make insipid things palatable."

Here also stands the coffee plant, saying: "With the liquid boiled from my berry I stimulate the nations morning by morning."

Here stands the tea plant, saying: "With the liquid boiled from my leaf I soothe the world's nerves and stimulate the world's conversation evening by evening."

Here stands the cinchona, saying: "I am the foe of malaria. In all climates my bitterness is the slaughter of fevers." What miracles of productiveness are these islands. Enough sugar to sweeten all the world's beverages; enough bananas to fill all the world's fruit-baskets; enough rice to mix all the world's puddings; enough cocoanuts to powder all the world's cakes; enough flowers to garland all the world's beauty.

But this evening, riding through a cinnamon grove, I first tasted the leaves and bark of that condiment so valuable and delicate that transported on ships its aroma is dispelled if placed near a rival bark. Of such great value is the cinnamon shrub that years ago those who injured it in Ceylon were put to death. But that which once was a jungle



SHRINE ON THE SUMMIT OF ADAM'S PEAK AND THE SHADOW OF THE PEAK.

There is much disputing about this sacred footprint; some Christians declare it was made by the Apostle Thomas; the Hindoos say it is an impression left by Siva's foot; the Buddhists maintain that it was left by their Great Master, while the Mohammedans assert that the print was produced by Adam when he was cast out of Paradise and while he stood on one foot as a penance for his sins.

of cinnamon is this evening a park of gentlemen's residences. The long, white dwelling-houses are bounded with this shrub and all other styles of growth congregated here, making it a botanic garden. Doves called cinnamon doves hop among the branches, and crows, more poetically styled ravens, which never could sing, but think they can, fly across the road giving full test to their vocables. Birds which learned their chanting under the very eaves of Heaven overpower all with their "Grand March" of the tropics. The hibiscus dapples the scene with its scarlet clusters. All shades of brown, and emerald, and saffron and flamboyance, melons, limes, mangosteens, custard-apples, guavas, pine-apples, jessamine so laden with aroma they have to hold fast to the wall, and begonias, gloriosas on fire, and orchids so delicate other lands must keep them under conservatory, but here defiant of all weather, and flowers more or less akin to the azaleas, and honeysuckles, and foxes, and fuchsias, and chrysanthemums, and rhododendrons, and fox-gloves, and pansies, which dye



PALACE OF AN INDIAN QUEEN.



the plains and mountains of Ceylon with Heaven. The evening hour burns incense of all styles of aromatics. The convolvulus, blue as though the sky had fallen, and butterflies spangling the air, and arms of trees sleeved with blossoms, and rocks upholstered of moss, commingling sounds, and sights, and odors until eye, and ear, and nostril, vie with each other as to which sense shall open the door to the most enchantment. A struggle between music, and perfume, and iridescence. Oleanders reeling in intoxication of color. Great banyan trees that have been changing their mind for centuries, each century carrying out a new plan of growth, attract our attention, and see us pass in this year of 1894, as they saw pass the generations of 1794, and 1694. Colombo is so thoroughly embowered in foliage that if you go into one of its towers and look down upon the city of 130,000 people you cannot see a house. Oh, the trees of Ceylon! May you live to behold the morning climbing down through their branches, or the evening tipping their leaves with amber and gold! I forgive the Buddhist for the worship of trees until they know of the God who made the trees. I wonder not that there are some trees in Ceylon called sacred. To me all trees are sacred. I wonder not that before one of them the inhabitants burn camphor flowers, and hang lamps around its branches, and a hundred thousand people each year make pilgrimage to that tree. Worship something man must, and until he hear of the only Being worthy of worship, what so elevating as a tree! What glory enthroned amid its foliage! What a majestic doxology spreads out in its branches! What a voice when the tempests pass through it! How it looks down upon the cradle and the grave of centuries! As the fruit of one tree unlawfully eaten struck the race with woe, and the uplifting of another tree brings peace to the soul, let the woodman spare the tree, and all nations honor it, if, through higher teaching, we do not, like the Ceylonese, worship it! How consolatory that when we no more walk under the tree branches on earth we may see the "Tree of life which bears twelve manner of fruit, and yields her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the healing of the nations!"



GROUP OF HINDOO GIRLS AT THEIR TOILET.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### ENTRANCE TO INDIA.

THE Bengal Bay, notwithstanding its reputation for cyclones, smiled on us all the way until the color of its water changed, by reason of the large contribution of mud which the river Hooghly, one of the mouths of the Ganges, makes to it. Up this river we must go one hundred miles before we reach that for which we are longing—a sight of the city of Calcutta. We have taken on a pilot, and yet must anchor for the night outside, as the river Hooghly is constantly changing its habits, and suddenly deposits sand-bars, which capsize ships, putting them all under except the top of the masts. One of the islands in this river is called the James and Mary, because there, in 1694, a royal ship by that name went to pieces. The entrance to Calcutta excels all other approaches in uncertainty and peril. Just before we disembarked, a lady said to me, "I am

surprised at you. I saw you calmly writing while we were passing the most dangerous places in this river." The fact was, I did not know enough to be anxious or alarmed.

Two other ships, one from China, and the other from England, arrived at the mouth of the river about the same time that we arrived, and such windings up the great stream, turning this way and that way without any seeming reason; now by this bank, and now by the opposite bank, and now equidistant from the cocoanut palms on either side; and then slowing up until motion was almost imperceptible, suggested the necessity of skillful pilotage. Indeed, the pilots here receive larger compensation than the pilots of any other harbor, and they soon become rich men, if they do not make a mistake and go down with all hands on board.

This Hooghly river evidently intended you shall not come too suddenly upon the great capital of India. You must wait. You must have your anticipations aroused. The lights must be turned on gradually. You must not have your nerves struck by instantaneous appearance.

You walk from starboard to larboard, and from larboard to starboard, wondering from what quarter the first dome will bubble on your vision. At last the towers, the minarets, the pillars appear. The wharves are lined with people in color and dress foreign to those with which we have for a lifetime been most familiar. The great ship is slowly and laboriously pushed and drawn to the wharf. The gang-plank is lowered, and we descend into a world as new to us as though it had been on the other side of the universe. We had no trouble with the custom-house officials about any of our baggage except a kodak, the



DEVOTEE ENDURING FIRE.

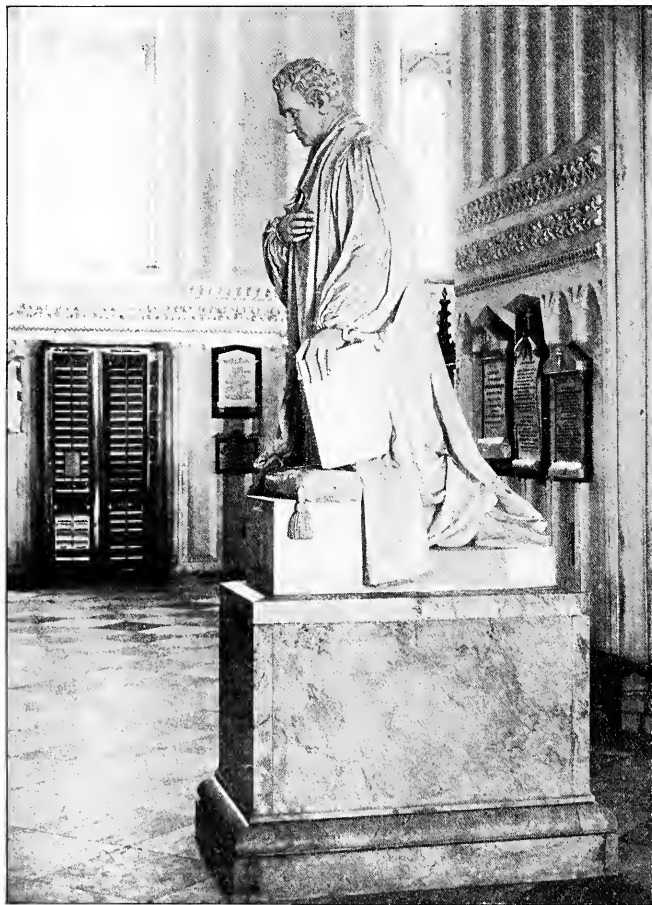
small instrument for taking photographs. The officer had never seen one. He asked what it was, handling it very cautiously. He put it down and took it up, looking as closely as he dared at the opening, and then went away to consider. He, after a while, returned and said that this mysterious machine would have to go to the custom-house—he would not take the responsibility of letting it pass. He evidently took the kodak as a deadly instrument. He suspected it might be an infernal machine and had apprehension that we might intend with it to blow up the governmental buildings. In vain we assured him that innocent people in America were accustomed to use it; that it never imperiled life, and we proposed to partially open it and let him see. But this proposal



SHIPPING IN THE RIVER HOOCHLY.

seemed to increase his fear, and he retreated to the door of the cabin ready to jump overboard in case the ship should be blown up by this deadly kodak. All the rest of our luggage he chalked as safe to pass, but sent a servant, whose life the custom-house officer estimated at less value than his own, to remove the kodak. On the following day, after long explanation and the payment of high duty for the privilege of bringing into India this instrument of terror, the kodak, we got possession of our property. We warn Americans traveling in foreign lands to keep their kodak out of sight as far as possible. It is wrong to shake the nervous system of public officials, and you may get yourself arrested where release is difficult. Our kodak has taken many things since we left

home, but this is the only time our kodak itself was taken. We bade farewell to the passengers, very few in number, because this is early for travel in India. A most delightful acquaintance we had formed with General Lance, brigadier-general commanding the fort, whose guns look down at us from the parapets. The General had



BISHOP HEBER'S STATUE, CALCUTTA CATHEDRAL.

when they get from home influence. I meet so many strangers in the course of my busy life that many go into indefiniteness of memory, but General Lance will always remain in my mind the unique, cultivated, obliging, talented, attractive and splendid Christian gentleman.

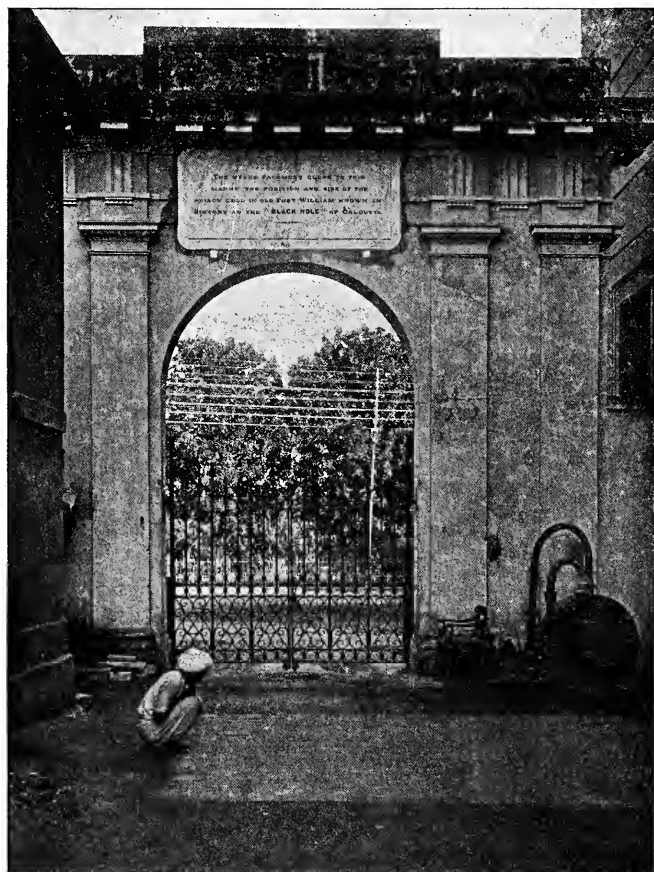
been to Australia for summer recuperation; a soldier in every movement, and a gentleman whose rare qualities entranced us from the time we formed his acquaintance on ship-board until the day we left him at his door in the fort with a group of distinguished people whom he had invited to meet us at luncheon. His appearance was that of the late General W. T. Sherman. I saw this English officer twenty times a day on my way from Australia to India, and always said within myself: "Here comes General Sherman." The English officer has long been in the army in India; has been in battle; and maintains high Christian character, though far away from the land of his nativity, which cannot be said of all representatives in military and civil service





NEPALESE LADIES IN COSTUME.

That evening at the Great Eastern Hotel we planned the particulars of our Indian journey. There are many things we want to see, but there are many things we must see. Our first surprise is the weather. We were told again and again, especially by English gentlemen, that we must not go to India in September, but we must go then or not go at all. We thought of India in this month as a sort of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, if



SITE OF THE BLACK HOLE, CALCUTTA.

not seven times, at least three times heated, and sympathized with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. We feared being cremated in the first day or two. The fact is that we have often found it hotter in Brooklyn and New York than in Calcutta.

First of all, we are clothed in white, and in thinnest fabric. Then, in our sitting and sleeping rooms, as well as in the dining-room, the fan, called the punka, reaching from wall to wall, is ever on the swing, pulled by some one outside the door. I wonder that all lands afflicted with hot weather have not adopted the punka. It makes the difference between delectation and suffocation. It would be more expensive in our lands than here, where wages are four

cents a day and a man finds himself. All that is asked for the punka swung all day and all night, employing four different persons, is twenty-five cents. But though American and English wages would make the swinging of the punka more expensive, how much nerve, and muscle, and brain, and health, and life it would save, and in the end it would be an economy.

I preached under a punka in this city, in a room where four punkas were going, and I kept cool. Why not have them in our American churches? City audiences then in July and August would be almost as large as in the month of May. The punka is not an Indian institution. The English introduced it. Formerly coolies with a small fan stood all night long over the sweltering European or American. Our winters in New York and London are well combated by steam pipe and furnace register, but we need the punka transported to battle the summers. Instead of being used only in our northern latitudes for the making of restaurants tolerable, it might be made a matter of national health and Christianization.

The city has put in bronze and marble its appreciation of the men who have made India what it is. Good and great Bishop Heber stands in the Cathedral, sculptor's chisel having perpetuated a forehead on which genius was enthroned, and a face in which kindness took possession of every lineament. You can almost hear his gown rustle, and see his



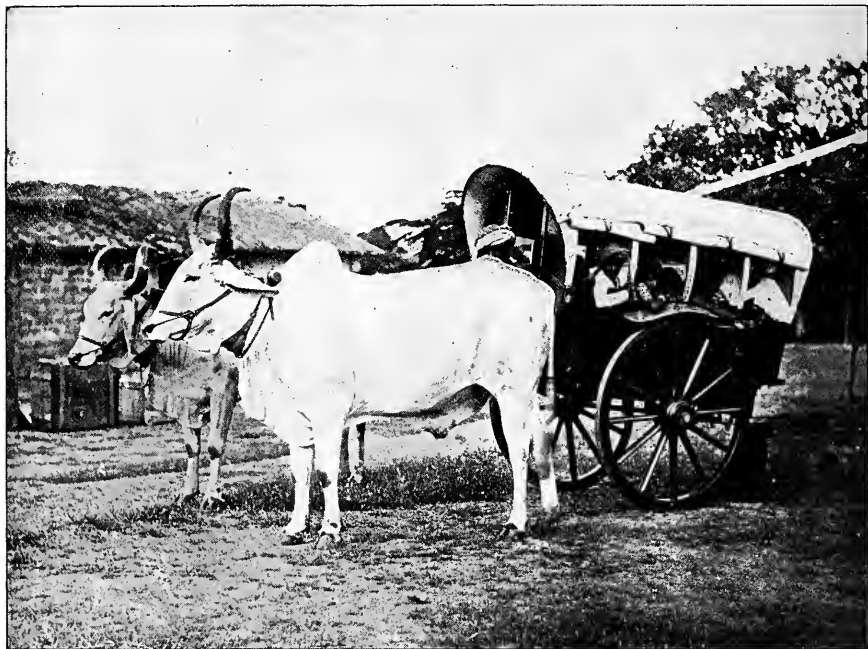
GROUP OF DEVOTEES IN A TEMPLE.

fingers tremble with exquisite hymnology, as he writes "From Greenland's icy mountains; From India's coral strand." But the men of statesmanship and war confront you in the open spaces of the city: Sir John Lawrence and General Outram, of Lucknow fame, reining in a charger, and Sir William Peel, of the Naval Brigade, and Lord Hardinge, and Earl of Mayo.

But the men of the past do not monopolize the attention of this city. I have no doubt there are persons walking up and down these streets every day who have as noble characteristics as belong to any of those departed heroes on the parks wrapped in robes of stone, or mounted on horses of stone, or looking off with eyes of stone. The Calcutta of to-day is greater than the Calcutta of the past. A great city of nearly 900,000 inhabitants. It excites the wonder of every visitor. Its architecture, its gardens, its humane institutions, its thronged streets, its equipages moving out in the cool of the day, its colleges, its university,

its esplanade, its magnificent hospitals, its Christian missionaries are a fascination. The Viceroy at this season is in the Himalayas, and much of the life of the city is away, but the place is merry and wide-awake. Polo games, football, fine oarsmanship, and groups bound on recreation are here and now to be seen by those who enjoy them, while religious work is in full blast and ready to absorb the attention of those who are hoping for the redemption of India. Nothing can hide the fact that idolatry and superstition are yet dominant in Calcutta. Brahma, and Vishnu, and Siva have more worshippers than the God of heaven.

For the first time I had the opportunity of talking with a fakir, or a man who has renounced the world and lives on alms. He sat under a rough covering on a



BURMESE CART.

platform of brick. He was covered with the ashes of the dead, and was at the time I saw him rubbing more of those ashes upon his arms and legs. He understood and spoke English. I said to him: "How long have you been seated here?" He replied: "Fifteen years." "Have these idols which I see any power of themselves to help or destroy?" He said: "No; they only represent God. There is but one God."

*Question:* "When people die where do they go to?"

*Answer:* "That depends upon what they have been doing. If they have been doing good, to heaven; if they have been doing evil, to hell."

*Question:* "But do you not believe in the transmigration of souls, and that after death we go into birds or animals of some sort?"

*Answer:* "Yes; the last creature a man is thinking of while dying is the one into which he will go. If he is thinking of a bird he will go into a bird, and if he is thinking of a cow he will go into a cow."

*Question:* "I thought you said that at death the soul goes to heaven or hell?"

*Answer:* "He goes there by a gradual process. It may take him years and years."

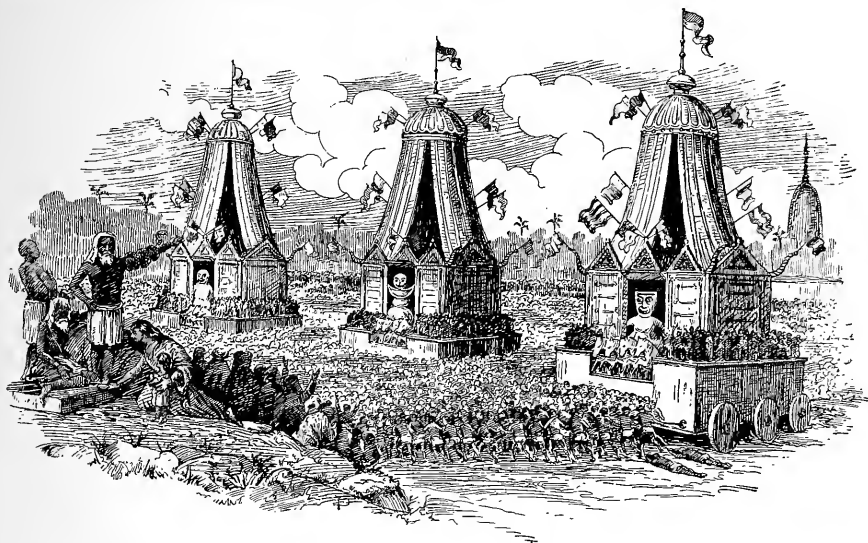
*Question:* "Can any one become a Hindoo? Could I become a Hindoo?"

*Answer:* "Yes; you could."

*Question:* "How could I become a Hindoo?"

*Answer:* "By doing as the Hindoos do."

But as I looked upon the poor, filthy wretch, bedaubing himself with the ashes of the dead, I thought the last thing on earth I would want to become would be a Hindoo.



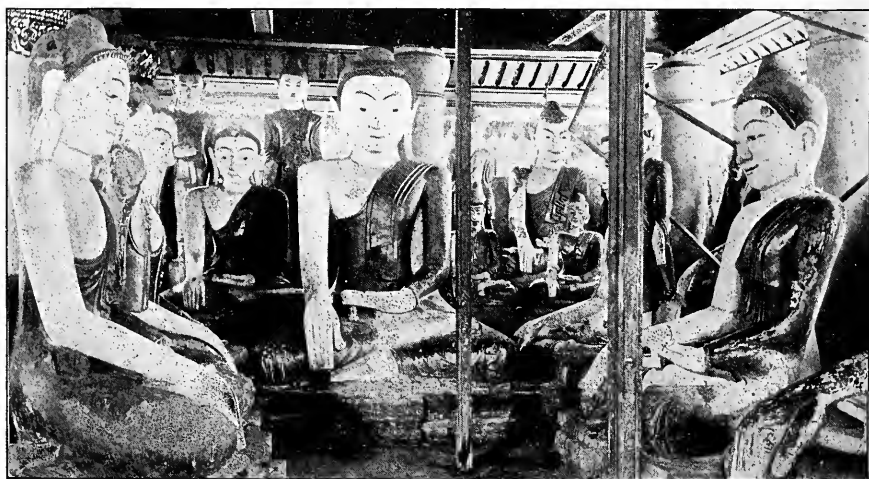
HINDU DEVOTEES—CARS OF JUGGERNAUT.

I had to-day the pleasure of visiting the Duff College and of addressing some three hundred or four hundred young students. All of them save four or five were Hindoos, Parsees or Mohammedans. They understood English, and it was a pleasure to address an audience so alert and inquisitive. Dr. Duff raised the money for this college in his own land, and pictures and statuettes in different rooms of the college bring to mind that wonderful personage. How well I remember him on the platform of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, pleading the cause of India at the anniversary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. His vehemence was something terrific. His manner was a defiance of all elocutionary laws. How he wept, and thundered, and satirized, and prayed, and threatened, and enraptured that great assemblage! In Dr. Duff's day this college at Calcutta was entirely controlled by the evangelical spirit. I hope it is so now, for if these hundreds of young men are educated only as to the head, and go forth with a developed acumen and

augmented power, not to commend Christ, but to preach Hindooism and Mohammedanism, the advantage to the world would be infinitesimal.

Calcutta is the headquarters of Bishop Thoburn's work, and what Bishop Heber did in his day Bishop Thoburn is now doing for the gospelization of India. I saw some of his schools and preached to many of his people, and got facts in regard to what is being done here and throughout India by consecrated men and women, enough to thrill all Christendom with gladness. About twenty-five thousand converts in India every year under the Methodist missions, and about twenty-five thousand converts under the Baptist missions, and at least seventy-five thousand converts under all the missions every year. But more than that, Christianity is undermining heathenism, and not a city, or town, or neighborhood of India but directly or indirectly feels the influence, and the day speeds on when Hindooism will go down with a crash. There are whole villages which have given up their gods, and where not an idol is left. The serfdom of womanhood is being loosened, and the iron grip of caste is being relaxed. Human sacrifices have ceased, and the last spark of the last funeral pyre has been extinguished, and the wheel of the juggernaut has ceased to crush. All India will be taken for Christ. If any one has any disheartenments let him keep them as his own private property—he is welcome to all of them. But if any man has any encouragements to utter, let him utter them. What we want is less croaking owls of the night, and more morning larks with spread wing, ready to meet the advancing day. Fold up now Naomi and Windham, and give us Ariel, or Mt. Pisgah, or Coronation!

Glad am I that the last thing I did in Calcutta was to preach that gospel which is to save India, and to save the world. With what interest I looked over the pulpit into the dark faces of these natives, and saw them illumined with heavenly anticipation. While yet they were seated I took my departure for a railroad train. A swift carriage brought me to the station not more than half a minute before starting. I came nearer to missing the train than I hope any one of us will come to missing heaven.



CARVED IMAGES OF DAGON.

## CHAPTER XXV.

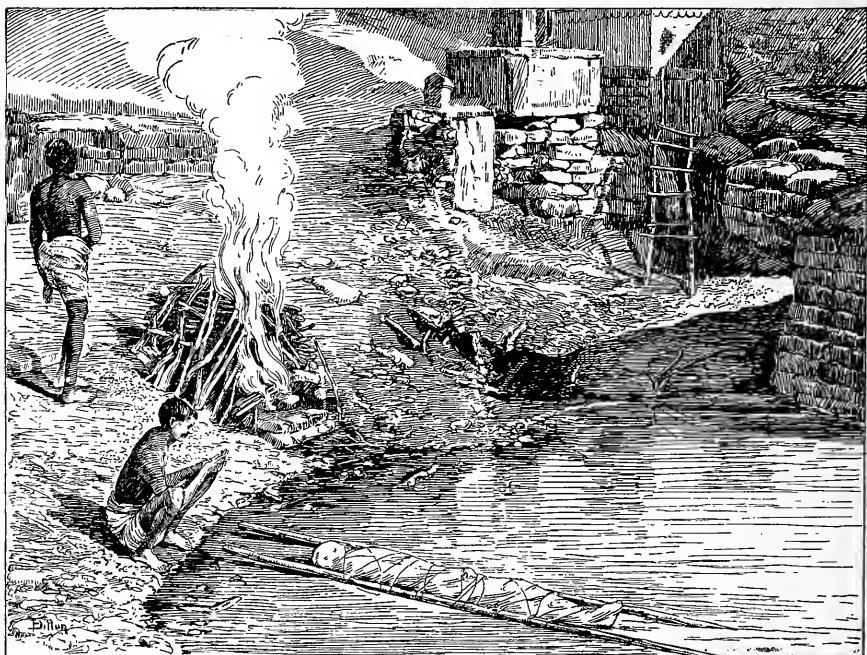
### BURNING OF THE DEAD.

**N**OW I will take you to the very headquarters of heathendom, to the very capital of Hindooism ; for what Mecca is to the Mohammedan, and what Jerusalem is to the Christian, Benares, India, is to the Hindoo. We arrived there in the evening; and the next morning we started out early, among other things to see the burning of the dead. We saw it, cremation, not as many good people in America and England are now advocating it, namely, the burning of the dead in clean, and orderly, and refined crematory, the hot furnace soon reducing the human form to a powder to be carefully preserved in an urn ; but cremation as the Hindoos practice it. We got into a boat and were rowed down the river Ganges until we came opposite to where five dead bodies lay, four of them women wrapped in red garments, and a man wrapped in white. Our boat fastened, we waited and watched. High piles of wood were on the bank, and this wood is carefully weighed on large scales, according as the friends of the deceased can afford to pay for it. In many cases only a few sticks can be afforded, and the dead body is burned only a little, and then thrown into the Ganges. But where the relatives of the deceased are well-to-do, an abundance of wood in pieces four or five feet long is purchased. Two or three layers of sticks are then put on the ground to receive the dead form. Small pieces of sandal-wood are inserted to produce fragrance. The deceased is lifted from the resting-place and put upon this wood. Then the cover is removed from the face of the corpse and it is bathed with the water of the Ganges. Then several more layers of wood are put upon the body, and other sticks are placed on both sides of it, but the head and feet are left exposed. Then a quantity of grease sufficient to make everything inflammable is put on the wood, and into the mouth of the dead. Then one of the richest men in Benares, his fortune made in this way, furnishes the fire, and, after the priest has mumbled a few words, the eldest son walks three times around the sacred pile, and then applies the torch, and the fire blazes up, and in a short time the body has become the ashes which the relatives throw into the Ganges.

We saw floating past us on the Ganges the body of a child which had been only partly burned, because the parents could not afford enough wood. While we watched the floating form of the child a crow alighted upon it. In the mean time hundreds of Hindoos were bathing in the river, dipping their heads, filling their mouths, supplying their brass cups, muttering words of so-called prayer. Such a mingling of superstition, and loathsomeness, and inhumanity I had never before seen. The Ganges is to the Hindoo the best river of all the earth, but to me it is the vilest stream that ever rolled its stench in horror to the sea. I looked all along the banks for the mourners for the dead. I saw in two of the cities nine cremations, but in no case a sad look or a tear. I said to friends: "How is this? Have the living no grief for the dead?" I found that the women do not come forth on such occasions, but that does not account for the absence of all signs of grief. There is another reason more potent. Men do not see the faces of their wives until after marriage. They take them on recommendation. Marriages thus formed, of course, have not much affection

in them. Women are married at seven and ten years of age, and are grandmothers at thirty. Such unwisely-formed family associations do not imply much ardor of love. The family so poorly put together—who wonders that it is easily taken apart? And so I account for the absence of all signs of grief at the cremation of the Hindoos.

Benares is the capital of Hindooism and Buddhism, but Hindooism has trampled out Buddhism, the hoof of the one monster on the grizzly neck of the other monster. It is also the capital of filth, and the capital of malodors, and the capital of indecency. The Hindoos say they have 300,000,000 gods. Benares being the headquarters of these deities, you will not be surprised to find that the making of gods is a profitable business. Here there



CORPSE IN GANGES AND CREMATION ON THE BANK.

are carpenters making wooden gods, and brass workers making brass gods, and sculptors making stone gods, and potters making clay gods. I cannot think of the abominations practiced here without a recoil of stomach and a need of cologne. Although much is said about the carvings on the temples of this city, everything is so vile that there is not much room left for the æsthetic. The devotees enter the temples nineteen-twentieths unclothed, and depart begging. All that Hindooism can do for a man or woman it does here. Notwithstanding all that may have been said in its favor at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago, it makes man a brute, and woman the lowest type of slave. I would rather be a horse or a cow or a dog in India than be a woman. The greatest disaster that can happen to a Hindoo is that he was born at all.

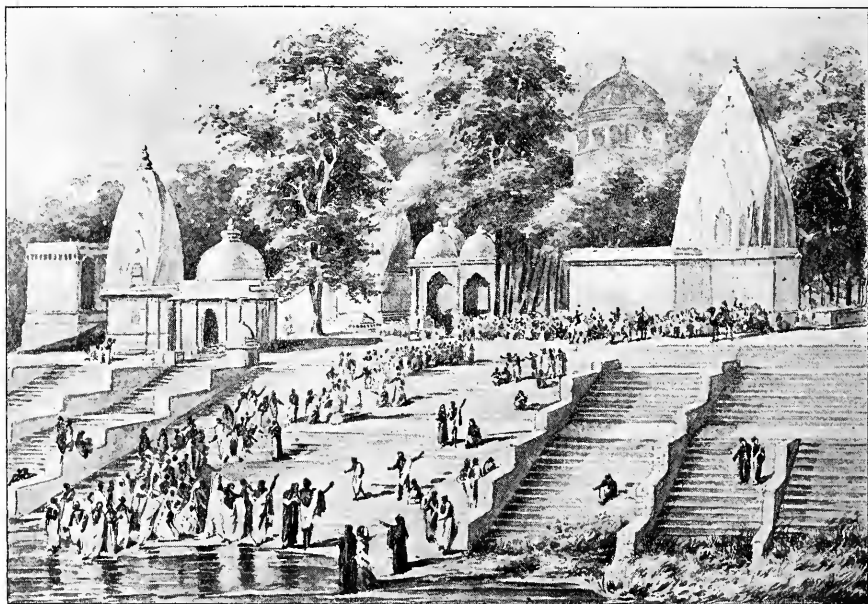




OUR CAMEL, CARRIAGES.

Benares is imposing in the distance as you look at it from the other side of the Ganges. The forty-seven ghats, or flights of stone steps, reaching from the water's edge to the buildings high up on the banks, mark a place for the ascent and descent of the sublimities. The eye is lost in the bewilderment of tombs, shrines, minarets, palaces and temples. It is the glorification of steps, the triumph of stairways. But looked at close by, the temples, though large and expensive, are anything but attractive. The seeming gold in many cases turns out to be brass. The precious stones in the wall turn out to be paint. The marble is stucco. The slippery and disgusting steps lead you to images of horrible visage, and the flowers put upon the altar have their fragrance submerged by that which is the opposite of aromatics.

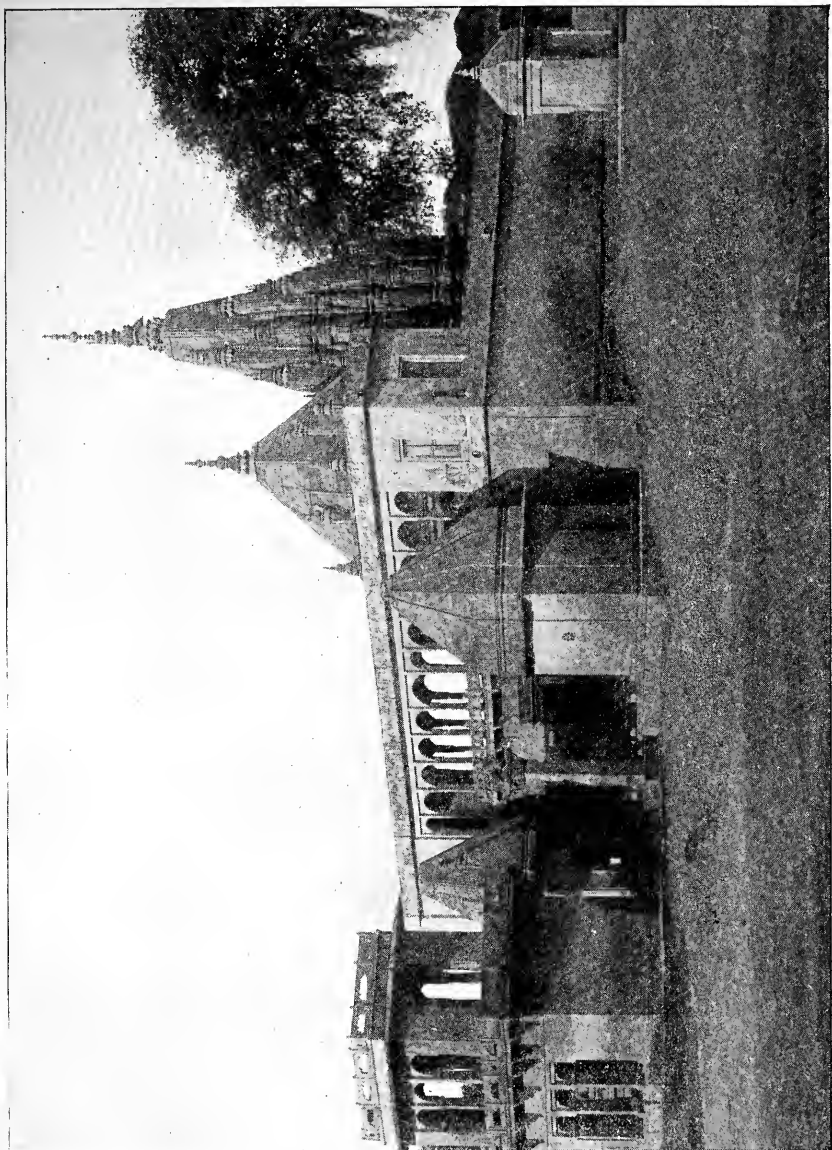
After you have seen the ghats, the two great things in Benares that you must see are the



PREPARING FOR THE IMMOLATION OF A HINDOO WIDOW.

Golden and Monkey Temples. About the vast Golden Temple there is not as much gold as would make an English sovereign. The air itself is asphyxiated. Here we see men making gods out of mud and then putting their hands together in worship of that which themselves have made. Sacred cows walk up and down the temple. Here stood a Fakir with a right arm uplifted, and for so long a time that he could not take it down, and the nails of the hand had grown until they looked like serpents winding in and around the palm.

The god of the Golden Temple is Siva, or the poison god. Devils wait upon him. He is the god of war, of famine, of pestilence. He is the destroyer. He has around his neck a string of skulls. Before him bow men whose hair never knew a comb. They eat carrion and that which is worse. Bells and drums here set up a racket. Pilgrims come from



MONKEY TEMPLE, BENARES.

hundreds of miles away, spending their last piece of money and exhausting their last atom of strength in order to reach this Golden Temple, glad to die in or near it, and have the ashes of their bodies thrown into the Ganges.

We took a carriage and went still further on to see the Monkey Temple, so-called because in and around the building monkeys abound and are kept as sacred. All evolutionists should visit this temple devoted to the family from which their ancestors came. These monkeys chatter, and wink, and climb, and look wise, and look silly, and have full possession of the place. We were asked at the entrance of the Monkey Temple to take off our shoes because of the sacredness of the place, but a small contribution placed in the hands of

an attendant resulted in a permission to enter with our shoes on. As the Golden Temple is dedicated to Siva, the poison god, this Monkey Temple is dedicated to Siva's wife, a deities, that must be propitiated, or she will disease, and blast, and destroy. For centuries this spit-fire has been worshipped. She is the goddess of scold, and slap, and ternagancy. She is supposed to be a supernatural Xantippe; hence to her are brought flowers and rice, and here and there the flowers are spattered with the blood of goats slain in sacrifice.

As we walk to-day through this Monkey Temple we must not hit, or tease, or hurt one of them. Two Englishmen years ago lost their lives by the maltreatment of a



BRAHMA AS THE FOUR-FACED BUDDHA.

monkey. Passing along one of these Indian streets, a monkey did not soon enough get out of the way, and one of the Englishmen struck it with his cane. Immediately the people and the priests gathered around these strangers, and the public wrath increased until the two Englishmen were pounded to death for having struck a monkey. No land in all the world so reveres the monkey as India, as no other land has a temple called after it. One of the Rajahs of India spent 100,000 rupees in the marriage of two monkeys. A nuptial procession was formed, in which moved camels, elephants, tigers, cattle, and palanquins of richly-dressed people. Bands of music sounded the wedding march. Dancing parties kept the night sleepless. It was twelve days before the monkey and monkeyess were free from their

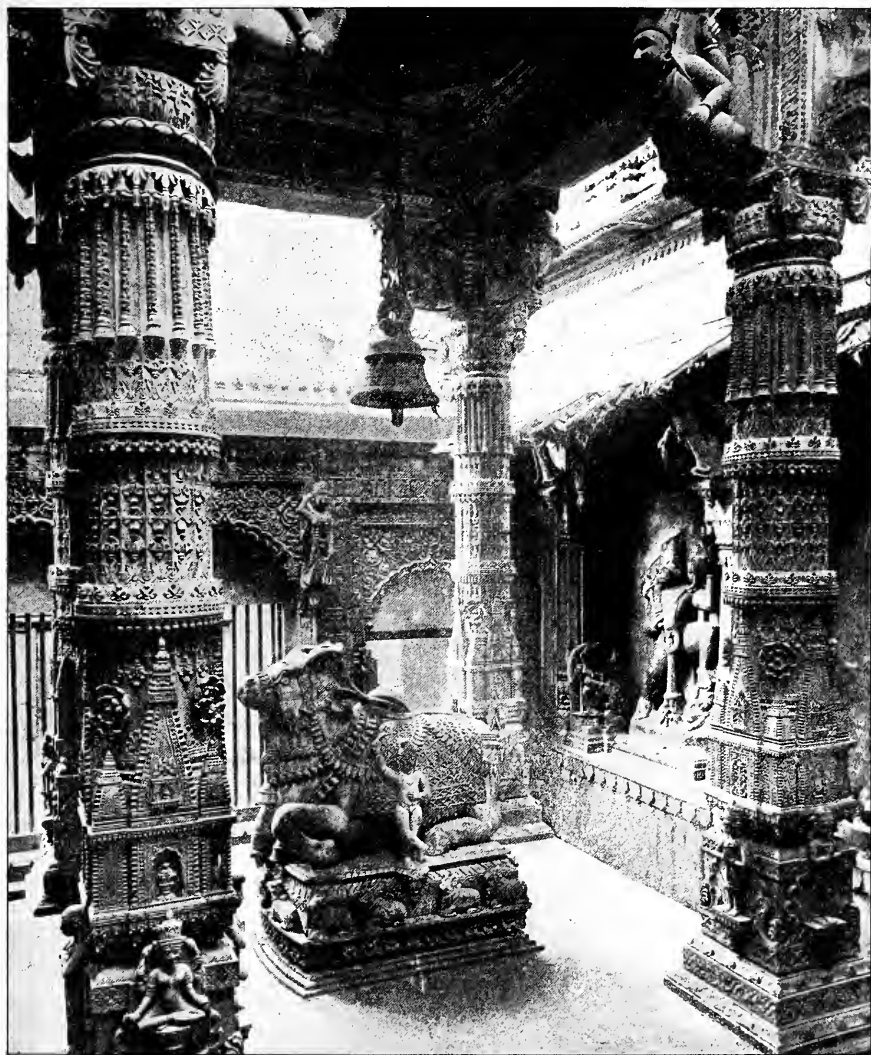


GOLDEN TEMPLE, BENARES,

round of gay attentions. In no place but India could such a carnival have occurred. But after all, while we cannot approve of the Monkey Temple, the monkey is sacred to hilarity. I defy any one to watch a monkey one minute without laughter. Why was this creature made? For the world's amusement. The mission of some animals is left doubtful and we cannot see the use of this or that quadruped, or this or that insect, but the mission of the ape is certain; all around the earth it entertains. Whether seated at the top of this temple in India, or cutting up its antics on the top of a hand-organ, it stirs the sense of the ludicrous; tickles the diaphragm into cachinnation; topples gravity into play, and accomplishes that for which it was created. The eagle, and the lion, and the gazelle, and the robin no more certainly have their mission than has the monkey. But it implies a low form of Hindooism when this embodied mimicry of the human race is lifted into worship.

There are, however, alleviations for Benares. I attended worship in one of the Christian missions. The sermon, though delivered in Hindoostanee, of which I could not understand a word, thrilled me with its earnestness and tenderness of tone, especially when the missionary told me at the close of the service that he recently baptized a man who was converted through reading one of my sermons among the hills of India. The songs of the two Christian assemblages I visited in this city, although the tunes were new, and the sentiments not translated, were uplifting and inspiring to the last degree. There was also a school of 600 native girls, an institution established by a Rajah of generosity and wealth, a graduate of Madras University. But more than all, the missionaries are busy, some of them preaching on the ghats, some of them in churches, in chapels, and bazaars. The London Missionary Society has here its college for young men, and its schools for children, and its houses of worship for all. The Church Missionary Society has its eight schools, all filled with learners. The evangelizing work of the Wesleyans and the Baptists are felt in all parts of Benares. In its mightiest stronghold Hindooism is being assaulted.

And now as to the industrious malignment of missionaries: It has been said by some travelers after their return to America or England that the missionaries are leading a life full of indolence and luxury. That is a falsehood that I would say is as high as heaven if it did not go down in the opposite direction. When strangers come into these tropical climates, the missionaries do their best to entertain them, making sacrifices for that purpose. In the city of Benares a missionary told me that a gentleman coming from England into one of the mission stations of India, the missionaries banded together to entertain him. Among other things, they had a ham boiled, prepared and beautifully decorated, and the same ham was passed around from house to house as this stranger appeared, and in other respects a conspiracy of kindness was effected. The visitor went home to England and wrote and spoke of the luxury in which the missionaries of India were living. Americans and Englishmen come to these tropical regions and find a missionary living under palms and with different styles of fruits on his table, and forget that palms are here as cheap as hickory or pine in America, and rich fruits as cheap as plain apples. They find here missionaries sleeping under punkas, these fans swung day and night by coolies, and forget that four cents a day is good wages here, and the man finds himself. Four cents a day for a coachman; a missionary can afford to ride. There have been missionaries who have come to these hot climates resolving to live as the natives live, and one or two years have finished their work, their chief use on missionary ground being that of furnishing for a large funeral the chief object of interest. So far from living in idleness, no men on earth work so hard as the missionaries in the foreign field. Against fearful odds, and with three millions of Christians opposed to two hundred and fifty millions of Hindoos, Mohammedans and other false religions, these



GOSAIN TEMPLE, BENARES.



missionaries are trying to take India for God. Let the good people of America, and England, and Scotland, and of all Christendom add ninety-nine and three-quarters per cent to their appreciation of the fidelity and consecration of foreign missionaries. Far away from home, in an exhausting climate, and compelled to send their children to England, Scotland or America so as to escape the corrupt conversation and behavior of the natives, these men and women of God toil on until they drop into their graves. But they will get their chief appreciation when their work is over and the day is won, as it will be won. No place in heaven will be too good for them. Some of the ministers at home who live on salaries of \$4000 to \$5000 a year, preaching the gospel of Him who had not where to lay His head, will enter heaven and be welcomed, and while looking for a place to sit down, they will be told: "Yonder in that lower line of thrones you will take your places. Not on the thrones nearest the King; they are reserved for the missionaries!"



THE KING OF NEPAUL, AND COMMANDING GENERALS.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

### GREAT SNAKES.

**W**HAT a suggestive word is the word "snakes!" You cannot pronounce it without two hisses. Well, the snake question in India is an absorbing question. In Bengal, i. e., the region approximate to Calcutta, in 1892 there were 9190 deaths caused by the bite of serpents, and last year 10,747 deaths. On an average, 20,000 people die of snake-bite in India every year. No wonder the government has offered a reward for the killing of snakes, and 117,120 have been slain!

In a former chapter I stated that the natural enemy of the serpent was the mongoose, the latter living on herbs that are an antidote to the poison, but since then I have seen a contest between a cobra and a mongoose, and have from my own observation to correct some things that were told me about them. They were in the possession of a snake-charmer. The mongoose is about the color and size of our American squirrel, and one would think it unable to cope with the cobra, but the quadruped can master the reptile. As the snake-charmer put forth the cobra and the mongoose, they seemed unwilling to touch each other, the cobra avoiding the mongoose and the mongoose avoiding the cobra. But the owner of the two was determined to bring on battle, and he succeeded. The mongoose coming too near the cobra, it lifted its head, widened it into the shape of a hood and struck its fangs at the mongoose. The mongoose bit back at the assailant, and the cobra gave a second stroke. Then the ire of the mongoose was up, and it went furiously at the reptile.



MONGOOSE.

They seized each other in the fray, in which it was evident one or both must die. The mongoose took the cobra by the brain and held on with a prolonged bite, accompanied by the wagging of its head as if in emphasis of rage, and the cobra wound its thick folds about the mongoose, round and round, until the quadruped was hidden beneath the ringlets of the serpent. The teeth of the quadruped sank into the brain of the reptile, and the folds of the snake coiled about the neck and body of the mongoose. Matters had gone so far there could be no truce, no let-up, no halting. Tighter and tighter the coil of the one; deeper and deeper the teeth of the other. Now it would seem that the cobra would gain the day, and now the mongoose. I know not which of the contestants enlisted the sympathies of the other by-standers, but my sympathies were with the mongoose. The result could not be

much longer postponed. One more terrible writhing and struggle and all was still. Then out from the foam, and blood, and dust, and fury of the fray walked the mongoose, the cobra giving no sign. It had given its last hiss. It had bitten the last child. It had lifted its horrid crest for the last time.

This reptilian curse is everywhere in India. Taking a walk in one of the cities, nine o'clock in the evening, one of these creatures wriggled across the pavement. The next



FESTIVAL OF THE SERPENTS.

morning, walking out, a cobra presented itself for the assault of my friends. A missionary here told me that he saw a large cobra which had been caged and petted by a native man and woman, and they let it crawl away, and as it went into a hole the man and woman said, "Good cobra; dear cobra; salaam; salaam."

We were in several places where on rising in the morning I was careful to examine my shoes to see if they were occupied by a snake, for they love to coil up in shoes. Occasionally they crawl into the bed, and more than once I was told not to let the shawl on the bed cover hang to the floor, for sometimes snakes ascended to co-partnership in slumber. When I objected to two lizards in the room they were pronounced of no importance, and I could get no one to expel them. Every native and every European has some nice snake story with which he is ready to entertain you. That crawling creature, for which we have such an aversion, excites no such feelings in the natives of India. One of the cities is named after it—Nagmore, or The City of the Snake. Temples have been dedicated to it. The shadow of the reptile falling on any one is considered a sure promise of good luck. A day in July is set apart for special homage to it. Its worshipers draw a serpentine figure on a house and then clasp the hands in prayer before it. On that especial Sabbath of the year they sit down by caves, or near holes in the earth, waiting for reptiles to appear, and if they appear fruits are offered. Snakedom is a strong dominion in India. The bite of the cobra is never cured. Nitrate of silver, and arsenic, and ammonia, and snake-stone have been

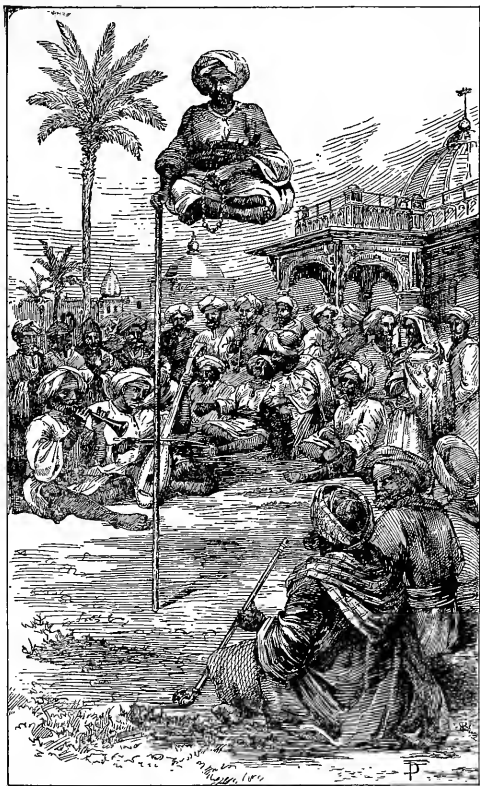
used in vain. The patient must die. It is only a matter of a few hours. The snake-charmers who play with these creatures have, I imagine, in most cases previously extracted the fangs.

A Hindoo boy, mentioned by the daughter of Sir Bartle Frere, could with his voice charm these creatures. They would come out of the fields, and from among the rocks, and play around him and do as he commanded. So great was the power of this young charmer that people came from far and near to see him, and many to worship him. At last he sported with these products of the jungle once too often. Under some provocation one of them struck him and he died.

It was entertaining to see a lad in jugglery with snakes in front of our hotel. He would take a blanket and shake it out in our presence, and no snake was in sight. Afterwards he would wrap the blanket around him and then drop it, and around his neck was coiled a long reptile. He would blow a noisy musical instrument, and all the snakes in the basket would lift up their heads and the snake on the ground would begin to dance. Did ever orchestra entertain such an audience? These snakes prefer cool places and a gentleman told me that one morning in one of these large cities he found a cobra peacefully and happily resting itself in his bath-room. When property is deeded it is quite usual to mention the snakes as deeded with it.

Walking through a public garden a gentleman said to me: "Be a little careful and watch where you tread; for there are a good many snakes in this region." Returning from the walk to our carriage we found a monstrous snake close by. It was dead. Some young men had killed it and would, as a joke, have put it in our carriage, but the driver said he had protested.

Passing along a street my son said: "Did you notice what was on the side of you?" I said, "No." Then he drew my attention to the fact that we had passed near several large baskets of cobras—of course, under the care of their keepers. Bishop Heber, known as a good authority in missionary hymnology, is not so well known as an authority on great snakes, but in a chapter of his diary written on the Ganges, he gives this experience:



INDIAN CONJURING TRICK.

"This morning as I was at breakfast the alarm was given of a great snake in the after cabin, which had found its way into a basket containing two caps, presents for my wife and myself from Decca. The reptile was immediately and without examination pronounced to be a cobra, and caused great alarm among my servants. However, on dislodging it from its retreat, it proved to be only a water-snake. It appeared to have been coiled up very neatly

around the fur of a cap, and though its bite would not have been venomous, it certainly would have inflicted a severe wound on anybody who had incautiously opened the basket. I had once or twice fancied I heard a gentle hissing, but the idea of a snake in the boat seemed so impossible that I attributed the noise to different causes, or to fancy. Much wonder was expressed at finding it in such a place, but as I have seen one of the same kind climb a tree, it is probable that it had ascended one of the ropes by which the boat is moored, and so got among us. I have heard of one English lady at Patna who once lay a whole night with a cobra under her pillow: She repeatedly thought during the night that something moved, and in the morning when she snatched the pillow away she found the thick, black throat, the square head and green, diamond-like eye advanced within two inches of her neck. The snake, fortunately, was without malice. His hood was uninflated, and he was merely enjoying the warmth of his nest. But, alas for her if she had during the night pressed the reptile a little too roughly!"

So wrote the good Bishop. I wish he had gone on and given us his opinion why the snake was created at all. It may be that, before its Apollyonic possession, its streaks, and spots, and variegation of color may have been attractive and it was a study of the beautiful. It may be that the world needed the reptile as a perpetual symbol of the sly and the poisonous. It may be that the human race required admonition of the fact that under the loveliest and sweetest things lurks peril. Perhaps it was to make one more addition to the world of mystery, the realm of the unknown always vaster than the realm of the known. After we have carried the torch of exploration into some cathedral of mystery and are congratulating ourselves that we have found out everything, we look around and discover that for the one open door we have entered there are twenty doors yet unopened. Larger than all the combined libraries of what the world knows would be the library of what the world does not know. Come now, thou wise-acre! Explain the cobra di capello.

As for myself, I adjourn the attempt at explanation. What a dull place heaven would be if we knew everything here! Universal knowledge now would stupefy the eternities.

In our northern latitudes, where we so seldom see the sly and venomous reptile, we can hardly appreciate why such prominence is given in Oriental literature, and especially in the Holy Scriptures, to metaphors connected with the reptile. The sufferings of Christ and His



A HINDOO JUGGLER.

final victory are set forth by a serpentine figure, where it is said of the descendant of woman and the descendant of the serpent, "It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." The painful laceration of the foot by a serpent fang suggestive of the sorrows of Christ, and the stamping on a snake's head until it is slain suggestive of our Lord's triumph: "It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."



THE FAKIR OF THE IMMOVABLE FOOT.

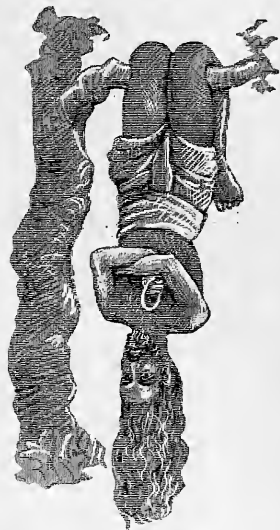
and the serpent is mentioned in the Bible, when speaking of a father and his son, it says: "If he ask meat will he give him a serpent?" Christ said to the hypocritical Pharisees: "Ye generation of vipers!"



FAKIR OF THE LONG NAILS.

(The growth of the nails shows how long the hand has been held in this one position.)

In Paraisaical times the Devil took the form of a snake, and there is the satanic look in every reptile that I have ever seen, whether in India or the United States. Solomon says the work of rum is serpentine, adderine; but people do not realize that he is describing delirium tremens when he says, "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." When people have delirium tremens they always see snakes. David, speaking of the influence of bad men, says: "Their poison is like the poison of serpents." The strong similarity of the eel



FAKIR HANGING TO A LIMB.

But the snake will have to leave India, and leave the world. If St. Patrick drove these creatures out of Ireland, as many suppose, he is worthy of all the St. Patrick dinners spread in his memory. Genesis, the first book in the Bible, describes the entrance of the serpent;

Revelation, the last book of the Bible, describes its extirpation, where St. John speaks of the destruction of "that old serpent, called the Devil." That I take both literally and figuratively. While we congratulate ourselves that our Christian lands are comparatively free from reptiles, there are as many cobras in England and America as in India. They crawl through libraries and sting the soul of the young man who opens a bad book. They crawl through parlors and hiss in the gossiping conversation. They wind in and out among the decanters, and ale pitchers, and

demijohns of those who are becoming the victims of intoxicants. They slyly put their fangs out from between the lids of the infidel essay. They coil around the legs of the

gaming-table. They lift their heads among the orange blossoms of unwise marriages. They crawl under the sea with the length of a submarine cable. They arch the heavens with international malevolence. They wind the throat of every cannon. They snuggle in the hilt of every sword. They are in the black links of every chain. Cobras! Away with them! The gospel balm is the only antidote to the poison. The thunders of the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the only things that can destroy them.



HINDOO STONE CARVERS.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE TRAGEDY OF LUCKNOW.

**A**S our train glided into the dimly-lighted station, I asked the guard, "Is this Lucknow?" and he answered, "Lucknow," at the pronounciation of which proper name emotions rushed through body, mind and soul.

The word is a synonym of suffering, of cruelty, of heroism, of horror such as is suggested by hardly any other word. We have for thirty-five years been reading of the agonies there endured and the daring deeds there witnessed. It was my great desire to have some one who had witnessed the scenes transacted in Lucknow in 1857 conduct us over the place. We found just the man. He was a young soldier at the time the greatest mutiny of the ages broke out, and he was put with others inside of the Residency, which was a cluster of buildings making a fortress in which the representatives of the English Government lived, and which was to be the scene of an endurance and a bombardment, the story of which, poetry and painting and history, and secular and sacred eloquence have been trying to depict. Our escort not only had a good memory of what had happened, but had talent enough to rehearse the tragedy.

In the early part of 1857 all over India the natives were ready to break out in rebellion against all foreigners, and especially against the civil and military representatives of the English Government.

A half dozen causes are mentioned for the feeling of discontent and insurrection that was evidenced throughout India. The most of these causes were mere pretexts. Greased cartridges were no doubt an exasperation. The grease ordered by the English Government to be used on these cartridges was taken from cows or pigs, and grease to the Hindoos is unclean, and to bite these cartridges at the loading of the guns would be an offence to the Hindoos' religion. The leaders of the Hindoos said that these greased cartridges were only part of an attempt by the English Government to make the natives give up their religion; hence unbounded indignation was aroused.

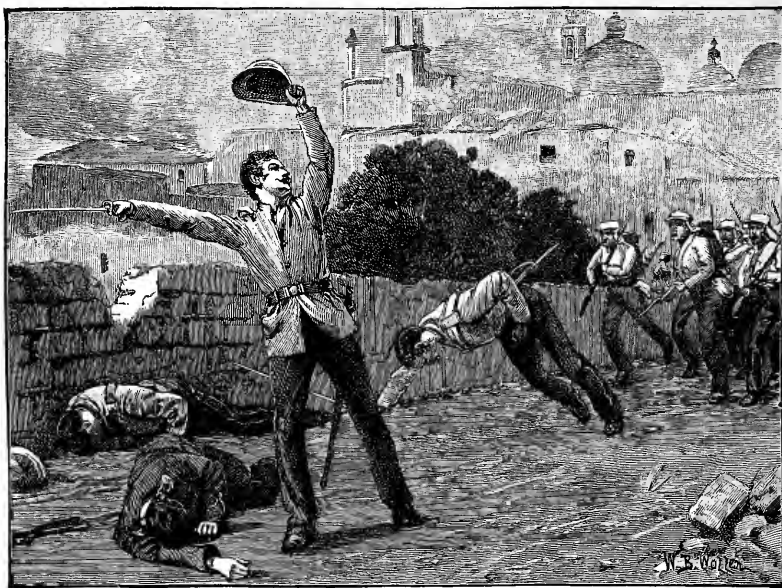
Another cause of the mutiny was that another large province of India had been annexed to the British Empire, and thousands of officials in the employ of the king of that province were thrown out of position, and they were all ready for trouble-making.

Another cause was said to be the bad government exercised by some English officials in India.

The simple fact was that the natives of India were a conquered race, and the English were the conquerors. For one hundred years the British sceptre waved over India, and the Indians wanted to break that sceptre. There never had been any love or sympathy between the natives of India and the Europeans; there is none now.

Before the time of the great mutiny the English Government risked much power in the hands of the natives. Too many of them manned the forts. Too many of them were in governmental employ. And now the time had come for a wide outbreak. The natives had persuaded themselves that they could send the English Government flying, and to accomplish it, dagger, and sword, and firearms, and mutilation, and slaughter must do their worst.

It was evident in Lucknow that the natives were about to rise and put to death all the Europeans they could lay their hands on, and into the Residency the Christian population of Lucknow hastened for defence from the tigers in human form which were growling for their victims. The occupants of the Residency, or fort, were military and non-combatants, men, women and children, in number about 1692. I suggest in one sentence some of the chief woes to which they were subjected, when I say that these people were in the Residency five months without a single change of clothing; some of the time the heat at 120 and 130 degrees; the place black with flies, and all asquirm with vermin; firing of the enemy upon them ceasing neither day nor night; the hospital crowded with the dying; smallpox, scurvy, cholera, adding their work to that of shot and shell; women brought up in all comfort and never having known want, crowded and sacrificed in a cellar where nine children were born;



LIEUTENANTS HAVELOCK AND FUSELIEN.

less and less food; no water except that which was brought from a well under the enemy's fire, so that the water obtained was at the price of blood; the stench of the dead horses added to the effluvia of corpses, and all the sufferers waiting for the moment when the army of 60,000 shrieking Hindoo devils should break in upon the garrison of the Residency; now reduced by wounds and sickness and death to 976 men, women and children.

"Call me early," I said, "to-morrow morning, and let us be at the Residency before the sun becomes too hot." At seven o'clock in the morning we left our hotel in Lucknow, and I said to our obliging, gentlemanly escort, "Please take us along the road by which Havelock and Outram came to the relief of the Residency." That was the way we went. There was a solemn stillness as we approached the gate of the Residency. Battered and torn is the masonry of the entrance. Signature of shot, and punctuation of cannon ball, all up





RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

and down and everywhere. "Here to the left," said our escort, "are the remains of a building, the first floor of which in other days had been used as a banqueting hall, but then was used as a hospital. At this part the amputations took place, and all such patients died. The heat was so great and the food so insufficient that the poor fellows could not recover from the loss of blood; they all died. Amputations were performed without chloroform. All the anæsthetics were exhausted. A fracture that in other climates and under other circumstances would have come to easy convalescence, here proved fatal. Yonder was Dr. Fayrer's house, who was surgeon of the place, and is now Queen Victoria's doctor. This upper room was the officers' room, and there Sir Henry Lawrence, our dear commander, was wounded. While he sat there a shell struck the room, and some one suggested that he had



GENERAL HAVELOCK'S GREETING BY THE CHRISTIANS WHOM HE SAVED.

better leave the room, but he smiled and said, 'Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.' Hardly had he said this when another shell tore off his thigh, and he was carried dying into Dr. Fayrer's house on the other side of the road. Sir Henry Lawrence had been in poor health for a long time before the mutiny. He had been in the Indian service for years, and he had started for England to recover his health, but getting as far as Bombay, the English Government requested him to remain at least a while, for he could not be spared in such dangerous times. He came here to Lucknow, and foreseeing the siege of this Residency had filled many of the rooms with grain, without which the Residency would have been obliged to surrender. There were also taken by him into this Residency rice, and sugar, and charcoal, and fodder for the oxen, and hay for the horses. But now, at the time when all the people were looking to him for wisdom and courage, Sir Henry is

dying." Our escort describes the scene, unique, tender, beautiful and overpowering, and while I stood on the very spot where the sighs and groans of the besieged, and lacerated, and broken-hearted met the whiz of bullets, and the demoniac hiss of bursting shell, and the roar of batteries, my escort gave me the particulars.

"As soon as Sir Henry was told that he had not many hours to live he asked the chaplain to administer to him the holy communion. He felt particularly anxious for the safety of the women in the Residency who, at any moment, might be subjected to the savages who howled around the Residency, their breaking in only a matter of time, unless reinforcements should come. He would frequently say to those who surrounded his death couch, 'Save the ladies. God help the poor women and children!' He gave directions for the desperate defence of the place. He asked forgiveness of all those whom he might unintentionally have neglected or offended. He left a message for all his friends. He forgot not to give direction for the care of his favorite horse. He charged the officers, saying, 'By no means surrender. Make no treaty or compromise with the desperadoes. Die fighting.' He took charge of the asylum he had established for the children of soldiers. He gave directions for his burial, saying, 'No nonsense, no fuss. Let me be buried with the men.' He dictated his own epitaph, which I read above his tomb. 'Here lies Henry

General Dodgson  
C.B.

General Sir William Roberts  
K.C. and K.C.B.

Major General  
Sir H. M. Havelock  
K.C. and K.C.B.

Alfred Lord Lawrence  
K.C. and K.C.B.

Blackwell Hall  
Darlington

THE SIGNATURES OF THE FOUR GREAT LIVING HEROES OF LUCKNOW.

I obtained these signatures at the table of General Sir Henry M. Havelock, in the United Service Club, London, where he had invited these Generals to meet me.

Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul.' He said, 'I would like to have a passage of Scripture added to the words on my grave, such as: "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against him"—isn't it from Daniel?' So as brave a man as England or India ever saw expired. The soldiers lifted the cover from his face and kissed him before they carried him out. The chaplain offered a prayer. Then they removed the great hero amid the rattling hail of the

guns and put him down among other soldiers buried at the same time." All of which I state for the benefit of those who would have us believe that the Christian religion is fit only for women in the eighties and children under seven. There was glory enough in that departure to halo Christendom.

"There," said our escort, "'Bob the Nailer' did the work." "Who was 'Bob the Nailer?'" "Oh, he was the African who sat at that point, and when anyone of our men ventured across the road he would drop him by a rifle ball. Bob was a sure marksman. The only way to get across the road for water from the well was to wait until his gun flashed and then instantly cross before he had time to load. The only way we could get rid of him was by digging a mine under the house where he was hidden. When the house was blown up 'Bob the Nailer' went with it." I said to him, "Had you made up your minds what



PRAYERS BY THE WAYSIDE.

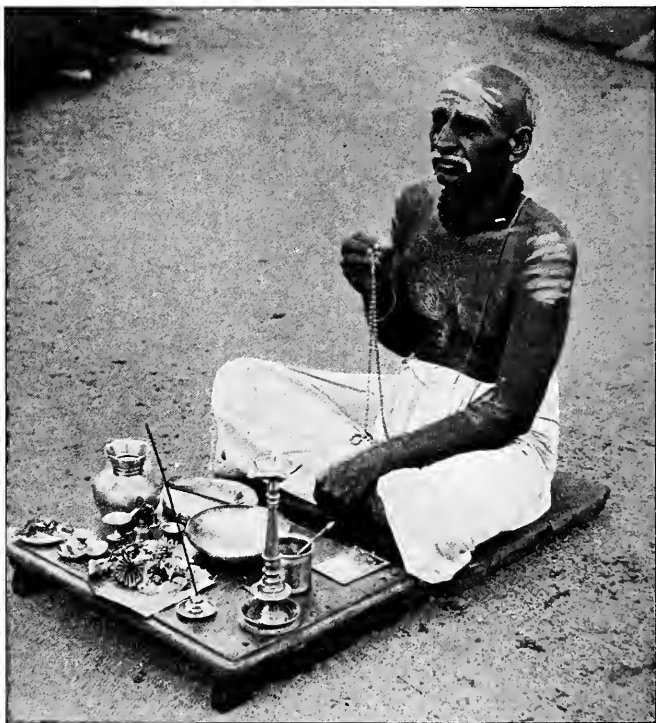
you and the other sufferers would do in case the fiends actually broke in?" "Oh, yes," said my escort, "we had it all planned, for the probability was every hour for nearly five months that they would break in. You must remember it was 1600 against 60,000, and for the latter part of the time it was 900 against 60,000, and the Residency and the earthworks around it were not put up for such an attack. It was only from the mercy of God that we were not massacred soon after the besiegement. We were resolved not to allow ourselves to get into the hands of those desperadoes. You must remember that we and all the women had heard of the butchery at Cawnpore, and we knew what defeat meant. If unable to hold out any longer we would have blown ourselves up, and all gone out of life together."

"Show me," I said, "the rooms where the women and children staid during those awful months." Then we crossed over and went down into the cellar of the Residency.

With a shudder of horror indescribable I entered the cellars where 622 women and children had been crowded until the whole floor was full. I know the exact number, for I counted their names on the roll. As one of the ladies wrote in her diary—speaking of these women, she said: "They lay upon the floor fitting into each other like bits in a puzzle." Wives had obtained from their husbands the promise that the husbands would shoot them rather than let them fall into the hands of these desperadoes. The women within the Residency were kept on the smallest allowance that would maintain life. No opportunity of privacy. The death-angel and the birth-angel touched wings as they passed. Flies, mosquitoes, vermin in full possession of the place, and these women in momentary expectation that the enraged savages would rush upon them, in a violence of which club, and sword, and torch, and throat-cutting would be the milder forms.

Our escort told us again and again of the bravery of these women. They did not despair. They encouraged the soldiery. They waited on the wounded and dying in the hospital. They gave up their stockings for holders of the grape-shot. They solaced each other when their children died. When a husband or father fell such prayers of sympathy were offered as only women can offer. They endured without complaint. They prepared their own children for burial. They were inspiration for the men who stood at their posts fighting until they dropped.

Our escort told us that again and again news had come that Havelock and Outram were on the way to fetch these besieged ones out of their wretchedness. They had received a letter from Havelock rolled up in a quill and carried in the mouth of a disguised messenger, telling them he was on the way, but the next news was that Havelock had been compelled to retreat. It was constant vacillation between hope and despair. But one day they heard



HINDOO PRIEST AT HIS DEVOTIONS.

the guns of relief sounding nearer and nearer. Yet all the houses of Lucknow were fortresses filled with armed miscreants, and every step of Havelock and his army was contested,—firing from housetops; firing from windows; firing from doorways.

I asked our friend if he thought that the world-famous story of a Scotch lass in her delirium hearing the Scotch bagpipes advancing with the Scotch regiment, was a true story. He said he did not know but that it was true. Without this man's telling me I knew from my own observation that delirium sometimes quickens some of the faculties, and I rather think the Scotch lass in her delirium was the first to hear the bagpipes. I decline to believe that class of people who would like to kill all the poetry of the world and banish all the fine sentiment. They tell us that Whittier's poem about Barbara Freitchie was founded on a delusion, and that Longfellow's poems immortalized things that never occurred. The Scotch lass did hear the slogan. I almost heard it myself as I stood inside the Residency while my escort told of the coming on of the Seventy-eighth Highland Regiment. "Were you present when Havelock came in?" I asked, for I could suppress the question no longer. His answer came: "I was not at the moment present, but with some other young fellows I saw soldiers dancing while two Highland pipers played, and I said, 'What is all this excitement about?' Then we came up and saw that Havelock was in, and Outram was in, and the regiments were pouring in."

"Show us where they came in!" I exclaimed, for I knew that they did not enter through the gate of the Residency, that being banked up inside to keep the murderers out. "Here it is," answered my escort. "Here it is—the embrasure through which they came."

We walked up to the spot. It is now a broken-down pile of bricks a dozen yards from the gate. Long grass now, but then a blood-spattered, bullet-scarred opening in the wall.

As we stood there, although the scene was thirty-seven years ago, I saw them come in; Havelock, pale and sick, but triumphant; and Outram, whom all the equestrian statues in Calcutta and Europe cannot too grandly present.

"What then happened?" I said to my escort. "Oh," he said, "that is impossible to tell. The earth was removed from the gate and soon all the army of relief entered, and some of us laughed, and some cried, and some prayed, and some danced. Highlanders so dust-covered and enough blood and wounds on their faces to make them unrecognizable, snatched the babes out of their mothers' arms and kissed them, and passed the babies along for other soldiers to kiss, and the wounded men crawled out of the hospital to join in the cheering, and it was wild jubilee, until, the first excitement passed, the story of how many of the advancing army had been slain on the way began to have tearful effect, and the story of suffering that had been endured inside the fort, and the announcement to children that they were fatherless, and to wives that they were widows, submerged the shouts of joy with wailing of agony."

"But were you not embarrassed by the arrival of Havelock and 1400 men who brought no food with them?" He answered, "Of course, we were put on smaller rations immediately in order that they might share with us, but we knew that the coming of this reinforcement would help us to hold the place until further relief should come. Had not this first relief arrived as it did, in a day or two at most, and perhaps in any hour, the besiegers would have broken in, and our end would have come. The Sepoys had dug six mines under the Residency and would soon have exploded all."

After we had obtained a few bullets that had been picked out of the wall, and a piece of a bomb-shell, we walked around the eloquent ruins, and put our hands into the scars of the shattered masonry, and explored the cemetery inside the fort, where hundreds of the

dead soldiers await the coming of the Lord of Hosts at the Last Day, and we could endure no more. My nerves were all a-tremble, and my emotions were wrung out, and I said, "Let us go." I had seen the Residency at Lucknow the day before with a beloved missionary, and he told me many interesting facts concerning the besiegement of that place, but this morning I had seen it in company with one who in that awful 1857 of the Indian Mutiny with his own fire had fought the besiegers, and with his own ears had heard the yell of the miscreants as they tried to storm the walls, and with his own eyes had witnessed a scene of pang, and sacrifice, and endurance, and bereavement, and prowess and rescue which has made all this Lucknow fortress and its surroundings the Mount Calvary of the nineteenth century.



NEPALESE GENERALS AND CHINESE EMBASSY.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### ANOTHER WOE IS PAST.

HE who visits the Residency in this city and then departs has not seen Lucknow, nor learned more than half of its Iliad of woes. Havelock and Outram went into the Residency September 21, but it was not until the morrow that the wounded of their army started to make entrance. There were a host of broken arms, and amputated limbs, and fractured jaws in Havelock's army to be looked after. Forty doolies, or litters, containing as many officers were being carried. The order was given that some one who knew the locality well should lead the mutilated and groaning procession. A Mr. Thornhill thought he knew, and offered his service, but he made a mistake, and, instead of leading the hospital procession where it would be comparatively safe, he led it into the very jaws of destruction. The men who carried the doolies were themselves wounded or frightened, and dropped their burden and fled, and the Sepoys came in with bayonets, and knives, and clubs and cut, and stabbed, and dashed to death the helpless European soldiers, save the

man in the front dooly, who was rushed through in safety. He was Lieutenant Havelock, the son of the great commander. These wounded men begged their comrades to shoot them before they fell into the hands of the Sepoys. Some of the guard who were taking these men to the Residency performed deeds of daring such as have not been eclipsed in any war since the first sword was brandished. Three or four men in a room would keep at bay hour after hour as many hundred Sepoys. It was all the way a track of blood and a burst of intrepidity.

We pass along this road of immortal achievements and come to the place where Havelock died, after attempting to do what no one else ever tried to do, and accomplishing it, namely, with 1400 men fighting his way through 100,000 infuriated brutes. It was too much for his physical endurance, after all that he had gone through in his experience of many wars, and the hero lay dying in a tent, his wounded son reading to him the consolatory

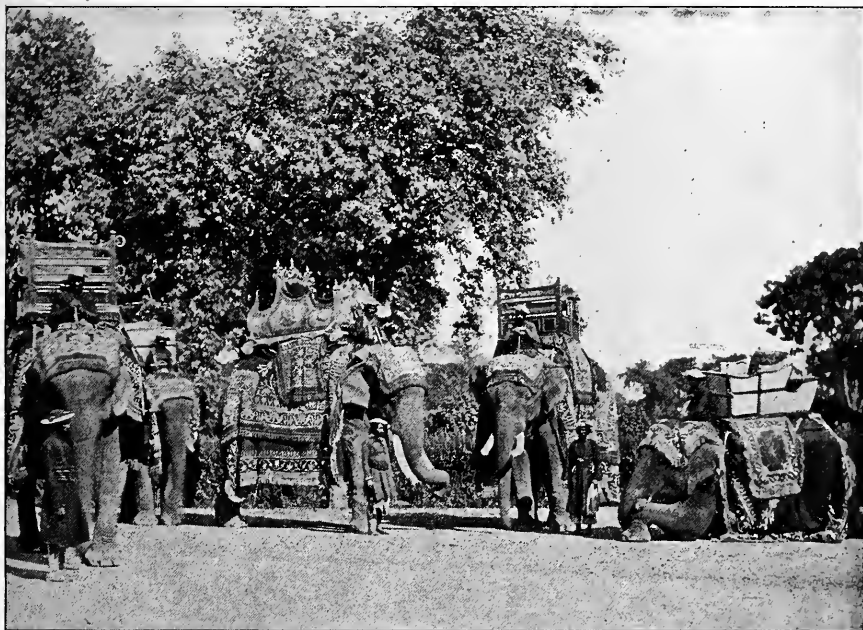
Scriptures. The telegraph wires told all nations that Havelock was dying. He had received a message of congratulation from the Queen, and had been knighted, and such a reception as England never gave to any man since Wellington came back from Waterloo, awaited his return. But he will never again see his native land. He has led on his last army, and planned his last battle, but he is to gain another victory. He declared it when in his last hours he said to General Outram, "I die happy and contented. I have for forty years so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear. 'To die is gain.'" He said to his sons, "My sons, see how a Christian can die." Indeed, this was no new sentiment



SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.



with him. He once stated that in boyhood with four companions he was accustomed to seek the seclusion of one of the dormitories for purposes of devotion, though certain in this of being branded as Methodists and canting hypocrites. He had been immersed in a Baptist church. He acknowledged God in every victory, and says in one of his dispatches that he owes it "to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands, to British pluck, and to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause." He was accustomed when on the march to take two hours for prayer and reading of the Scriptures every morning. If he started at six o'clock, he rose at four; if he started at seven, he rose at five for his devotions.



H. E. THE VICEROY'S ELEPHANTS.

The India Home Government is vested in a Secretary of State, who is a member of the English Cabinet, but the executive power resides in a Viceroy, or Governor-General, appointed by the Crown, acting Under Secretary, whose term is six years. He maintains a court of no little magnificence, one of his allowances being a herd of elephants, which is used on state occasions, at which time they appear in very rich caparisons, as shown in the photograph.

We rode out to see his grave, about three miles from Lucknow. A plain monument marks the place, but the epitaph is as beautiful and comprehensive as anything I have ever seen, and I copied it then and there. It is as follows:

"Here rests the mortal remains of Henry Havelock, Major-General in the British Army, and Knight Commander of the Bath, who died at Dilkhoosha, Lucknow, of dysentery, produced by the hardships of a campaign in which he achieved an immortal fame, on the 24th of November, 1857. He was born on the 5th of April, 1795, at Bishopwearmouth, County Durham, England. Entered the army 1815. Came to India 1823, and served there with little interruption till his death. He bore an honorable part in the wars of Burmah,

Afghanistan, the Mahretta campaign of 1843, and the Sutleg of 1845-6. Retarded by adverse circumstances in a subordinate position, it was the aim of his life to show that the profession of a Christian is consistent with the fullest discharge of the duties of a soldier.

"He commanded a division in the Persian expedition of 1857. In the terrible convulsion of that year his genius and character were at length fully developed and known to the world. Saved from shipwreck on the Ceylon coast by that Providence which designed him for greater things, he was nominated to be the Commander of the column destined to relieve the brave garrison of Lucknow. This object, after almost superhuman exertion, he by the blessing of God accomplished. But he was not spared to receive on earth the reward so truly earned. The Divine Master whom he served saw fit to remove him from the sphere of his labor in the moment of his greatest triumph. He departed to his rest in humble but confident expectation of far greater rewards and honors which a grateful country was anxious to bestow. In him the skill of a commander, the courage and devotion of a soldier, the learning of a scholar, the grace of a highly bred gentleman, and all the social and domestic virtues of a husband, father and friend were blended together and strengthened, harmonized and adorned by the spirit of a true Christian, the result of the influence of the Holy Spirit on his heart, and of a humble reliance on the merits of a crucified Saviour. 2 Timothy iv. : 7th and 8th verses : 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' This monument is erected by his sorrowing widow and family."

But I said to-day, while standing at Havelock's grave, "Why does not England take his dust to herself, and in Westminster Abbey make him a pillow?" In all her history of wars there is no name more magnetic, yet she has expressed nothing on this man's tomb. His widow reared this monument. Do you say, "Let him sleep in the region where he did his pluckiest deeds?" The same reason would have buried Wellington in Belgium, and Von Moltke at Versailles, and Grant at Vicksburg, and Stonewall Jackson far away from his beloved Lexington, Virginia. Take him home to England—the rescuer of the men, women and children of Lucknow. Though his ear now dulled could not hear the roll of the organ when it sounds through the venerable Abbey the national anthem, it would hear the same trumpet that brings up from among those sacred walls the form of Outram, his fellow-hero in the overthrow of the Indian mutiny. Let Parliament make appropriation from the National Treasury, and some great warship, under some favorite admiral, sail across the Mediterranean and Arabian seas, and wait at Bombay harbor for the coming of the dust of this conqueror of conquerors, and then let it be saluted by the shipping of all free nations. Let him come under the arches and along the aisles where have been carried the mightiest dead of many centuries. What a speech that was which Havelock made to his soldiers as he started for Cawnpore : "Over two hundred of our friends are still alive in Cawnpore. With God's help we will save them. I am trying you severely, my men, but I know what you are made of." "Hands up for Lucknow!" cried Havelock to his soldiers. Then he said, "It is too dark for me to see your hands." Then the soldiers gave a cheer, and he replied, "Ah, you are what I thought you were, Britons!" The enthusiasm of his men was well suggested by the soldier who had been lying asleep, and, Havelock riding along, his horse stumbled on the soldier and awoke him, and the soldier recognizing him, cried out cheerily : "Make room for the General! God bless the General!"

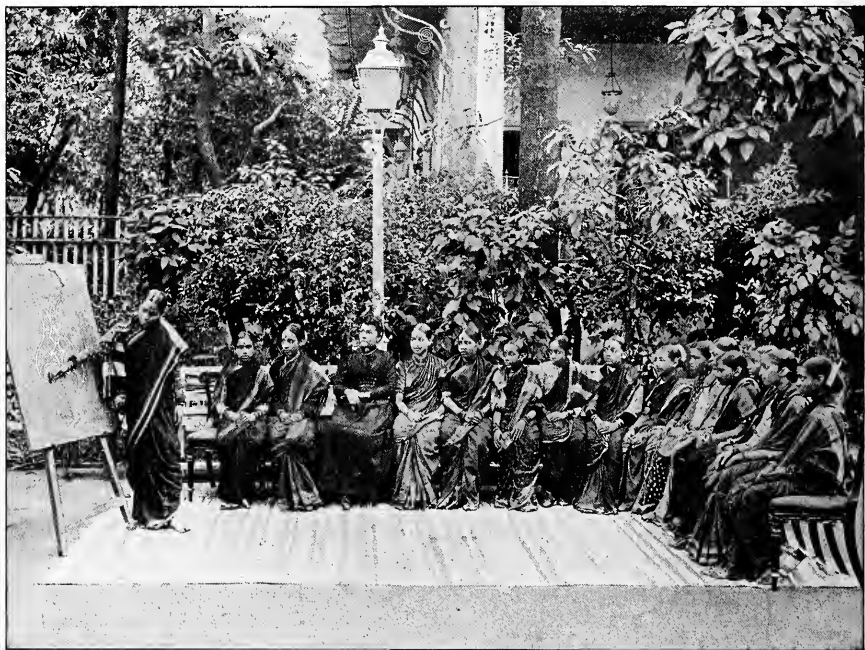
Before I go back to the Lucknow hotel to-day we must take a ride of about four miles and see the summer garden called Secunder Bagh, the place where the Hindoo and Moham-medan wretches made a stand against Sir Colin Campbell, who was coming for the second relief of Lucknow, for the relief of Havelock and Outram, as well as the imprisoned garrison. Two thousand of the Indians were enclosed within the garden, with a wall some twenty feet high. Sir Colin Campbell, after his men had made an opening in the wall, said, "Do you think that opening is large enough?" and a private by the name of Lee, the very man who was telling me about it, his saying having gone into the records, cried out: "Sir Colin, let us charge upon them, and if the hole in the wall is not large enough, we will make it large enough with our bayonets." And Sir Colin commanded, "Charge!" The Europeans made the charge and the two thousand fiends were then and there put to death. With a revolving pistol one Englishman shot ten Sepoys. The scoundrels, finding they were surrounded, threw away their arms, and, lifting their hands, prayed for mercy. Those attempting to escape were overtaken and slain.

I have heard Sir Colin and his men severely criticised for this wholesale slaughter, and I have heard others praise it. There can be no doubt, however, that that awful annihilation broke the back of the mutiny. The Indians found that the Europeans could play at the same game of slaughter which the Asiatics had started. The plot was organized for the murder of all the Europeans in India. The work had been begun in all directions on an appalling scale, and the commanders of the English army made up their minds that this was the best way to stop it. The fact is, that war, in all circumstances, is barbarism. It is murder nationalized. Woe be to those who start it! A mild and gentle war with the Sepoys was most certainly an impossibility. The natives of India are cruel and bloodthirsty. They ever and anon demonstrate it. The Black Hole of Calcutta was only the natural predecessor of Lucknow atrocities. I stood a few days ago on the very spot in Calcutta where the natives of India in 1756 enacted that scene which no other people on earth could have enacted. The Black Hole prison has been torn down, but a stone pavement, twenty feet by twenty, indicates the ground covered by the prison. The building had two small windows and was intended for two or three persons. These natives of India crowded into that one room of twenty feet by twenty feet, one hundred and forty-six Europeans. The midsummer heat, the stench, the suffocation, the trampling of one upon another, the going insane by some, the groaning, and shrieking, and begging, and praying of all, are matters of history. The Sepoys in the meanwhile held lights to the small windows and mocked the sufferers. Then all the sounds ceased. That night of June 20, 1756, passed, and one hundred and twenty-three corpses were taken out. Only twenty-three people out of the one hundred and forty-six were alive, and they had to be pulled out from under the corpses. Mrs. Carey, who survived, was taken by an Indian nabob into his harem and kept a prisoner for six years. Lucknow in 1857 was only an echo of Calcutta in 1756. During the mutiny of which I have been writing, natives who had been in the service of Europeans, and well treated by them, and with no cause of offence, would, at the call of the mutineers, and without compunction, stab to death the father and mother of the household and dash out the



SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

brains of the children. This cruelty is a natural result of cruel customs for centuries. The throwing of children to the crocodiles in the Ganges, the leaping of widows on the funeral pyre of husbands (this coming from the fact that widows were supposed in many cases to have poisoned their husbands, and hence to lessen that evil the funeral pyre upon which the woman must by custom burn would be a hindrance to her commission of the crime), the swinging of devotees on iron hooks, the self-tortures of the Fakirs, the rolling of the gory Juggernaut over its victims, the brutal treatment of females, among other things allowing the husband, if he had not a male descendant, to cast off one wife and take another; and the law of caste, which is a cast-iron law—all these things going on for thousands of years have made the native population of India so unfeeling and hard, that nothing can be harder. That



A HINDOO GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Natives of India are not so besotted with fanaticism as they were fifty years ago, and their progress is very rapid. Education of the people may be said to have really begun in 1854, when Sir Charles Wood established a system which required a diffusion of European knowledge through the languages understood by the masses. Normal schools for the training of teachers have been established, and great attention is now being paid to the education of females, which was wholly neglected before, though fullest toleration in matters of faith is enjoyed.

any of these fires have been extinguished, or any of these knives dulled, or any of these wheels halted, is not to be ascribed to any accession of kindness in the hearts of these natives; but, under God, to the English Government. These natives are at peace now, but give them a chance and they will re-enact the scenes of 1756 and 1857. They look upon the English as conquerors and themselves as conquered. The mutiny of 1857 occurred because the British Government was too lenient, and put in places of trust and in command

of forts too many of the natives. I call upon England to stop the present attempt to placate the natives by allowing them to command forts and hold authority. Just as certainly as it is continued there will be more trouble. I am no alarmist, but the only way that these Asiatics can be kept from another mutiny is to put them out of power. Unless the policy of the British Government in India is changed, the Lucknow, and Cawnpore, and Delhi martyrdoms, over which the hemispheres have wept, will be eclipsed by the Lucknow, and Cawnpore, and Delhi martyrdoms yet to be enacted.

I speak from what I have seen and heard. I give the opinion of every intelligent Englishman, and Irishman, and Scotchman, and American I have met in India. Prevention is better than cure. I do not say it is better that England rule India. I say nothing against the right of India to rule herself. But I do say that the moment the native population of this land think there is a possibility of driving back Europeans from India, they will make the attempt, and that they have enough cruelties for the time suppressed which, if let loose, would submerge with carnage everything from Calcutta to Bombay, and from the Himalayas to the coast of Coromandel.

\* \* \*

When I arrived in London on my return homeward, General Sir Henry M. Havelock, the son of the Lucknow commander, invited me to meet at a banquet at the United Service Club, the three greatest of the remaining heroes of the war in India, General Dodgson, General Sir William Olpherts and General Sir McLeod Innes. What a time of reminiscence it was to hear those four heroes talk over the incidents of the bloodiest struggle in all history! Sir Henry Havelock said to me: "My father knew not what fear was. He would say to me as he came out of his tent in the morning: 'Harry, have you read the Book?' 'Yes.' 'Have you said your prayers?' 'Yes.' 'Have you had your breakfast?' 'Yes.' 'Come, then, and let us mount, and go out to be shot at, and die like gentlemen.'"



HINDOOS TELLING THEIR BEADS.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### CITY OF BLOOD.

TWO hours and ten minutes after its occurrence, Joseph Lee, of the Shropshire Regiment of Foot, rode in upon the Cawnpore massacre. I wanted to hear the story from some one who had been there in 1857, and with his own eyes gazed upon the slaughtered heaps of humanity. I could hardly wait until the horses were put to the carriage, and Mr. Lee, seated with us, started for the scene, the story of which makes tame in contrast all Modoc and Choctaw butcheries.

It seems that all the worst passions of the century were to be impersonated by one man, and he, Nana Sahib, and our escort at Cawnpore, Joseph Lee, knew the man personally. Unfortunately, there is no correct picture of Nana Sahib in existence. The pictures of him published in the books of Europe and America, and familiar to us all, are an amusing mistake. This is the fact in regard to them: A lawyer of England was called to India for the purpose of defending the case of a native who had been charged with fraud. The attorney came and so skillfully managed the case of his client that the client paid him enormously for his services, and he went back to England, taking with him a picture of his Indian client. After a while the mutiny in India broke out, and Nana Sahib was mentioned as the champion villain of the whole affair, and the newspapers of England wanted a picture of him, and to interview some one on Indian affairs who had recently been in India. Among others, the journalists called upon this lawyer, recently returned. The only picture he had brought from India was a picture of his client, the man charged with fraud. The attorney gave this picture to the journalists as a specimen of the way the Hindoos dress, and forthwith that picture was used, either by mistake or intentionally, for Nana Sahib. The English lawyer said that he lived in dread that his client would some day see the use made of his picture, and it was not until the death of his Hindoo client that the lawyer divulged the facts. Perhaps it was never intended that the face of such a demon should be preserved among human records. I said to our escort: "Mr. Lee, was there any peculiarity in Nana Sahib's appearance?" The reply was: "Nothing very peculiar; he was a dull, lazy, cowardly, sensual man, brought up to do nothing, and wanted to continue on the same scale to do nothing." From what Mr. Lee told me, and from all I could learn in India, Nana Sahib ordered the massacre in that city from sheer revenge. His father abdicated the throne, and the English paid him annually a pension of \$400,000. When the father died the English Government declined to pay the same pension to the son, Nana Sahib, but the poor fellow was not in any suffering from lack of funds. His father left him \$80,000 in gold ornaments; \$500,000 in jewels; \$800,000 in bonds, and other resources amounting to at least \$1,500,000. But the poor young man was not satisfied, and the Cawnpore massacre was his revenge. General Wheeler, the Englishman who had command of this city, although often warned, could not see that the Sepoys were planning for his destruction and that of all his regiments and all the Europeans in Cawnpore.



NANA SAHIB.

Mr. Lee explained all this to me by the fact that General Wheeler had married a native, and he naturally took her story and thought there was no peril. But the time for the proclamation of Nana Sahib had come, and such a document went forth as never before had seen the light of day. I give only an extract :

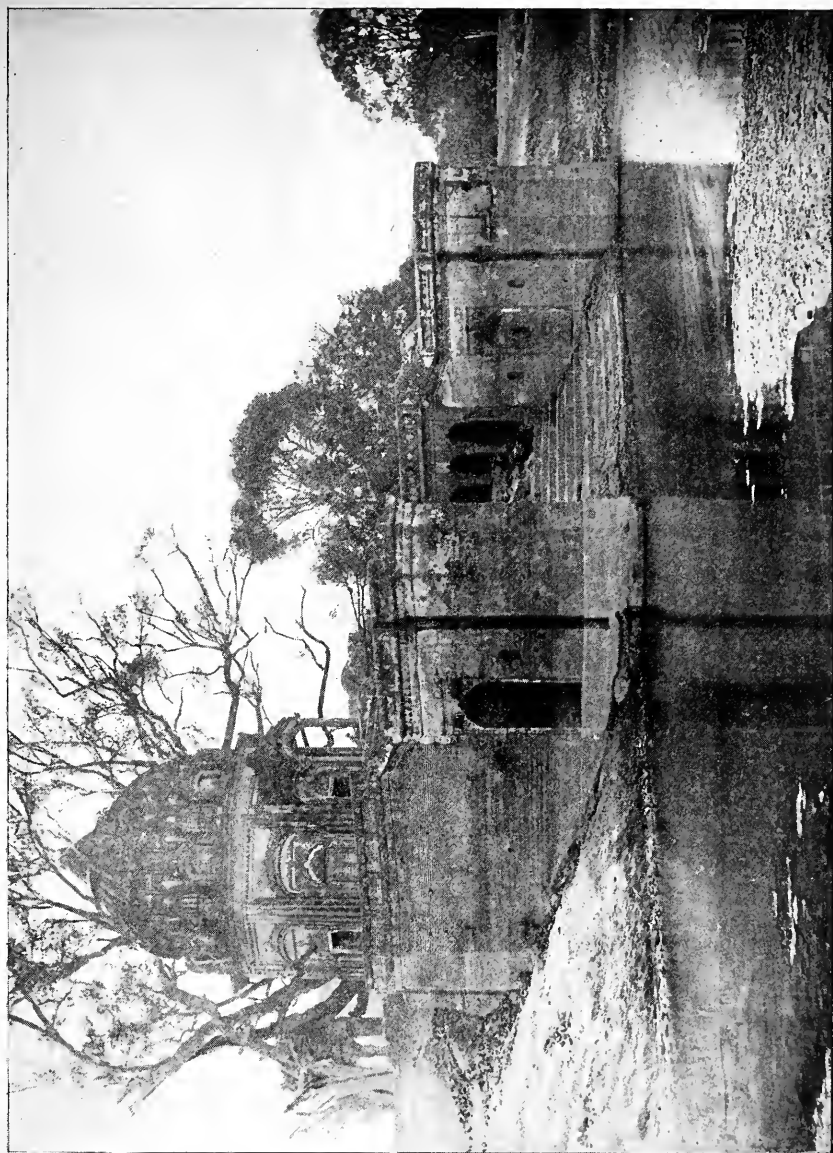
"As by the kindness of God and the good fortune of the Emperor, all the Christians who were at Delhi, Poonah, Sattara, and other places, and even those 5000 European soldiers who went in disguise into the former city and were discovered and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops, who are firm to their religion, and as they have all been conquered by the present government, and as no trace of them is left in these places, it is the duty of all the subjects and servants of the government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence and carry on their respective work with comfort and ease. As by the bounty of the glorious Almighty and the enemy-destroying fortune of the Emperor, the yellow-faced and narrow-minded people have been sent to hell, and Cawnpore has been conquered, it is necessary that all the subjects and land-owners, and government servants should be as obedient to the present government as they have been to the former one ; that it is the incumbent duty of all the peasants and landed proprietors of every district to rejoice at the thought that the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mohammedan religions have been confirmed, and that they should, as usual, be obedient to the authorities of the government, and never suffer any complaint against themselves to reach the ears of the higher authority."

"Mr. Lee, what is this?" I said to our escort as the carriage halted by an embankment. "Here," he said, "is the intrenchment where the Christians of Cawnpore took refuge." It is the remains of a wall which, at the time of the mutiny, was only four feet high, behind which, with no shelter from the sun, the heat at 130 degrees, four hundred and forty men and five hundred and sixty women and children dwelt nearly a month. A handful of flour and split peas was the daily ration, and only two wells nearby, the one in which they buried their dead, because they had no time to bury them in the earth, and the other well, the focus on which the artillery of the enemy played, so that it was a choice between death by thirst and death by bullet or shell. Ten thousand yelling Hindoos outside this frail wall, and 1000 suffering, dying people inside. In addition to the army of the Hindoos and Moslems, an invisible army of sickness swooped upon them. Some went raving mad under exposure; others dropped under apoplexy. A starving, mutilated, fevered, sunstruck, ghastly group, waiting to die. Why did not the heathen dash down those mud walls and the 10,000 annihilate the now less than 1000? It was because they seemed supernaturally defended."

Nana Sahib resolved to celebrate an anniversary. The twenty-third of June, 1857, would be one hundred years since the battle of Plassy, when, under Lord Clive, India surrendered to England. That day the last European in Cawnpore was to be slaughtered. Other anniversaries have been celebrated with wine, this was to be celebrated with blood. Other anniversaries have been adorned with garlands; this with drawn swords. Others have been kept with songs; this with execrations. Others with the dance of the gay; this with the dance of death. The infantry and cavalry and artillery of Nana Sahib made on that day one grand assault, but the few guns of the English and Scotch put to flight these Hindoo tigers. The courage of fiends broke against that mud wall as the waves of the sea against a lighthouse. The cavalry horses returned full run, without their riders. The Lord looked out from the heavens, and on that anniversary day gave the victory to his people.

Therefore Nana Sahib must try some other plan. Standing in a field not far from the intrenchment of the English was a native Christian woman, Jacobee by name, holding high





SCENE OF THE GREAT MASSACRE, CAVNPORE.

up in her hand a letter. It was evidently a communication from the enemy, and General Wheeler ordered the woman brought in. She handed him a proposed treaty. If General Wheeler and his men would give up their weapons, Nana Sahib would conduct them into safety; they could march out unmolested, the men, women, and children; they could go down to-morrow to the Ganges, where they would find boats to take them in peace to Allahabad.

There was some opposition to signing this treaty, but General Wheeler's wife told him he could trust the natives and so he signed the treaty. There was great joy in the intrenchment that night. Without molestation they went out and got plenty of water to drink, and water for a good wash. The hunger and thirst and exposure from the consuming sun, with the thermometer from 120 to 140, would cease. Mothers rejoiced at the prospect of saving their children. The young ladies of the intrenchment would escape the wild beasts in human form. On the morrow, true to the promise, carts were ready to transport those who were too much exhausted to walk.

"Get in the carriage," said Mr. Lee, "and we will ride to the banks of the Ganges, for which the liberated combatants and non-combatants started from this place." On our way Mr. Lee pointed out a monument over the burial place which was opened for General Wheeler's intrenchment, and the well into which every night the dead had been dropped. Around it is a curious memorial. There are five crosses, one at each corner of the garden, and one at the centre. Riding on, we came to the Memorial Church built to the memory of those fallen in Cawnpore. The walls are covered with tablets and epitaphs. I copied two or three of the inscriptions. "These are they who came out of great tribulation;" also, "The dead shall be raised incorruptible;" also, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world;" also, "The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away;" also, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

"Get into the carriage," said Mr. Lee, and we rode on to the Ganges, and got out at a Hindoo temple standing on the banks. "Now," said Mr. Lee, "here is the place to which General Wheeler and his people came under the escort of Nana Sahib." I went down the steps to the margin of the river. Down these steps went General Wheeler and the men, women, and children under his care. They stood on the side of the steps, and Nana Sahib and his staff stood on the other side. As the women were getting into the boats Nana Sahib objected that only the aged and infirm women and children should go on board the boats. The young and attractive women were kept out. Twenty-eight boats were filled with men, women, and children and floated out into the river. Each boat contained ten armed natives. Then three boats fastened together were brought up, and General Wheeler and his staff got in. Although orders were given to start, the three boats were somehow detained. At this juncture a boy twelve years of age hoisted on the top of the Hindoo temple on the banks two flags, at which signal the boatmen and armed natives jumped from the boats and swam for the shore; and from innumerable guns the natives on the bank fired on the boats, and masked batteries above and below roared with destruction, and the boats sank with their precious cargo, and all went down save three strong swimmers, who got to the opposite shore. Those who struggled out nearby were dashed to death. Nana Sahib and his staff with their swords slashed to pieces General Wheeler and his staff, who had not got well away from the shore.

I said that the young and attractive women were not allowed to get into the boats. These were marched away under the guard of the Sepoys.

"Which way?" I inquired. "I will show you," said Mr. Lee. Again we took seats in the carriage and started for the climax of desperation and diabolism. Now we are on the way to a summer house called the Assembly Rooms, which had been built for recreation and pleasure. It had two rooms, each twenty by ten feet, and some windowless closets, and here were enclosed two hundred and six helpless people. It was to become the prison of these women and children. Some of the Sepoys got permission of Nana Sahib to take one or more of these ladies to their own place, on the promise they should be brought back to the summer garden next morning. A daughter of General Wheeler was so taken and did not return. She afterward married the Mohammedan who had taken her to his tent. Some of the Sepoys amused themselves by thrusting children through with bayonets and holding them up before their mothers in the summer house. All the doors closed and the Sepoys standing guard, the crowded women and children awaited their doom for eighteen days and nights amid sickness, and flies, and stench, and starvation.

Then Nana Sahib heard that Havelock was coming, and his name was a terror to the Sepoys. Lest the women and children imprisoned in the summer house, or Assembly Rooms, should be liberated, he ordered that their throats should be cut. The officers were commanded to do the work and attempted it, but failed because the law of caste would not allow the Hindoo to hold the victims while they were being slain. Then one hundred men were ordered to fire through the windows, but they fired over the heads of the imprisoned ones, and only a few were killed. Then Nana Sahib was in a rage, and ordered professional butchers from among the lowest of the gypsies to go at the work. Five of them with hatchets and swords and knives began the work, but three of them collapsed and fainted under the ghastliness, and it was left to two butchers to complete the slaughter. The struggle, the sharp cut, the blinding blow, the cleaving through scalp and skull, the begging for life, the death agony of hour after hour, the tangled limbs of the corpses, the piled-up dead—only God and those who were inside the summer house can ever know. The butchers came out exhausted, thinking they had done their work, and the doors were closed. But when they were again opened, three women and three boys were still alive. All these were soon dispatched, and not a Christian or a European was left in Cawnpore. The murderers were paid fifty cents for each lady slain. The Mohammedan assassins dragged by the hair the dead bodies out of the summer house and threw them into a well, by which I stood with such feelings as you cannot imagine. But after the mutilated bodies had been thrown into the well, the record of the scene remained in hieroglyphics of crimson on the floor and wall of the slaughter-house. An eye-witness says that, as he walked in, the blood was shoe deep, and on this blood were tufts of hair, pieces of muslin, broken combs, fragments of pinafores, children's straw hats, a card-case containing a curl with the inscription, "Ned's hair, with love;" a few leaves of an Episcopal prayer-book, also a book entitled, "Preparation for Death;" a Bible, on the fly-leaf of which was written, "For darling mamma, from her affectionate daughter, Isabella Blair"—both the one who presented it and the one to whom it was presented, departed forever.

I said: "Mr. Lee, I have heard that indelicate things were found written on the wall by the inmates." He answered: "No; but these poor creatures wrote in charcoal and scratched on the wall the story of the brutalities they had suffered."

When the English and Scotch troops came upon the scene, their wrath was so great that General Neill had the butchers arrested, and before being shot, compelled them to wipe up part of the floor of this place of massacre, this being the worst of their punishment, for there is nothing that a Hindoo so hates as to touch blood. When Havelock came upon the

scene he had this order annulled. The well was now not only full of human bodies, but corpses piled on the outside. The soldiers were for many hours engaged in covering the dead.

It was about five o'clock in the evening when I came upon this place in Cawnpore. The building in which the massacre took place has been torn down and a garden of exquisite and fragrant flowers surrounds the scene. Mr. Lee pointed out to us some seventy mounds containing bodies or portions of bodies of those not thrown into the well. A soldier stands on guard to keep the foliage and flowers from being ruthlessly pulled. I asked a soldier if I might take a rose as a memento, and he handed me a cluster of roses, red and white, both colors suggestive to me; the red typical of the carnage there enacted, and the white for the purity of those who from that spot ascended. But of course the most absorbing interest

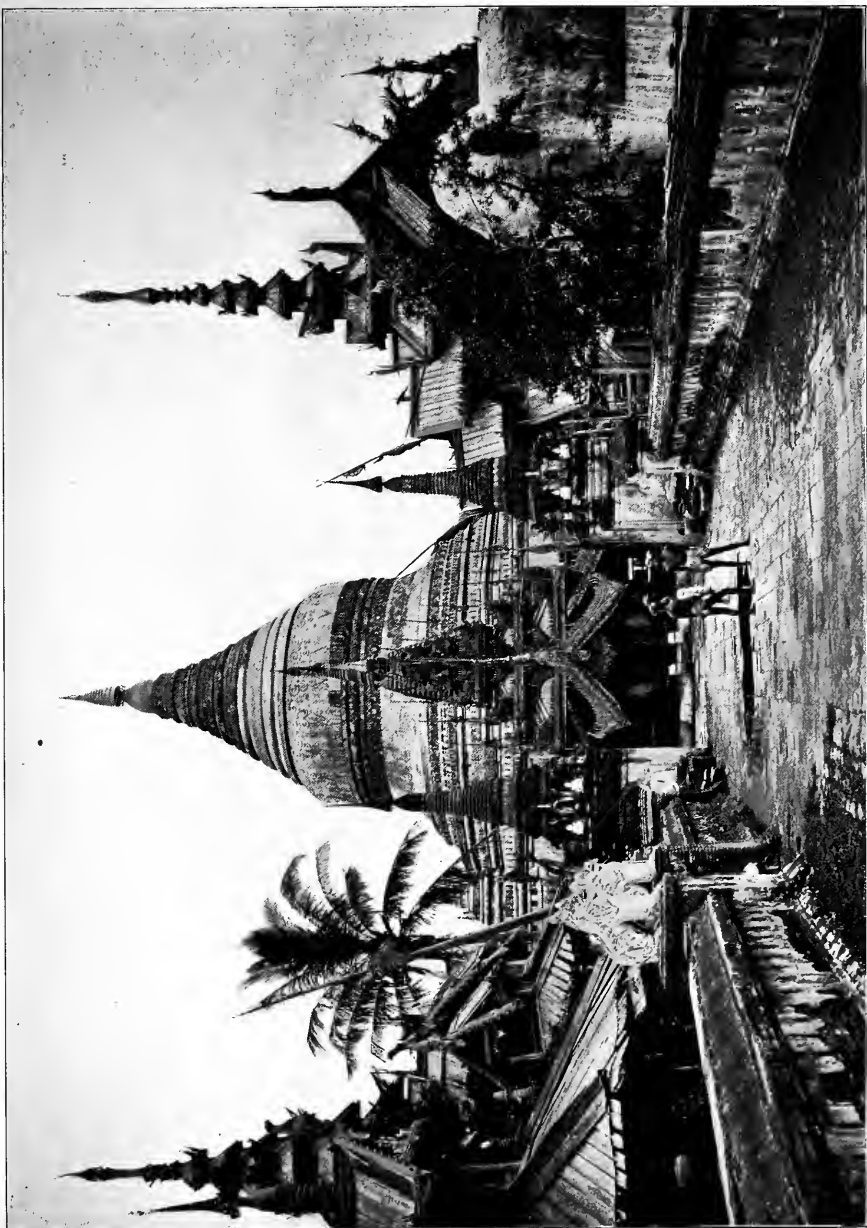


MEMORIAL WELL, AT CAWNPORE.

concentrated at the well, into which hundreds of women and children were flung or lowered. A circular wall of white marble encloses this well. The wall is about twenty feet high. Inside this wall there is a marble pavement. I paced it, and found it fifty-seven paces around. In the centre of this enclosure, and immediately above the well of the dead, is a sculptured angel of resurrection, with illumined face; and two palm branches, meaning victory. This angel is looking down toward the slumberers beneath, but the two wings suggest the rising of the last day. Mighty consolation in marble! They went down under the hatchets of the Sepoys; they shall come up under the trumpet that shall wake the dead. I felt weak and all a-tremble as I stood reading these words on the stone that covers the well: "Sacred to the

perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, cruelly massacred near this spot by the rebel, Nana Sahib, and thrown, the dying with the dead, into the well beneath, on the 15th day of July, 1857." On the arch of the mausoleum were cut the words: "These are they who came out of great tribulation."

The sun was sinking beneath the horizon as I came down the seven or eight steps of that palace of a sepulchre, and I bethought myself, "No emperor, unless it was Napoleon, ever had more glories around his pillow of dust, and no queen, unless it were the one of Taj Mahal, had reared for her grander cenotaph than crowns the resting places of the martyrs at Cawnpore. But where rest the bones of the Herod of the nineteenth century, Nana Sahib? No one can tell. Two men sent out to find the whereabouts of the daughter of General Wheeler tracked Nana Sahib during a week's ride into the wilderness, and they



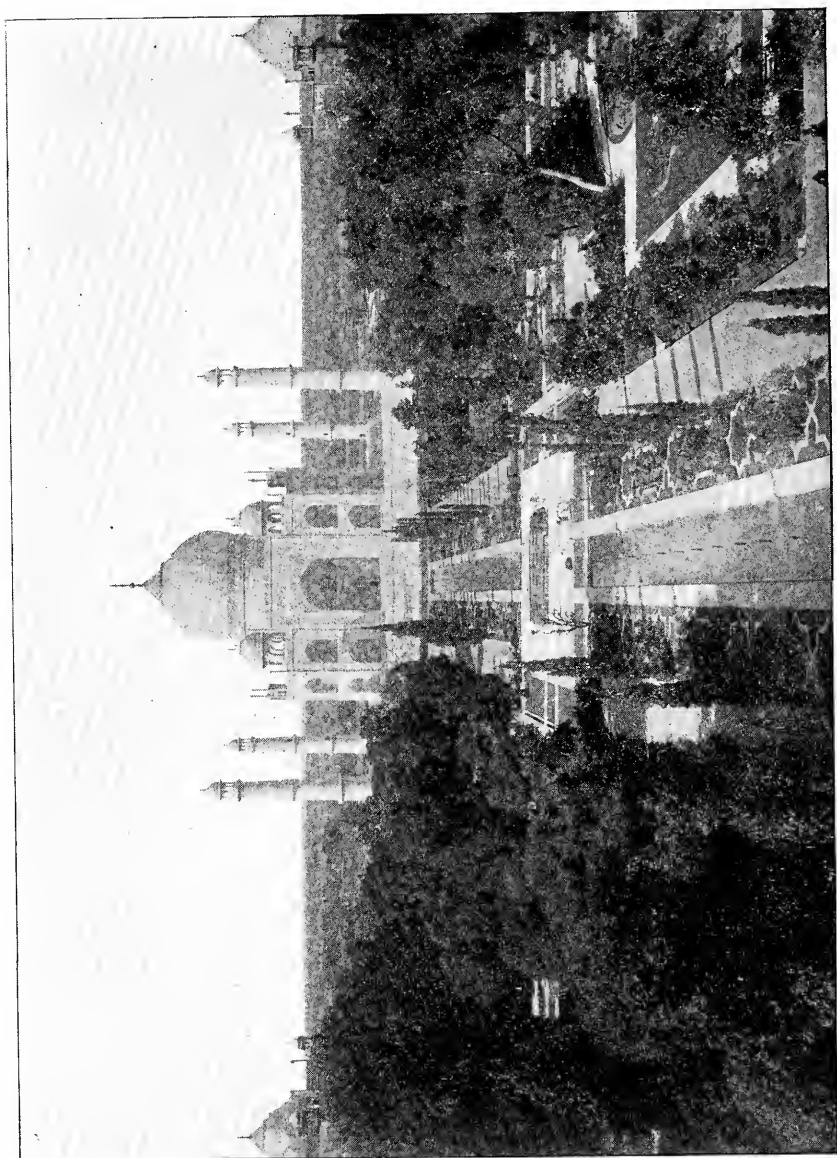
GOLDEN PAGODA AT PAGAN.



were told that for a while after the mutiny Nana Sahib set up a little pomp in the jungles. Among a few thousand Hindoos and Mohanmedans he took for himself the only two tents the neighborhood had, while they lived in the rain and mud. Nana Sahib, with one servant carrying an umbrella, would go every day to bathe, and people would go and stare. For some reason, after a while he forsook even that small attention and disappeared among the ravines of the Himalayan mountains. He took with him in his flight that which he always took with him—a ruby of vast value. He wore it as some wear an amulet. He wore it as some wear a life-preserver. He wore it on his bosom. The Hindoo priest told him as long as he wore that ruby his fortunes would be good, but both the ruby and the prince who wore it have vanished. Not a treasure on the outside of the bosom, but a treasure inside the heart, is the best protection. Solomon, who had rubies in the hilt of swords, and rubies in his crown, declared that which Nana Sahib did not find out in his time: “wisdom is better than rubies.” When the forests of India are cleared by the axes of another civilization, the lost ruby of this Cawnpore monster may be picked up, and be brought back again to blaze among the world’s jewels. But who shall reclaim for decent sepulture the remains of Nana Sahib? Ask the vultures. Ask the reptiles. Ask the jackals. Ask the midnight Himalayas.



ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES.



THE TAJ MAHAL, INDIA.



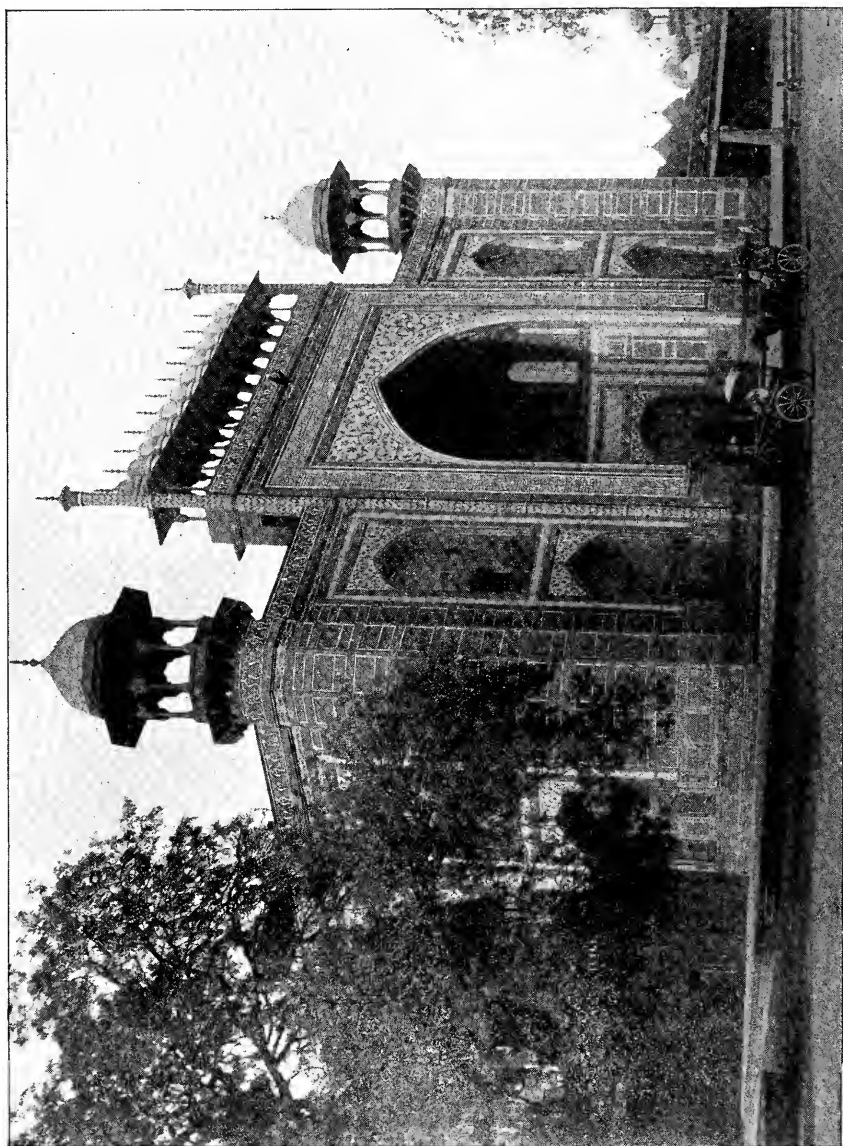
## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE TAJ.

**I**N a journey around the world it may not be easy to tell the exact point which divides the pilgrimage into halves. But there was one structure toward which we were all the time traveling, and having seen that we felt that if we saw nothing more, our expedition would be a success. That one object was the Taj of India. It is the crown of the whole earth. The spirits of architecture met to enthrone a king, and the spirit of the Parthenon at Athens was there; and the spirit of St. Sophia of Constantinople was there; and the spirit of St. Isaac of St. Petersburg was there; and the spirit of the Baptistry of Pisa was there; and the spirit of the Great Pyramid and of the Luxor obelisk, and of the Porcelain tower of Nankin, and of St. Mark's of Venice, and the spirits of all the great towers, great cathedrals, great mausoleums, great sarcophagi, great capitols for the living, and of great necropolises for the dead, were there. And the presiding genius of the throng, with gavel of Parian marble smote the table of Russian malachite, and called the throng of spirits to order, and called for a vote as to which spirit should wear the chief crown, and mount the chief throne, and wave the chief sceptre, and by unanimous acclaim the cry was: "Long live the spirit of the Taj, king of all the spirits of architecture! Thine is the Taj Mahal of India!"

The building is about six miles from Agra, and as we rode out in the early dawn we heard nothing but the hoofs and wheels that pulled and turned us along the road, at every yard of which our expectation rose until we had some thought that we might be disappointed at the first glimpse, as some say they were disappointed. But how anyone can be disappointed with the Taj is almost as great a wonder to me as the Taj itself. There are some people always disappointed, and who knows but that having entered heaven they may criticise the architecture of the Temple, and the cut of the white robes, and say that the River of Life is not quite up to their expectations, and that the white horses on which the conquerors ride seem a little springhalt, or spavined?

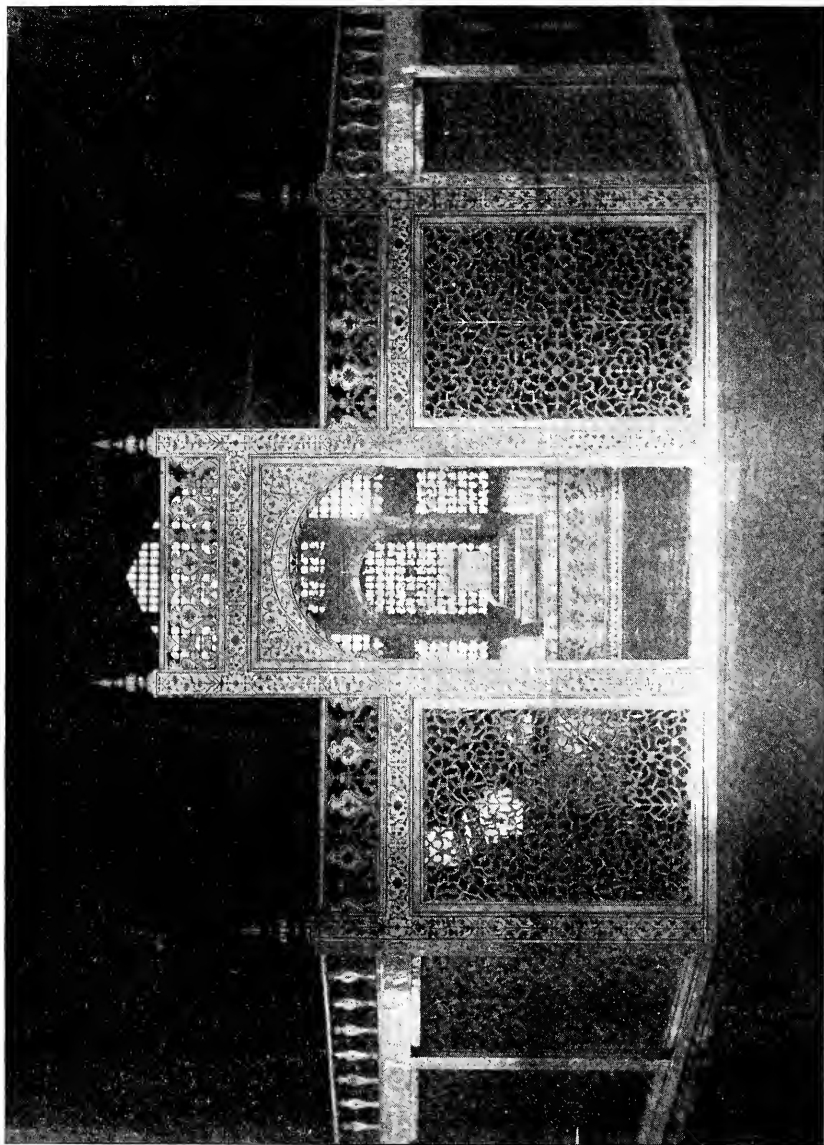
My son said, "There it is!" I said, "Where?" For that which he saw to be the building seemed to me to be more like the morning cloud blushing under the stare of the rising sun. It seemed not so much built up from earth as let down from heaven. Fortunately you stop at an elaborated gateway of red sandstone one-eighth of a mile from the Taj, an entrance so high, so arched, so graceful, so four-domed, so painted, and chisled, and scrolled that you come very gradually upon the Taj, which structure is enough to intoxicate the eye, and stun the imagination, and entrance the soul. We go up the winding stairs of this majestic entrance of the gateway, and buy a few pictures, and examine a few curios, and from it look off upon the Taj, and descend from the pavement to the garden that raptures everything between the gateway and the ecstasy of marble and precious stones. You pass along a deep stream of water in which all manner of brilliant fins swirl and float. There are eighty-four fountains that spout, and bend, and arch themselves to fall in showers of pearl in basins of snowy whiteness. Beds of all imaginable flora greet the nostril before



GATEWAY TO THE GARDEN OF THE TAJ.

they do the eye and seem to roll in waves of color as you advance toward the vision you are soon to have of what human genius did when it did its best ; moon-flowers, lilacs, marigolds, tulips, and almost everywhere the lotus ; thickets of bewildering bloom ; on either side trees from many lands bend their arborescence over your head, or seem with convoluted branches to reach out their arms toward you in welcome. On and on you go amid tamarind, and cypress, and poplar, and oleander, and yew, and sycamore, and banyan, and palm, and trees of such novel branch, and leaf, and girth, you cease to ask their name or nativity. As you approach the door of the Taj one experiences a strange sensation of awe, and tenderness, and humility, and worship. The building is only a grave, but what a grave ! Built for a queen who, according to some, was very good ; and, according to others, was very bad. I choose to think she was very good. At any rate, it makes me feel better to think that this commemorative pile was set up for the immortalization of virtue rather than vice. The Taj is a mountain of white marble, but never such walls faced each other with exquisiteness ; never such a tomb was cut out from block of alabaster ; never such congregation of precious stones brightened, and gloomed, and blazed, and chastened, and glorified a building since sculptor's chisel cut its first curve, or painter's pencil traced its first figure, or mason's plumb-line measured its first wall, or architect's compass swept its first circle.

The Taj has sixteen great arched windows, four at each corner. Also at each of the four corners of the Taj stands a minaret one hundred and thirty-seven feet high. Also at each side of this building is a splendid mosque of red sandstone. Two hundred and fifty years has the Taj stood, and yet not a wall has cracked, nor a mosaic loosened, nor an arch sagged, nor a panel dulled. The storms of two hundred and fifty winters have not marred, nor the heats of two hundred and fifty summers disintegrated a marble. There is no story of age written by mosses on its white surface. Montaz, the queen, was beautiful, and Shah Jehan, the king, here proposed to let all the centuries of time know it. She was married at twenty years of age and died at twenty-nine. Her life ended as another life began ; as the rose bloomed the rosebush perished. To adorn this dormitory of the dead, at the command of the king, Bagdad sent to this building its cornelian, and Ceylon its lapis-lazuli, and the Punjab its jasper, and Persia its amethyst, and Thibet its turquoise, and Lanka its sapphire, and Yemen its agate, and Punah its diamonds, and bloodstones, and sardonyx, and chalcedony, and moss agates are as common as though they were pebbles. You find one spray of vine beset with eighty and another with one hundred stones. Twenty thousand men were twenty years in building it, and although the labor was slave-labor, and not paid for, the building cost what would be about \$60,000,000 of our American money. Some of the jewels have been picked out of the wall by iconoclasts or conquerors, and substitutes of less value have taken their places ; but the vines, the traceries, the arabesques, the spandrels, the entablatures are so wondrous that you feel like dating the rest of your life from the day you first saw them. In letters of black marble the whole of the Koran is spelled out in and on this august pile. The king sleeps in the tomb besides the queen, although he intended to build a palace as black as this was white on the opposite side of the river for himself to sleep in. Indeed, the foundation for such a necropolis of black marble is still there, and from the white to the black temple of the dead a bridge was to cross ; but the son dethroned him and imprisoned him, and it is wonderful that the king had any place at all in which to be buried. Instead of windows to let in the light upon the two tombs, there is a trellis-work of marble, marble cut so delicately thin that the sun shines through it as easily as through glass. Look the world over and you find no such translucency, canopies, traceries, lacework, embroideries of stone.



THE TOMB OF THE QUEEN IN THE TAJ.

We had heard of the wonderful resonance of this Taj, and so I tried it. I suppose there are more sleeping echoes in that building waiting to be wakened by the human voice than in any building ever constructed. I uttered one word, and there seemed descending invisible choirs in full chant, and there was a reverberation that kept on long after one would have expected it to cease. When a line of a hymn was sung there were replying, rolling, rising, falling, interweaving sounds that seemed modulated by beings seraphic. There were aerial sopranos and bassos, soft, high, deep, tremulous, emotional, commingling. It was like an antiphonal of heaven. But there are four or five Taj Mahals. It has one appearance at sunrise, another at noon, another at sunset, and another by moonlight. Indeed, the silver trowel of the moon, and the golden trowel of the sunlight, and the leaden trowel of the storm build and rebuild the glory, so that it never seems twice alike. It has all moods, all complexions, all grandeurs. From the top of the Taj, which is two hundred and fifty feet high, springs a spire thirty feet higher, and that is enameled with gold. What an anthem in eternal rhythm! Lyrics and elegies in marble! Sculptured hosanna! Masonry as of supernatural hands! Mighty doxology in stone! I shall see nothing to equal it until I see the Great White Throne and on it Him from whose face the earth and the heavens flee away.

The Taj is the pride of India, and especially of Mohammedanism. An English officer of the fortress told us that when during the general mutiny in 1857 the Mohammedans proposed insurrection at Agra, the English Government aimed the guns of the fort at the Taj and said: "You make insurrection, and that same day we will blow your Taj to atoms," and that threat ended the disposition for mutiny at Agra.

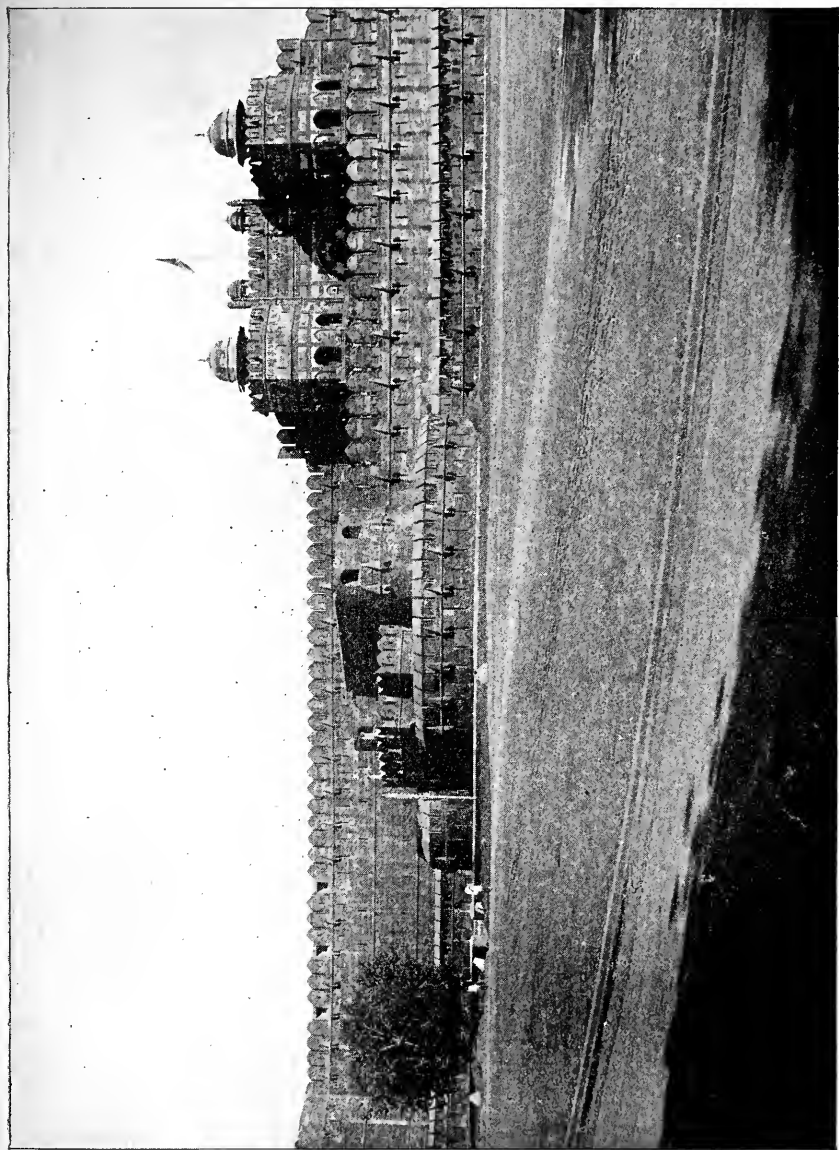
I shall take home with me for my book some pictures of the Taj, and I have already among my baggage a block of alabaster hewn here, about a foot square, showing this building in miniature. To try to put such a majesty of structure in so small a compass may seem like trying to compress Haydn's "Creation" into a music-box, or paint Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" on a cup. But this imitation on a small scale of the grandest of human creations may in coming years revive my memory of that which I have now seen. And then some day when at home the dull weather or overwork depresses me, and I need arousal, I will put this portable Taj on my writing-desk before me, and if there be no power in the light that tips the golden pinnacles to fire my imagination, and if my thoughts from the tiny dome of alabaster cannot spring heavenward, and if out of all the precious stones that pave, and wall, and crown this mansoleum, there be not enough to make a stairs on which to climb into higher experiences, then it will not be the fault of the great Frenchman, Austin de Bordeau, who built this architectural miracle of all ages, but because I did not properly improve this coronal opportunity of a lifetime.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### DELHI—THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

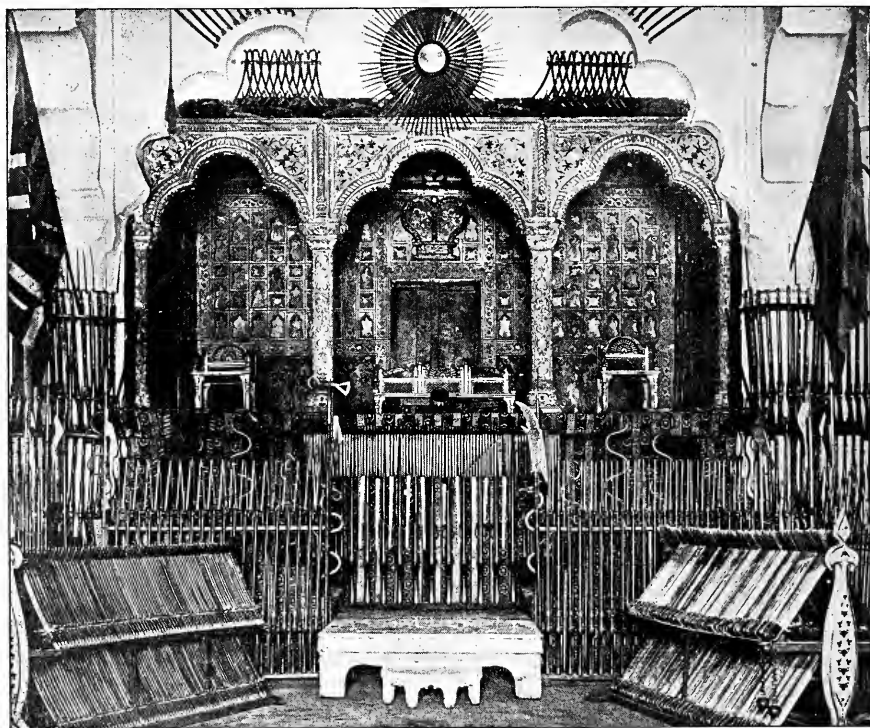
**B**EFORE the first historian impressed his first word in clay, or cut his first word on marble, or wrote his first word on papyrus, Delhi stood in India, a contemporary of Babylon and Nineveh. We know that Delhi existed longer before Christ's time than we live after his time. Delhi is built on the ruins of seven cities, which ruins cover fourteen miles with wrecked temples, broken fortresses, split tombs, tumbled-down palaces and the debris of centuries. An archæologist could profitably spend his life here talking with the past through its lips of venerable masonry.

When we arrived the city was nearly abandoned except by the natives, for malignant fevers of all sorts reigned. The station-master told me that eighty-five of the employes of the railroad were down with sickness. A lady, to whom we went for information regarding the city, said all the members of her family had the fever, and she soon would be down with it. We had the best hotel of the city to ourselves. The rainy season had just ceased and the rivers were receding and leaving the flats and marshes to produce aches, and pains, and illnesses enough to supply all India. A wealthy American had, some months before, hired this entire hotel for his family, clearing out all the other guests, and paying a large price for exclusive occupancy. But at ordinary charges all the rooms of the large hotel were put at our disposal, the fevers abroad in Delhi securing for us as much room as a multi-millionairist had bought for one family. The hotel here is unusually good for India, but for some reason nearly all the hotels of India are distasteful. There is one style of beverage that I am especially fond of, and you cannot get it in India. I looked for it up and down in all the cities. You can buy champagne, and beer, and brandy, and many styles of drinks, but the rare beverage I speak of you cannot get. The thirst for it sometimes came upon me so mightily I would have given ten dollars for a bottle. There are plenty of distilleries in that country, but my favorite kind of liquor they do not brew. I so needed the stimulus that I was impatient to get a glass, at least what is called "three fingers" of it. I mean good water. Nothing under heaven can take the place of it. A glass of water in most parts of India is a small aquarium, and a miniature menagerie, and drinking it you merely drink the occupants, the denizens, the inhabitants out of the glass into your own digestive organs, and there are internal riots, and strikes, and rebellions, and massacres, and revolutions, and pandemoniums that either put you in bed or grave. The inestimable blessing that in America you get by the pailful you cannot in some parts of India get by the thimbleful. And then the advice given me I give others: "Butter your own toast." "Why?" I asked, and you ask. Because the modes of buttering toast in the hotels of India are far from satisfactory. The native cook takes a dirty towel and dips it in grease and rubs it over the surface of the toast. The advantage is that he can butter sixty pieces of toast in sixty seconds. One wipe, and the deed is done! This is all a matter of taste, but it does not suit my taste. Yet, it does not make much difference what you eat or where you sleep. You are in India for one object, namely, sight-seeing.



FORT AT AGRA.

On arrival in Calcutta or Bombay, either the east side of India or the west side, you must hire a traveling servant, some one commended to you for honesty and capacity, to speak somewhat of English. You must also buy a woolen rug and two blankets for sleeping purposes, as in many places hotels do not provide anything but a bedstead. Then, you must wear around you what has a frightful name, but is really a sanitary precaution, a cholera-belt. You must have a sun-hat, a white umbrella, and white canvas shoes, and plenty of determination not to have your disposition ruffled, and ought to carry a full reali-



AKBAR'S PALACE—THRONE AND AUDIENCE ROOM AT AGRA.

Akbar (very great) was the greatest Asiatic monarch of modern times. He assumed the rulership of India in 1558, and the wisdom, vigor and humanity with which he organized and administered his dominions is unexampled in the East. Although a Mohammedan he was tolerant to other religions, and even made a study of Christianity and attempted the promulgation of a new religion of his own. He encouraged literature, was progressive in spirit, merciful and just as a ruler, and sought by every means to relieve his subjects from the burdens of taxation. He died in 1605.

zation of the fact that you are having an opportunity which hundreds of millions of people have longed for, yet died without satisfying.

And now we are in the city of Delhi. There are a hundred things here you ought to see, but three things you must see. The first thing I wanted to see was the Cashmere Gate, for that was the point at which the most wonderful deed of daring which the world has



ever seen was done. That was the turning-point of the mutiny of 1857, so far as Delhi was concerned. A lady at Delhi put into my hand an oil-painting of about eighteen inches square, a picture well executed, but chiefly valuable for what it represented. It was a scene from the time of mutiny; two horses at full run, harnessed to a carriage in which were four persons. She said: "Those persons on the front seat are my father and mother. The young lady on the back seat holding in her arms a baby of a year was my older sister, and the baby was myself. My mother, who is down with the fever in the next room, painted that years ago. The horses are in full run, because we were fleeing for our lives. My mother is driving, for the reason that father, standing up in the front of his carriage, had to defend us with his gun, as you there see. He fought our way out and on for many a mile, shooting down the Sepoys as we went. We had somewhat suspected trouble, and had



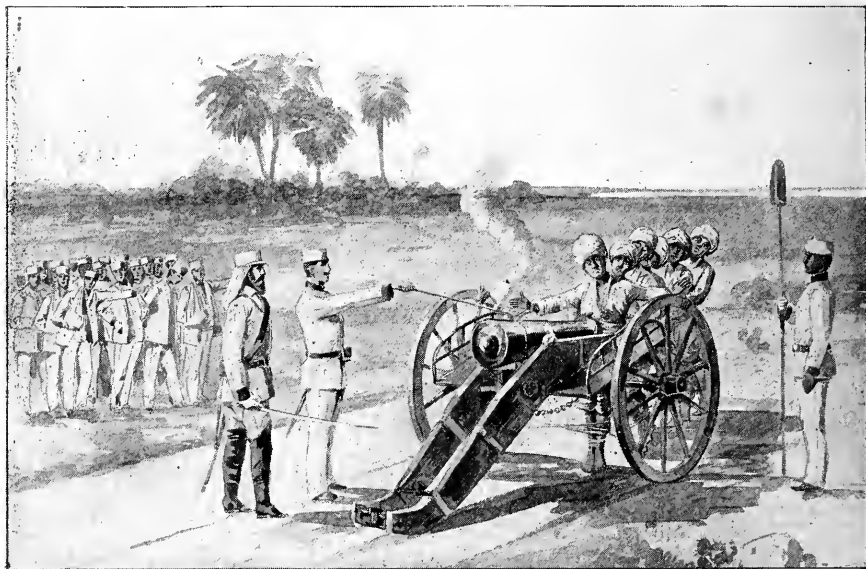
REBEL, SEPOYS AT DELHI.

become suspicious of our servants. A prince had requested a private interview with my father, who was editor of the *Delhi Gazette*. The prince proposed to come veiled, so that no one might recognize him, but my mother insisted on being present, and the interview did not take place. A large fish had been sent to our family and four other families, the present an offering of thanks for the king's recovery from a recent sickness. But we suspected poison and did not eat the fish. One day all our servants came up and said they must go and see what was the matter. We saw what was intended, and knew that if the servants returned they would murder all of us. Things grew worse and worse until this scene of flight shown in the picture took place. You see, the horses were wild with fright. This was not only because of the discharge of guns, but the horses were struck and pounded

by Sepoys, and ropes were tied across the way, and the savage halloo, and the shout of revenge made all the way of our flight a horror."

The books have fully recorded the heroism displayed at Delhi and approximate regions, but make no mention of this family of Wagentreibers, whose flight I am mentioning. But the Madras *Athenicum* printed this:

"And now! Are not the deeds of the Wagentreibers, though he wore a round hat and she a crinoline, as worthy of imperishable verse as those of the heroic pair whose nuptials graced the court of Charlemagne? A more touching picture than that of the brave man contending with well-nerved arm against the black and threatening fate impending over his wife and child, we have never seen. Here was no strife for the glory of physical prowess, or the spoil of shining arms, but a conquest of the human mind, an assertion of the powers

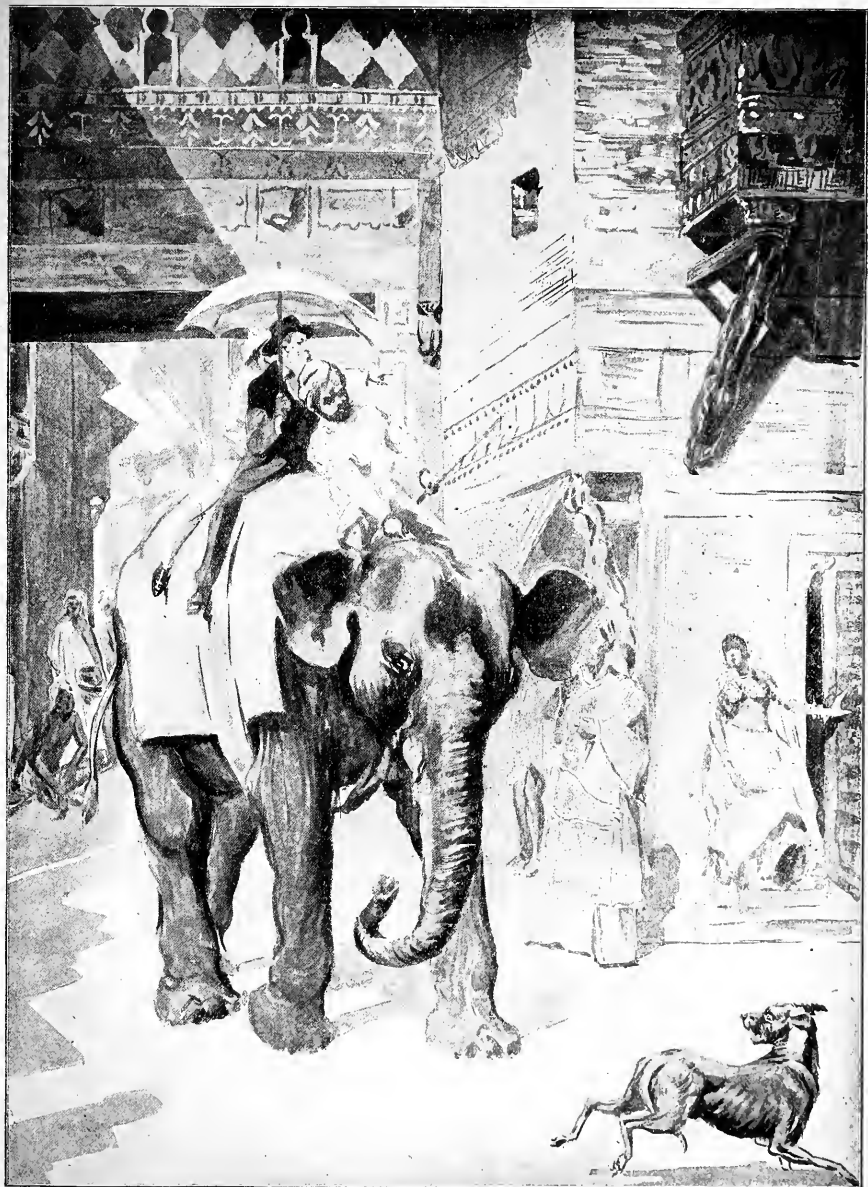


SHOOTING PRISONERS FROM A GUN.

One of the most tragic episodes in the history of India was the Sepoy Rebellion of 1857, which began in a mad riot of massacre and rapine. When the uprising was finally suppressed, Sir Hector Monroe executed a number of the leaders by lashing them to a cannon and blowing them from the muzzle.

of intellect over the most appalling array of circumstances that could assail a human being. Men have become gray in front of sudden and unexpected peril, and in ancient days so much was courage a matter of heroics and mere instinct that we read in immortal verse of heroes struck with panic and fleeing before the enemy. But the savage Sepoys with their hoarse war-cry, and swarming like wasps around the Wagentreibers, struck no terror into the brave man's heart. His heroism was not the mere ebullition of despair, but like that of his wife, calm and wise; standing upright that he might use his arms better."

As an incident will sometimes more impress one than a generality of statement, I present the flight of this one family from Delhi merely to illustrate the desperation of the

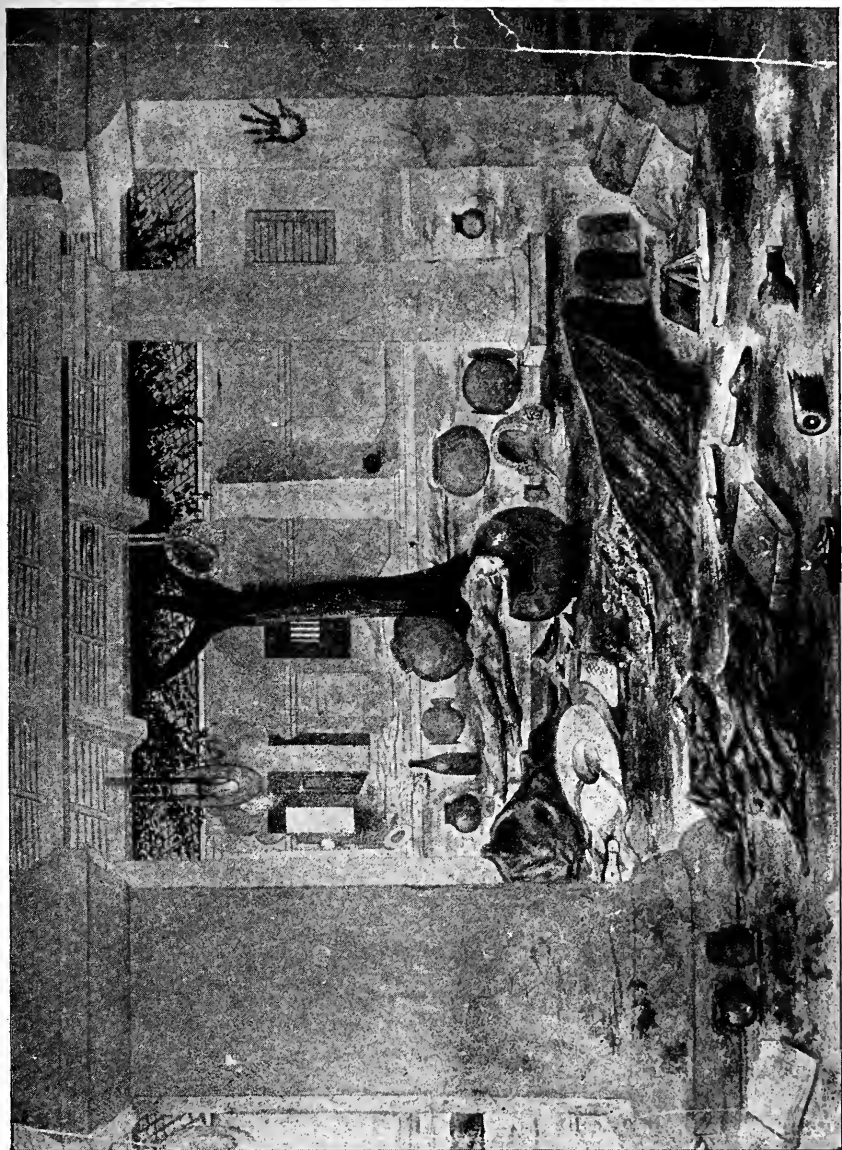


THROUGH THE STREETS OF CAWNPORE.

times. The fact was that the Sepoys had taken possession of the city of Delhi, and they were, with all their artillery, fighting back the Europeans who were on the outside, and murdering all the Europeans who were inside. The city of Delhi has a crenulated wall on three sides, a wall five and one-half miles long, and the fourth side of the city is defended by the river Jumna. In addition to these two defences of wall and water, there were 40,000 Sepoys, all armed. Twelve hundred British soldiers were to take that city. Nicholson, the immortal general, commanded them, and you must visit his grave before you leave Delhi. He fell leading his troops. He commanded them even after mortally wounded. You will read this inscription on his tomb :

“JOHN NICHOLSON, who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in  
the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and  
died twenty-third September, 1857.  
Aged 35 years.”

With what guns and men General Nicholson could muster he had laid siege to this walled city filled with devils. What fearful odds ! Twelve hundred British troops unprotected by any military works to take a city surrounded by firm and high masonry, on the top of which were one hundred and fourteen guns defended by 40,000 foaming Sepoys. A larger percentage of troops fell here than in any great battle I happen to know of. The Crimean percentage of the fallen was 17.48, but the percentage of Delhi was 37.9. Yet that city must be taken, and it can only be taken by such courage as has never been recorded in all the annals of bloodshed. Every charge of the British regiments against the walls and gates had been beaten back. The hyenas of Hindooism and Mohammedanism howled over the walls, and the English army could do nothing but bury their own dead. But at this gate (a picture of which I send for my book) I stand and watch an exploit that makes the page of history tremble with agitation. This city has ten gates, but the most famous is the one before which we now stand, and it is called Cashmere Gate. Write the words in red ink, because of the carnage ! Write them in letters of light, for the illustrious deeds ! Write them in letters of black, for the bereft and the dead. Will the world ever forget that Cashmere Gate ? Lieutenants Salkeld and Home, and Sergeants Burgess, Carmichael and Smith offered to take bags of powder to the foot of that gate and set them on fire, blowing open the gate, although they must die in doing it. There they go, just after sunrise, each one carrying a sack containing twenty-four pounds of powder, and doing this under the fire of the enemy. Lieutenant Home was the first to jump into the ditch, which still remains before the gate. As they go, one by one falls under the shot and shell. One of the mortally wounded, as he falls, hands his sack of powder with a box of lucifer matches to another, telling him to fire the sack ; when, with an explosion that shook the earth for twenty miles around, part of the Cashmere Gate was blown into fragments, and the bodies of some of these heroes were so scattered they were never gathered for funeral, or grave, or monument. The British army rushed in through the broken gate, and although six days of hard fighting were necessary before the city was in complete possession, the crisis was past. The Cashmere Gate open, the capture of Delhi and all it contained of palaces, and mosques, and treasures was possible. Lord Napier, of Magdala, of whom Mr. Gladstone spoke to me so affectionately when I was his guest at Hawarden, England, has lifted a monument near this Cashmere Gate with the names of the men who there fell inscribed thereon. That English Lord who had seen courage on many a battlefield, visited this Cashmere Gate, and felt that the men who opened it with the loss of their own lives ought to be



CHAMBER OF BLOOD, CAWNPORE.

commemorated, and hence this cenotaph. But, after all, the best monument is the Gate itself, with the deep gouges in the brick wall on the left side made by two bombshells, and the wall above torn by ten bombshells, and the wall on the right side defaced, and scarped, and plowed, and gullied by all styles of long-reaching weaponry. Let the words "Cashmere Gate" as a synonym for patriotism, and fearlessness, and self-sacrifice go into all history, all art, all literature, all time, all eternity!

Another thing you must see if you go to Delhi, though you leave many things unseen, is the palace of the Moguls. It is an enclosure of a thousand yards by five hundred. You enter through a vaulted hall nearly four hundred feet long. Floors of Florentine mosaic, and walls once emerald, and sapphired, and carbuncled, and diamonded. I said to the guide: "Show us where once stood the Peacock Throne." "Here it was," he responded. All the thrones of the earth put together would not equal that for costliness and brilliance. It had steps of silver, and the seat and arms were of solid gold. It cost about \$150,000,000. It stood between two peacocks, the feathers and plumes of which were fashioned out of colored stones. Above the throne was a life-size parrot, cut out of one emerald. Above all was a canopy resting on twelve columns of gold, the canopy fringed with pearls. Seated here, the emperor on public occasions wore a crown containing, among other things, the Koh-i-noor diamond, and the entire blaze of coronet cost \$10,350,000. This superb and once almost supernaturally beautiful room has inbedded in the white marble wall letters of black marble, which were translated to me from Persian into English as meaning:

"If on the earth there be an Eden of bliss,  
That place is this, is this, is this, is this."

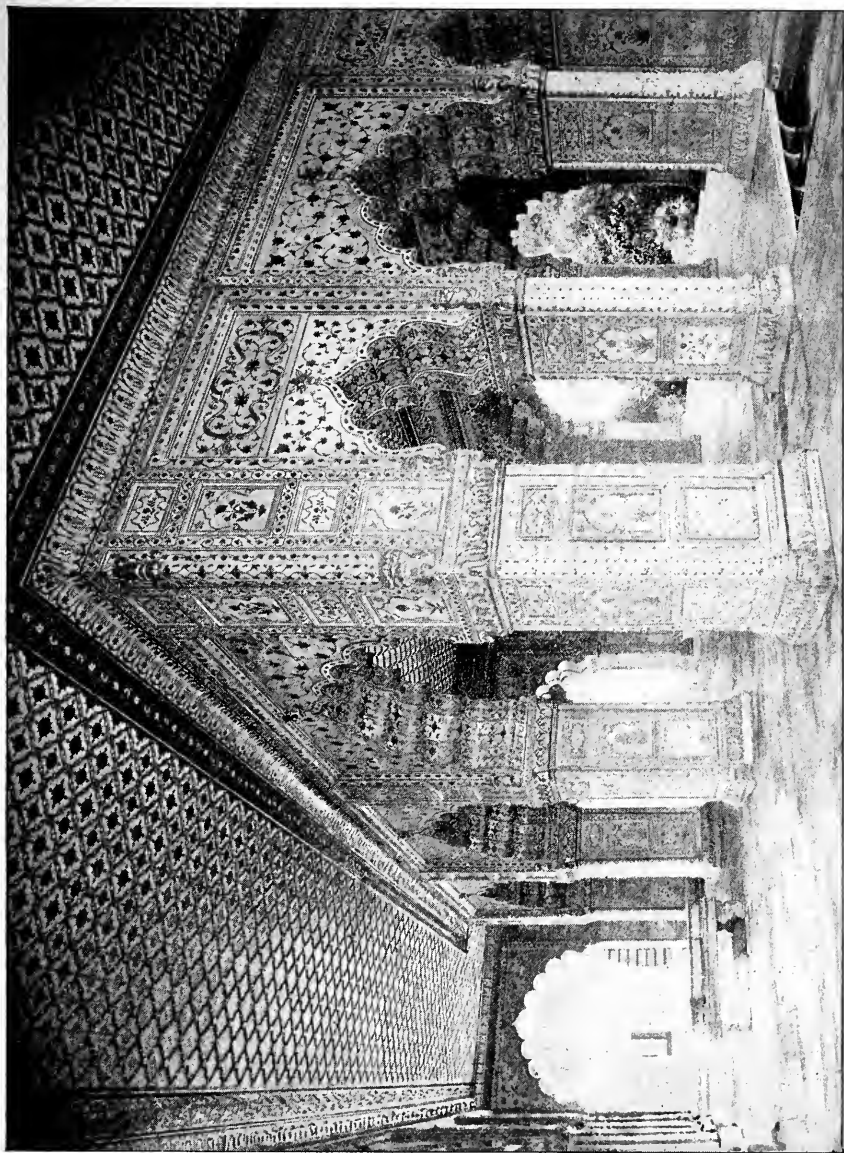
But the peacocks that stood beside the throne have flown away, taking all the display with them, and those white marble floors were reddened with slaughter, and those bath-rooms ran with blood, and that Eden of which the Persian couplet on the walls spake has had its flowers wither, and its fruits decay, and I thought while looking at the brilliant desolation, and standing amid the banished glories of that throne-room, that some one had better change a little that Persian couplet on the wall and make it read:

If there be a place where much you miss,  
That place is this, is this, is this, is this.

As I came out of the palace into the street of Delhi, I thought to myself: paradises are not built out of stone; are not cut in sculpture; are not painted on walls; are not fashioned out of precious stones; do not spray the cheek with fountains; do not offer thrones or crowns. Paradises are built out of natures, uplifted and ennobled; and what architect's compass may not sweep, and sculptor's chisel may not cut, and painter's pencil may not sketch, and gardener's skill may not lay out, the grace of God can achieve, and if the heart be right, all is right; and if the heart be wrong, all is wrong.

But I will not yet allow you to leave Delhi. The third thing you must see, or never admit that you have been in India, is the mosque called Jumma Musjid. It is the grandest mosque I ever saw except St. Sophia at Constantinople, but it surpasses that in some respects; for St. Sophia was originally a Christian church, and changed into a mosque, while this of Delhi was originally built for the Moslems.

As I entered, a thousand or more Mohammedans were prostrated in worship. There are times when five thousand may be seen here in the same attitude. Each stone of the floor is three feet long by one and one-half wide, and each worshiper has one of these slabs for himself while kneeling. The erection of this building required five thousand laborers



AUDIENCE ROOM OF THE GREAT MOGUL, WHERE WAS THE NOTED PEACOCK THRONE, DELHI.



for six years. It is on a plateau of rock ; has four towers rising far into the heavens ; three great gateways inviting the world to come in and honor the memory of the prophet of many wives ; fifteen domes with spires gold-tipped, and six minarets. What a built-up immensity of white marble and red sandstone ! We passed to a corner of this mosque to see the relics of Mohammed. There are his slippers, much like ordinary slippers, except very aged. There, also, is the hair of Mohammed's moustache. You must not touch it, for it is very sacred, and has been carefully guarded on down through the centuries. There, also, is a stone bearing the foot-print of Mohammed, leading you to the conclusion that Mohammed must have had a very hard foot, or the stone must have been very soft. We did not stay any longer to examine that hair than we staid to examine the tooth of Buddha in Ceylon. We descended the forty marble steps by which we ascended, and took another look at this wonder of the world. As I thought what a brain the architect must have had who first built that mosque in his own imagination, and as I thought what an opulent ruler that must have been who gave the order for such vastness and symmetry, I was reminded of that which perfectly explained all. The architect who planned this was the same man who planned the Taj, namely, Austin de Bordeaux, and the king who ordered the mosque constructed was the king who ordered the Taj, namely, Shah Jehan. As this Grand Mogul ordered built the most splendid palace for the dead when he built the Taj at Agra, he here ordered built the most splendid palace of worship for the living at Delhi. See here what sculpture and architecture can accomplish. They link together the centuries. They successfully defy time. Two hundred and eighty years ago Austin de Bordeaux and Shah Jehan quit this life, but their work lives and bids fair to stand until the continents crack open, and hemispheres go down, and this planet showers other worlds with its ashes.

I rejoice in all these big buildings, whether dedicated to Mohammed, or Brahma, or Buddha, or Confucius, or Zoroaster ; because as St. Sophia at Constantinople was a Christian church changed into a mosque, and will yet be changed back again, so all the mosques and temples of superstition and sin will yet be turned into churches. When India, and Ceylon, and China, and Japan are ransomed, as we all believe they will be, their religious structures will all be converted into Christian asylums, and Christian schools, and Christian libraries, and Christian churches. Built at the expense of superstition and sin, they will yet be dedicated to the Lord Almighty !

As that night we took the railroad train from the Delhi station and rolled out through the city now living, over the vaster cities buried under this ancient capital, cities under cities, and our traveling servant had unrolled our bed, which consisted of a rug and two blankets and a pillow ; and as we were worn out with the sight-seeing of the day, and were roughly tossed on that uneven Indian railway, I soon fell into a troubled sleep, in which I saw and heard in a confused way the scenes and sounds of the mutiny of 1857, which at Delhi we had been recounting ; and now the rattle of the train seemed to turn into the rattle of musketry ; and now the light at the top of the car deluded me with the idea of a burning city ; and then the loud thump of the railroad brake was in dream mistaken for a booming battery ; and the voices at the different stations made me think I heard the loud cheer of the British at the taking of the Cashmere Gate ; and as we rolled over bridges the battles before Delhi seemed going on ; and as we went through dark tunnels I seemed to see the tomb of Humayun, in which the king of Delhi was hidden ; and in my dream I saw Lieutenant Renny, of the artillery, throwing shells which were handed him, their fuses burning ; and Campbell, and Reid, and Hope Grant covered with blood ; and Nicholson falling while rallying on the wall his wavering troops ; and I saw dead regiment fallen



across dead regiment, and heard the rataplan of the hoofs of Hodson's Horse, and the dash of the Bengal Artillery, and the storming by the immortal Fourth Column; and the rougher the Indian railway became, and the darker the night grew, the more the scenes that I had been studying at Delhi came on me in incubus. But the morning began to look through the window of our jolting rail-car, and the sunlight poured in on my pillow, and in my dreams I saw the bright colors of the English flag hoisted over Delhi, where the green banner of the Moslem had waved, and the voices of the wounded and dying seemed to be exchanged for the voices that welcomed soldiers home again. And as the morning light got brighter and brighter, and in my dream I mistook the bells at a station for a church bell hanging in a minaret, where a Mohammedan priest had mumbled his call to prayer, I seemed to hear a chant, whether by human or angelic voices in my dream I could not tell, but it was a chant about "Peace and good-will to men." And as the speed of the rail-train slackened, the motion of the car became so easy as we rolled along the track that it seemed to me that all the distress, and controversy, and jolting, and wars of the world had ceased; and in my dream I thought we had come to the time when "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." But how provoking it was that in the midst of this dream that started so roughly in the suburbs of battle-cursed Delhi, and had now under the morning light and lessening speed become so pleasant, the conductor pushed back the door of the rail-car and shouted: "All out for Jeyapore!"



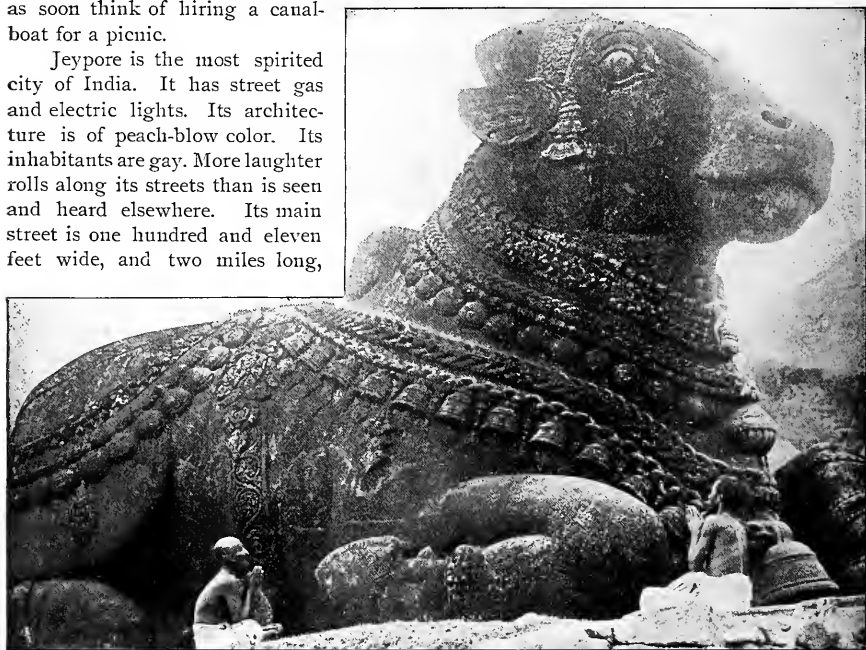
BUDDHIST SACRED CAVE AND CARVED FIGURE OF GANDAURA, FORTY-FIVE FEET IN LENGTH.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### CITY OF ELEPHANTS.

THE first thing that strikes you at Jeypore is the elephant. His ancestors were brought over from Ceylon and have been domesticated, and he here now does the office of the horse or the ox. A strange-looking being is the elephant as he passes up and down the streets of Jeypore. Now he is harnessed to a cart, now a group of laborers are on his back, or a company of pleurists, although Americans would as soon think of hiring a canal-boat for a picnic.

Jeypore is the most spirited city of India. It has street gas and electric lights. Its architecture is of peach-blow color. Its inhabitants are gay. More laughter rolls along its streets than is seen and heard elsewhere. Its main street is one hundred and eleven feet wide, and two miles long,



SHIRA'S BULL, CARVED FROM SOLID ROCK, MYSORE.

The bull is one of the sacred animals of Hindoo mythology, statues of which are placed on the outside of temples of Siva, as it is believed by Brahmins that all journeys taken by the god are upon the back of that animal. The richest sculptured bull in India is illustrated above. Is it mere coincidence that the Egyptians venerated the bull (Apis) and that the Israelites worshiped a golden calf?

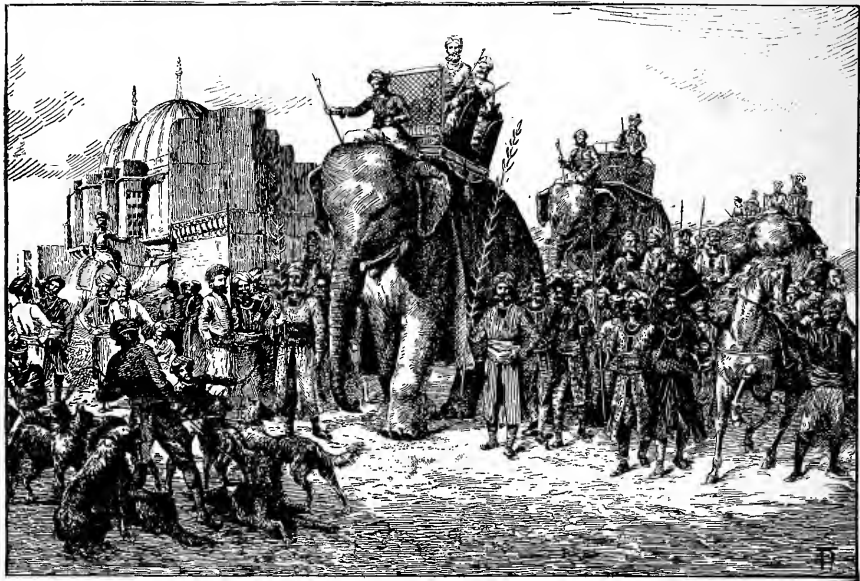
and has a commingling to which nothing could be added. Chickens, pigeons, dogs, camels, donkeys, elephants, with here and there a muzzled leopard, to say nothing of the people dancing, chaffering, joking, running, lounging, fisticuffing. Right out on



TALMAGE AND HIS SON ON THEIR WAY TO AMBER.

the street the people make shoes, and winnow wheat, and gin cotton, and spin thread, and twist ropes, and print cotton goods, and shave citizens (both shaver and shaved squat on the ground).

While you are watching in most amused condition, there passes you with loud shout the forerunner of some dignitary, riding on gaily caparisoned horse, sword jingling at his side. We visited the stables of the Maharaja, or king, for in addition to owning several hundred elephants, he has two hundred and fifty horses. Each horse has a groom, who rattles off admiringly the pedigree of his charger, and sleeps in an opening right above his horse. Each horse has not only a halter, but each foot is tethered. Some of them were grand specimens, and looked well, harnessed or mounted; but any day in Hyde Park, London, or Central Park, New York, or Prospect Park, Brooklyn, you can find



THE PRINCE OF WALES STARTING ON A HUNT.

horses with more graceful arch of neck, and more brilliant flame of eye, and more beautiful round of limb, and more exquisite touches of color.

The suburbs of Jeypore are worth a visit. The desert on one side is making strong invasion upon the city, and houses and gardens are being conquered by the sands driving in, until they are in some places forty or fifty feet deep. But you ride out a couple of miles in another direction, and you reach "The Temple of the Sun," standing on a hill three hundred and fifty feet high. The Temple is not as radiant as its name indicates, but the view from its steps is so far-reaching and striking that the city of Jeypore seems to throw its crowns of splendor to your feet.

By all means visit the Zoological and Botanic Gardens. Here you see that interesting creature called the man-eater, the tiger who prefers human flesh, and nothing else

roasted, or fried, or baked is so delicious that he will not prefer a man raw. These tigers have at times kept the neighborhood of Jeypore and of other cities in constant dread, for they will dare almost anything to get their favorite repast. Hunters dare not go after them, but pits are digged for the capture of these ferocious creatures, and they are left in these pits until exhausted with hunger and almost dead, then they can be safely taken out for the menageries. There is a tigress here who has the reputation of having eaten fifteen human beings.

The impression that these tigers prefer human flesh above all else may, however, be inaccurate. An unarmed man is more easily captured than the brutes, the most of which have horn, or hoof, or tusk, or strength to resist; and it may be that the man-eating tigers in choice of food may consult economy of struggle quite as much as taste for human blood. But they are awful creatures to look at. I stirred them up in all the zoological gardens I visited. They bent every iron bar of the cage in effort to get at us. In the midst of a public garden covering seventy acres at Jeypore is a museum, and in it you find specimens of everything curious and admirable in art or industry, but more than the fine enamel-ware, and jewel-cases, and upholstery, and antique-ware that others were especially interested in, I was attracted by the jewels of wit, and wisdom, and kindness written in Hindoo language on the wall, and also their translations in English, such as:

"The wise make failure equal to success."

"Do naught to others which if done to thee  
Would cause thee pain; this is the sum of duty."

"He only does not live in vain,  
Who all the means within his reach  
Employs, his wealth, his thought, his speech,  
To advance the good of other men."

"Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads,  
Let love through good deeds show."

"A man obtains a proper rule of action  
By looking on his neighbors as himself."

Before you leave Jeypore you will have to buy some memento in the shape of garnet jewels, or enamels, or shells, or umbrella, or chintzes, or ivory carvings, for the manufacture of which the city has world-wide fame. But you must be wide awake, or you will pay ten prices for something of little worth, and carry home that which some expert will discover, as soon as you are showing it, to be a bogus spoon, or bowl, or plate, or finger-ring. Many have found out afterward that there are things in Jeypore which look like rubies and emeralds, which are neither rubies nor emeralds.

You will want to make your visit at Jeypore climacteric by seeing the palace of the Maharaja. The princes of Jeypore are said to have descended directly from the sun. What an ancestry, the King of Day! While we must dispute that genealogical table, it is not apocryphal that there have been wonderful persons in the ancestral line of these princes. One of the most remarkable men of all time was the prince Jey Singh, who founded the city of Jeypore. In this and other cities he built five observatories and put in them instruments of his own invention, although he died one hundred and fifty years ago, and when astronomy was much younger than now. He patronized art. He reformed the world's calendar. He astounded all the nations that heard of his genius. I would rather have that

man for an ancestor than the sun, for that is only a blast furnace on a large scale. For forty-four years did Jey Singh reign in India.

There have also been remarkable women in this country. Fifteen thousand of them committed suicide after an unfortunate battle rather than come into the possession of a ruffian soldiery. The present Maharaja, now thirty-six years of age, was a poor exiled boy, but the previous ruler having no son adopted this exile, and the people proclaimed him Maharaja, and he is ruling well in a palace which is a bewitchment of beauty. It is made up of seven stories of resplendent architecture. When the draughtsman dreamed that



BURMESE CARRIAGE AND PAIR.

palace he must have been asleep in a garden, had his head on a pillow of roses, his face turned toward a summer sunset, the groves near-by filled with chant of bird orchestra. The eye climbs from marble step to latticed balcony, and from latticed balcony to oriel, and from oriel to arch, and from arch to roof, and then descends on ladder of all colors, and by stairs of perfect lines to imperial gardens of pomegranate and pineapple. What a transition for the exiled boy from a hut to a structure that seems built out of clouds, and flower gardens, and enchantments celestial and terrestrial!

But the Maharaja is himself not at all ethereal or fairy-like. Stout in body, a little under the average stature of men, face a pleasant dull, with affluence of beard from ear to

ear and down under the lower jaw, while a mustache hovers over thick lips. He is a clever soul, both in the English and American sense of clever. The people like him, and when he moves in procession the populations run wild with enthusiasm, and even the elephants seem to give an applauding flap to their awkward ears. The military at his command are 1000 artillerymen, 4500 cavalry, and 16,000 infantry, so that whether for purposes of warlike defence, or pomp parade, the Maharaja is not helpless.

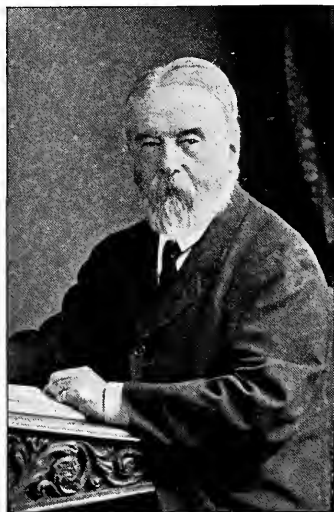
In the neighborhood of Jeypore is a depopulated city called Amber. The strange fact is that a ruler abandoned his palaces at Amber and moved to Jeypore, and all the inhabitants of the city followed. Except here and there a house in Amber occupied by a hermit, the city is as silent a population as Pompeii or Herculaneum; but those cities were emptied by volcanic disaster, while this city of Amber was vacated because Prince Jey Singh was told by a Hindoo priest that no city should be inhabited more than a thousand years, and so the ruler one hundred and seventy years ago moved out himself, and all his people moved with him.

You visit Amber on the back of an elephant. Permission obtained for your visit the day before at Jeypore, an elephant is in waiting for you about six miles out to take you up the steps to Amber. If you get seasick crossing the Atlantic, you will probably get elephant sick by the swaying of the monster as you ascend to the dead city of Amber. You pass through the awfully quiet streets, all the feet that trod them in the days of their activity having gone on the long journey, and the voices of business and gayety that sounded amid these abodes having many years ago uttered their last syllable. You pass by a lake covering five hundred acres, where the rajahs used to sail in their pleasure boats, but alligators now have full possession, and you come to the abandoned palace, which is an enchantment. No more picturesque place was ever chosen for the residence of a monarch. The fortress above looks down upon this palace, and the palace looks down upon a lake. This monarchical abode may have had attractions when it was the home of royalty, which have vanished, but antiquity and the silence of many years, and opportunity to tread where once you would not have been permitted to tread, may be an addition quite equal to the subtraction.

I will not go far into a description of brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and lead you under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through halls precious-stoned into wider halls precious-stoned. Why tire out your imagination with the particulars when you may sum up all by saying that on the slopes of that hill in India are pavilions deeply dyed, tasseled and arched? the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; bath-rooms that refresh before your feet touch their marble; birds in arabesque so natural to life, that while you cannot hear their voices you imagine you see the flutter of their wings while you are passing; stoneware translucent; walls pictured with hunting scene, and triumphal procession, and jousting party; rooms that are called "Alcove of Light," and "Court of Honor," and "Hall of Victory;" marble, white and black, like a mixture of morning and night; alabaster, and lacquer-work, and mother-of-pearl: all that architecture, and sculpture, and painting, and horticulture can do when they put their genius together was done here in ages past, and much of their work still stands to absorb and entrance archæologist and sight-seer.

But what a solemn and stupendous thing is an abandoned city. While many of the peoples of earth have no roof for their head, here is a whole city of roofs rejected. The sand of the desert was sufficient excuse for the disappearance of Heliopolis, and the waters of the Mediterranean Sea for the engulfment of Tyre, and the lava of Mount Vesuvius for

the obliteration of Herculaneum ; but for the sake of nothing but a superstitious whim the city of Amber is abandoned forever. Oh, wondrous India ! The discarded city of Amber is only one of the marvels which compel the uplifting hand of surprise from the day you enter India until the day you leave it. Its flora is so aromatic and flamboyant ; its fauna so monstrous and savage ; its ruins so suggestive ; its idolatry so horrible ; its degradation so sickening ; its mineralogy so brilliant ; its splendors so irradiating ; its architecture so old, so grand, so educational, so multipotent, that India will not be fully comprehended until science has made its last experiment, and exploration has ended its last journey, and the library of the world's literature has closed its last door, and Christianity has made its last achievement, and the Clock of Time has struck its last hour.



SIR J. FAYRER,

Hon. Physician to Her Majesty Queen Victoria,  
who accompanied the Prince of Wales, as his medical adviser, on his trip to India.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE FIRE WORSHIPERS.

**W**E have seen the Parsees! The prophet of the Parsees was Zoroaster of Persia. He was poet, and philosopher, and reformer, as well as religionist. His disciples thrived at first in Persia, but under Mohammedan persecution they retreated to India, where I met them, and in addition to what I saw of them at their headquarters here, I had two weeks of association with one of the most learned and genial of their people on shipboard from Bombay to Brindisi.

The Bible of the Parsees, or fire-worshippers as they are inaccurately called, is the Zend-Avesta, a collection of the strangest books that ever came into my hands. There were originally twenty-one volumes, but Alexander the Great, in a drunken fit set fire to a palace which contained some of them, and they went into ashes and forgetfulness. But there are more of their sacred volumes left than most people would have patience to read. There



PARSEES' TOWER OF SILENCE, BOMBAY.

are many things in the religion of the Parsees that suggest Christianity, and some of its doctrines are in accord with our own religion. Zoroaster, who lived about fourteen hundred years before Christ, was a good man, suffered persecution for his faith, and was assassinated while worshipping at an altar. He announced the theory "He is best who is pure of heart!" and that there are two great spirits in the world, Ormuzd, the good spirit, and Ahriman, the bad spirit, and that all who do right are under the influ-

ence of Ormuzd, and all who do wrong are under Ahriman; that the Parsee must be born on the ground-floor of the house; and must be buried from the ground floor; that the dying man must have prayers said over him and a sacred juice given him to drink; that the good at their decease go into eternal light, and the bad into eternal darkness; that having passed out of this life the soul lingers near the corpse three days in a Paradisaic state, enjoying more than all the nations of earth put together could enjoy, or in a Pandemoniac state, suffering more than all the nations put together could possibly suffer, but at the end of three days departing for its final destiny; and

that there will be a resurrection of the body. They are more careful than any other people about their ablutions, and they wash, and wash, and wash. They pay great attention to physical health, and it is a rare thing to see a sick Parsee. They do not smoke tobacco, for they consider that a misuse of fire. At the close of mortal life the soul appears at the Bridge Chinvat, where an angel presides, and questions the soul about the thoughts, and words, and deeds of its earthly state. Nothing, however, is more intense in the Parsee faith than the theory that the dead body is impure. A devil is supposed to take possession of the dead body. All who touch it are unclean and hence the strange style of obsequies. But here I must give three or four questions and answers from one of the Parsee catechisms :

*Question :* Who is the most fortunate man in the world ?

*Answer :* He who is the most innocent.

*Question :* Who is the most innocent man in the world ?

*Answer :* He who walks in the path of God and shuns that of the devil.

*Question :* Which is the path of God, and which that of the devil ?

*Answer :* Virtue is the path of God, and vice that of the devil.

*Question :* What constitutes virtue, and what vice ?

*Answer :* Good thoughts, good words, and good deeds constitute virtue, and evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds constitute vice.

*Question :* What constitute good thoughts, good words, and good deeds, and evil thoughts, evil words, and evil deeds ?

*Answer :* Honesty, charity, and truthfulness constitute the former ; and dishonesty, want of charity, and falsehood constitute the latter.

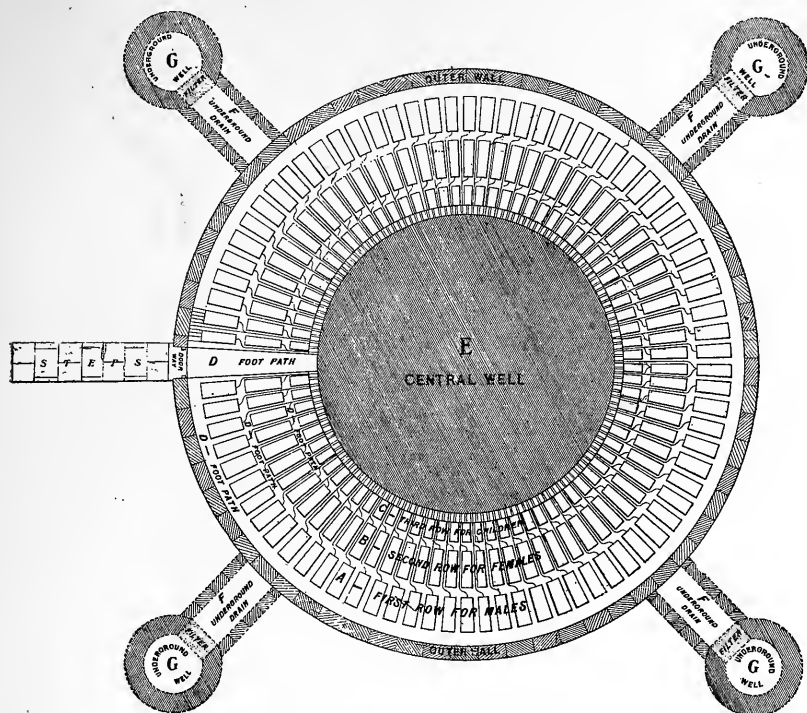
And now the better to show you these Parsees, I tell you of two things I saw within a short time in Bombay, India. It was an afternoon of contrast.

We started for Malabar Hill, on which the wealthy classes have their embowered homes, and the Parsees their strange Temple of the Dead. As we rode along the water's edge the sun was descending the sky, and a disciple of Zoroaster, a Parsee, was in lowly posture and with reverential gaze looking into the sky. He would have been said to have been worshiping the sun, as all Parsees are said to worship the fire. But the intelligent Parsee does not worship the fire. He looks upon the sun as the emblem of the warmth and light of the Creator. Looking at a blaze of light, whether on hearth, on mountain height, or in the sky, he can more easily bring to mind the glory of God : at least, so the Parsees tell me. Indeed, they are the pleasantest heathen I have met. They treat their wives as equals, while the Hindoos and Buddhists treat them as cattle ; although the cattle, and sheep, and swine are better off than most of the women of India.

This Parsee on the roadside on our way to Malabar Hill was the only one of that religion I had ever seen engaged in worship. Who knows but that beyond the light of the sun on which he gazes he may catch a glimpse of the God who is Light, and "in whom there is no darkness at all !"

We passed on up through gates into the garden that surrounds the place where the Parsees dispose of their dead. This garden was given by Jamshidji Jijibhai, and is beautiful with flowers of all hue, and foliage of all styles of vein, and notch and stature. There is on all sides great opulence of fern and cypress. The garden is one hundred feet above the level of the sea. Not far from the entrance is a building where the mourners of the funeral procession go in to pray. A light is here kept burning year in and year out. We ascend the garden by some eight stone steps. The body of a deceased aged woman was being

carried in toward the chief "Tower of Silence." There are five of these towers. Several of them have not been used for a long while. Four persons, whose business it is to do this, carry in the corpse. They are followed by two men with long beards. The Tower of Silence, to which they come, cost \$150,000, and is twenty-five feet high, and two hundred and seventy-six feet around, and without a roof. The four carriers of the dead and the two bearded men come to the door of the Tower, enter and leave the dead. There are three

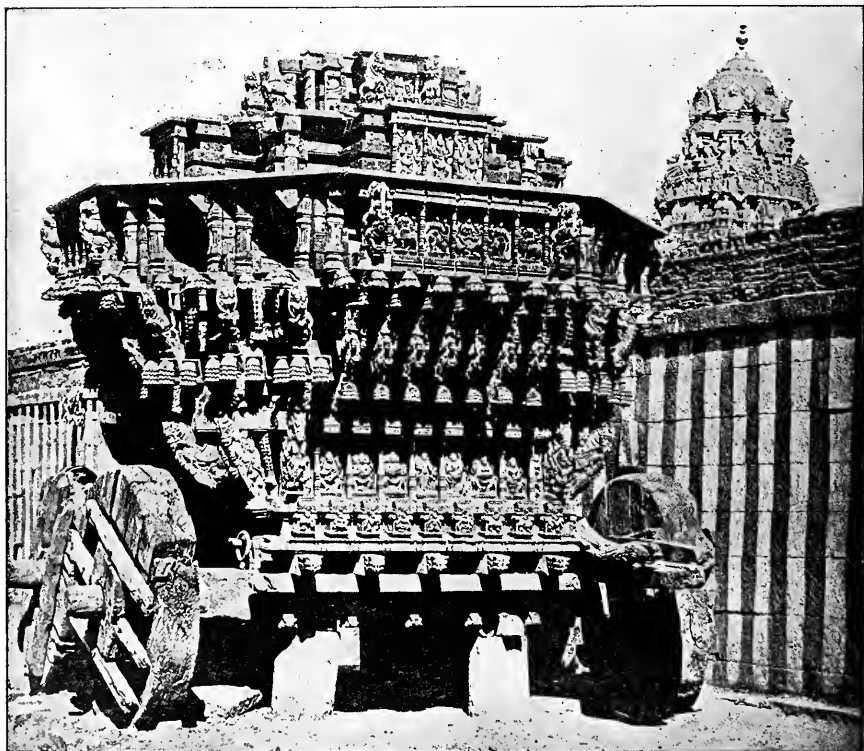


**GROUND PLAN**  
OF A  
**TOWER OF SILENCE.**  
**VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.**

rows of places for the dead: the outer row for the men, the middle row for the women, the inside row for the children. The lifeless bodies are left exposed as far down as the waist. As soon as the employes retire from the Tower of Silence, the vultures, now one, now two, now many, swoop upon the lifeless form. These vultures fill the air with their discordant voices. We saw them in long rows on the top of the white-washed wall of the Tower of Silence. In a few minutes they have taken the last particle of flesh from the

bones. There had evidently been other opportunities for them that day, and some flew away as though surfeited. They sometimes carry away with them parts of a body, and it is no unusual thing for the gentlemen in their country-seats to have dropped into their door-yards a bone from the Tower of Silence.

In the centre of this tower is a well, into which the bones are thrown after they are bleached. The hot sun, and the rainy season, and charcoal do their work of disintegration and disinfection, and then there are sluices that carry into the sea what remains of the dead.



CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.

Juggernaut is worshiped by Brahmias as Lord of the world. At the car festival this god is brought out and seated upon a car forty-one feet high, with fourteen enormous wheels, which are fantastically draped. The car is then drawn through the streets at the command of priests by faithful devotees, who shout, "Victory to Juggernaut." The stories told of people throwing themselves beneath the car wheels are fictions, the god being, in fact, described as the most merciful one in Hindoo mythology.

The wealthy people of Malabar Hill have made strenuous efforts to have these strange towers removed as a nuisance, but they remain, and will, do doubt, for ages remain.

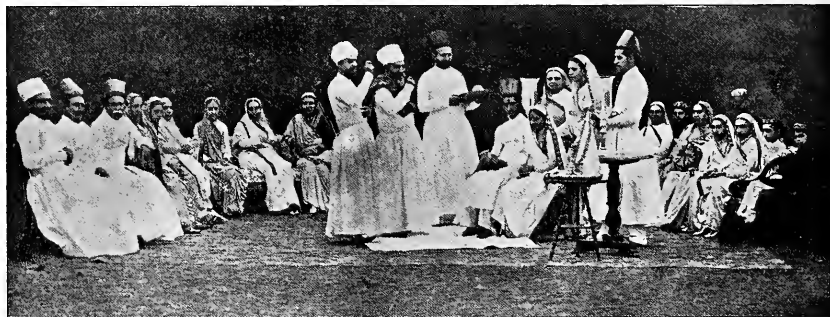
I talked with a learned Parsee about these mortuary customs. He said, "I suppose you consider them very peculiar, but the fact is we Parsees reverence the elements of nature, and cannot consent to defile them. We reverence the fire, and therefore will not ask it to

burn our dead. We reverence the water, and do not ask it to submerge our dead. We reverence the earth, and will not ask it to bury our dead. And so we let the vultures take them away." He confirmed me in the theory that the Parsees act on the principle that the dead are unclean. No one must touch such a body. The carriers of this "Tomb of Silence" must not put their hands on the form of the departed. They wear gloves lest somehow they should be contaminated. When the bones are to be removed from the sides of the tower and put in the well at the centre, they are touched carefully by tongs. Then these people beside have very decided theories about the democracy of the tomb. No such thing as caste among the dead. Philosopher and boor, the affluent and the destitute, must go through the same "Tower of Silence," lie down side by side with other occupants, have their bodies dropped into the same abyss, and be carried out through the same canal and float away on the same sea. No splendor of Necropolis. No sculpturing of mausoleum. No pomp of dome or obelisk. Zoroaster's teaching resulted in these "Towers of Silence." He wrote: "Naked you came into the world, and naked you must go out."

As I stood at the close of day in this garden on Malabar Hill and heard the flap of the vultures' wings coming from their repast, the funeral custom of the Parsee seemed horrible beyond compare, and yet the dissolution of the human body by any mode is awful, and the beaks of these fowl are probably no more repulsive than the worms of the body devouring the sacred human form in cemeteries. Nothing but the resurrection day can undo the awful work of death, whether it now be put out of sight by cutting spade or flying wing.

Starting homeward, we soon were in the heart of the city, and saw a building all a-flash with lights and resounding with merry voices. It was a Parsee wedding, in a building erected especially for the marriage ceremony. We came to the door and proposed to go in, but at first were not permitted. They saw we were not Parsees, and that we were not even natives. So very politely they halted us on the doorsteps. This temple of nuptials was chiefly occupied by women, their ears, and necks, and hands a-flame with jewels or imitations of jewels. By pantomime and gesture, as we had no use of their vocabulary, we told them we were strangers and were curious to see by what process Parsees were married. Gradually we worked our way inside the door. The building and the surroundings were illumined by hundreds of candles in glasses and lanterns, in unique and grotesque holdings. Conversation ran high, and laughter bubbled over, and all was gay. Then there was a sound of an advancing band of music, but the instruments for the most part were strange to our ears and eyes. Louder and louder were the outside voices, and the wind and stringed instruments, until the procession halted at the door of the temple and the bridegroom mounted the steps. Then the music ceased, and all the voices were still. The mother of the bridegroom, with a platter loaded with aromatics and articles of food, confronted her son and began to address him. Then she took from the platter a bottle of perfume and sprinkled his face with the redolence. All the while speaking in a droning tone, she took from the platter a handful of rice, throwing some of it on his head, spilling some of it on his shoulder, pouring some of it on his hands. She took from the platter a cocoanut and waved it about his head. She lifted a garland of flowers and threw it over his neck, and a bouquet of flowers and put it in his hand. Her part of the ceremony completed, the band resumed its music, and through another door the bridegroom was conducted into the centre of the building. The bride was in the room, but there was nothing to designate her. "Where is the bride?" I said, "where is the bride?" After a while she was made evident. The bride and groom were seated on chairs opposite each other. A white curtain was dropped between them so that they could not see each other. Then the attendants put their arms under this curtain,

took a long rope of linen and wound it around the neck of the bride and the groom, in token that they were to be bound together for life. Then some silk strings were wound around the couple, now around this one, now around that. Then the groom threw a handful of rice across the curtain on the head of the bride, and the bride responded by throwing a handful of rice across the curtain on the head of the groom. Thereupon the curtain dropped and the bride's chair was removed and put beside that of the groom. Then a priest of the Parsee religion arose and faced the couple. Before the priest was placed a platter of rice. He began to address the young man and woman. We could not hear a word, but we understood just as well as if we had heard. Ever and anon he punctuated his ceremony by a handful of rice, which he picked up from the platter and flung now toward the groom and now toward the bride. The ceremony went on interminably. We wanted to hear the conclusion, but were told that the ceremony would go on for a long while; indeed, that it would not conclude until two o'clock in the morning, and this was only between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. There would be a recess after a while in the ceremony, but it would be taken up again in earnest at half-past twelve. We enjoyed what we had seen, but felt incapacitated for six more hours of wedding ceremony. Silently



A PARSEE WEDDING CEREMONY.

wishing the couple a happy life in each other's companionship, we pressed our way through the throng of congratulatory Parsees. All of them seemed bright and appreciative of the occasion. The streets outside joyously sympathized with the transactions inside.

We rode on toward our hotel wishing that marriage in all India might be as much honored as in the ceremony we had that evening witnessed at the Parsee wedding. The Hindoo women are not so married. They are simply cursed into the conjugal relation. Many of the girls are married at seven and ten years of age, and some of them are grandmothers at thirty. They can never go forth into the sunlight with their faces uncovered. They must stay at home. All styles of maltreatment are theirs. If they become Christians they become outcasts.

A missionary told me in India of a Hindoo woman who became a Christian. She had nine children. Her husband was over seventy years of age. And yet at her Christian baptism he told her to go, and she went out, homeless. As long as woman is down, India will be down. No nation was ever elevated except through the elevation of woman. Parsee marriage is an improvement on Hindoo marriage; but Christian marriage is an improvement on Parsee marriage.

A fellow-traveler in India told me he had been writing to his home in England trying to get a law passed that no white woman could be legally married in India until she had been there six months. Admirable law would that be! If a white woman saw what married life with a Hindoo is she would never undertake it. Off with the thick and ugly veil from woman's face! Off with the crushing burdens from her shoulder! Nothing but the Gospel of Jesus Christ will ever make life in India what it ought to be.

But what an afternoon of contrast in Bombay we experienced! From the Temple of Silence to the Temple of Hilarity! From the vultures to the doves! From mourning to laughter! From gathering shadows to gleaming lights! From obsequies to wedding!



COLONNADE—MAHABLESHWAR.

But how much of all our lives is made up of such opposites. I have carried in the same pocket, and read from them in the same hour, the liturgy of the dead and the ceremony of espousals. And so the tear meets the smile, and the dove meets the vulture.

Thus I have set before you the best of all religions of the heathen world, and I have done so in order that you might come to higher appreciation of the glorious religion which has put its benediction over us and over Christendom.

Compare the absurdities and mummeries of heathen marriage with the plain, "I will," of Christian marriage, the hands joined in pledge "till death do you part." Compare

the doctrine that the dead may not be touched, with as sacred, and tender, and loving a kiss as is ever given, the last kiss of lips that never again will speak to us. Compare the narrow Bridge Chinvat over which the departing Parsee soul must tremblingly cross, to the wide open gate of heaven through which the departing Christian soul may triumphantly enter. Compare the twenty-one books of the Zend-Avesta of the Parsee, which even the scholars of the earth despair of understanding, with our Bible, so much of it as is necessary for our salvation in language so plain that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." Compare the "Tower of Silence" with its vultures at Bombay with the "Greenwood of Brooklyn" with its sculptured angels of resurrection. And bow yourself in thanksgiving and prayer as you realize that if at the battles of Marathon and Salamis, Persia had triumphed over Greece, instead of Greece triumphing over Persia, Parseeism, which was the national religion of Persia, might have covered the earth, and you and I instead of sitting in the noonday light of our glorious Christianity might have been groping in the depressing shadows of Parseeism, a religion as inferior to that which is our inspiration in life, and our hope in death, as Zoroaster of Persia was inferior to our radiant and superhuman Christ, to whom be honor and glory and dominion and victory and song, world without end.



INSPECTION DAY AT AN EAST INDIA PENITENTIARY.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### UNDERSIDE OF INDIA.

SOMETHING had we seen with miner's candle of the underside of Australia, as at Gimpie; and something had we seen at different times, with guide's torch, of the underside of America, as in Mammoth Cave; but we are now to see something of the underside of India as we enter one of the sacred cellars of India, commonly called the Elephanta Caves. We had it all to ourselves, the steam yacht that was to take us about fifteen miles over the harbor of Bombay, and between enchanted islands, and along shores whose curves, and gulches, and pictured rocks gradually prepare the mind for appreciation of the most unique spectacle in India. The morning had been full of thunder, and lightning, and deluge, but the atmospheric agitations had ceased, and the cloudy ruins of the storm were piled up in the heavens, huge enough and darkly purple enough to make the skies as grandly picturesque as the earthly scenery amid which we moved. After an hour's cutting through the waters we came to the long pier reaching from the island called



THE ENTRANCE TO THE ELEPHANTA CAVES.

We stepped out of the boat amid enough natives to afford all the help we needed for landing and guidance. You can be carried by coolies in an easy chair, or you can walk, if you are blessed with two stout limbs, which the Psalmist evidently lacked, or he would not have so depreciated them, when he said: "The Lord taketh no pleasure in the legs of a man." We passed up some stone steps, and between the walls we saw awaiting us a gentle cobra, one of those snakes which greet the traveler at times when he has no time to attend to their courtesies. Two of the guides left the cobra dead by the wayside. They must have been Mohammedans, for Hindoos never kill that sacred reptile.

Elephanta. It is an island small of girth, but six hundred feet high. It declines into the marshes of mangrove. But the whole island is one tangle of foliage and verdure: convolvulus creeping the ground, morasses climbing the rocks, vines sleeving the long arms of the trees, red flowers here and there in the woods, like incendiary's torch trying to set the groves on fire, cactus and acacia vying as to which can most charm the beholder, tropical bird meeting parti-colored butterfly in jungles planted the same summer the world was born.

And now we come near the famous temple, hewn from one rock of porphyry, at least eight hundred years ago. On either side of the chief temple is a chapel, these cut out of the same stone. So vast was the undertaking, and to the Hindoos was so great the human impossibility that they say the gods scooped out this structure from the rock, and carved the pillars, and hewed into shape its gigantic idols, and dedicated it to all the grandeurs. We climb many stone steps before we get to the gateways. The entrance to this temple has sculptured doorkeepers leaning on sculptured devils. How strange! But I have seen doorkeepers of churches and auditoriums who seemed to be leaning on the devils of bad ventilation and asphyxia. Doorkeepers ought to be leaning on the angels of health, and comfort, and life. All the sextons and janitors of the earth who have spoiled sermons and lectures, and poisoned the lungs of audiences by inefficiency ought to visit this cave of Elephanta and beware of what these doorkeepers are doing, when instead of leaning on the angelic they lean on the demoniac. In these Elephanta Caves everything is on a Sam-

sonian and Titanian scale.

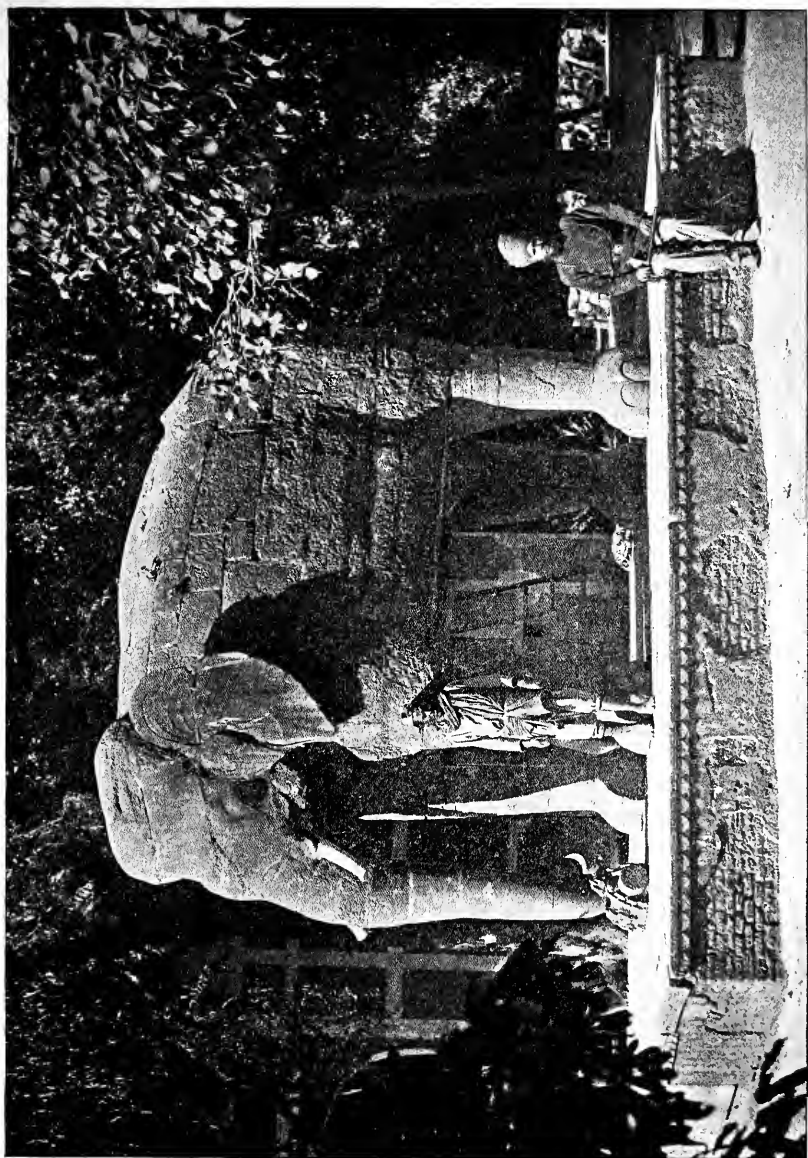
With chisels that were dropped from nerveless hands at least eight centuries ago, the forms of the gods Brahma, and Vishnu, and Siva were cut into the everlasting rock. Siva is here represented by a figure sixteen feet nine inches high, one-half man and one-half woman. Run a line from the centre of the forehead straight to the floor of the rock, and you divide this idol into masculine and feminine. Admired as this idol is by many, it was to me about the worst thing that was ever cut into porphyry,



A WALL INSIDE THE ELEPHANTA CAVES.

perhaps because there is hardly anything on earth I so much dislike as a being half man and half woman. Do be one or the other, my reader. Man is admirable, and woman is admirable, but either in flesh or trap rock a compromise of the two is hideous. Save us from effeminate men and masculine women!

Yonder is the King Ravana worshipping. Yonder is the sculptured representation of the marriage of Shiva and Parhati. Yonder is Daksha, the son of Brahma, born from the thumb of his right hand. He had sixty daughters. How highly blessed he was! Seventeen of those daughters were married to Kasyapa and became the mothers of the human race. Yonder is a god with three heads. The centre god has a crown wound with necklaces of skulls. The right hand god is in a paroxysm of rage, with forehead of snakes, and in its hand is a cobra. The left hand god has pleasure in all its features and the hand holds a flower. But there are gods and goddesses in all directions. The chief temple of this rock is one hundred and thirty feet square and has twenty-six pillars rising to the roof. After the conquerors of other lands, and the tourists from all lands have chipped, and defaced,



BLACK MARBLE ELEPHANT.

This once splendid piece of sculpture originally stood with a duplicate at the gate of Lahore. One of these entirely disappeared, but the other, shown above, was removed to its present site, in front of the Delhi Government College, where it still stands.

and blasted, and carried away curios and mementoes for museums and homes, there are enough entrancements left to detain one, unless he is cautious, until he is down with some of the malarias which encompass this island, or gets bitten by some of the snakes. Yea, I feel the chilly dampness of this place, and must leave this congress of gods, this pandemonium of demons, this pantheon of Indian deities, and come to the steps and look off upon the waters which roll and flash around the steam yacht that is waiting to return us to Bombay. As we stepped aboard, our mind filled with the idols of the Elephanta Caves, I was impressed as never before with the thought that man must have a religion of some kind, even if he has to contrive one himself, and he must have a god, even though he make it with his own hand. I rejoice to know the day will come when the one God of the universe will be acknowledged throughout India.

That evening of our return to Bombay I visited the Young Men's Christian Association with the same appointments that you find in the Young Men's Christian Associations of Europe and America, and the night after that I addressed a throng of native children who are in the schools of the Christian missions. Christian universities gather under their wing of benediction a host of the young men of this country. Bombay and Calcutta, the two great commercial cities of India, feel the elevating power of an aggressive Christianity. Episcopal liturgy, and Presbyterian Westminster Catechism, and Methodist anxious-seat, and Baptist waters of consecration now stand where once basest idolatries had undisputed sway. The work which shoemaker Carey inaugurated at Serampore, India, translating the Bible into forty different dialects, and leaving his worn-out body amid the natives whom he had come to save, and going up into the heavens from which he can better watch all the field—that work will be completed in the salvation of the millions of India: and beside him, gazing from the same high places, stand Bishop Heber, and Alexander Duff, and John Scudder, and Mackay, who fell at Delhi, and Moncrieff, who fell at Cawnpore, and Polehampton, who fell at Lucknow, and Freeman, who fell at Futtyghur, and all heroes and heroines who, for Christ's sake, lived and died for the Christianization of India: and their heaven will not be complete until the Ganges that washes the ghats of heathen temples shall roll between churches of the living God, and the trampled womanhood of Hindooism shall have all the rights purchased by Him, who amid the cuts and stabs of His own assassination, cried out: "Behold thy mother!" and from Bengal Bay to Arabian Ocean, and from the Himalayas to the coast of Coromandel there be lifted hosannas to Him who died to redeem all nations. In that day Elephanta Cave will be one of the places where idols are "cast to the moles and the bats." If any clergyman asks me, as an unbelieving minister of religion once asked the Duke of Wellington, "Do you not think that the work of converting the Hindoos is all a fanatical farce?" I answer him as Wellington answered the unbelieving minister: "Look to your marching orders, sir!" Or if any one having joined in the Gospel attack feels like retreating, I say to him, as General Havelock said to a retreating regiment, "The enemy are in front, not in the rear," and leading them again into the fight, though two horses had been shot under him.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### THE PYRAMID.

WE had on a bright and beautiful morning landed in Africa. Amid the howling boatmen at Alexandria we had come ashore and taken the rail train for Cairo, Egypt, along the banks of the most thoroughly harnessed river of all the world—the river Nile. We had, at even-tide, entered the city of Cairo, the city where Christ dwelt while staying in Egypt during the Herodic persecution. It was our first night in Egypt. No destroying angel sweeping through, as once, but all the stars were out, and the skies were filled with angels of beauty and angels of light, and the air was as balmy as an American June. The next morning we were early awake and at the window, looking upon palm trees in full glory of leafage, and upon gardens of fruits and flowers at the very season when our homes far away are canopied by bleak skies and the last leaf of the forest has gone down in the equinoctials. But how can I describe the thrill of expectation, for to-day we are to see what all the world has seen or wants to see—the Pyramids! We are mounted for an hour and a half's ride. We pass on amid bazaars stuffed with rugs and carpets, and curious fabrics of all sorts from Smyrna, from Algiers, from Persia, from Turkey, and through streets where we meet people of all colors and all garbs, carts loaded with garden productions,

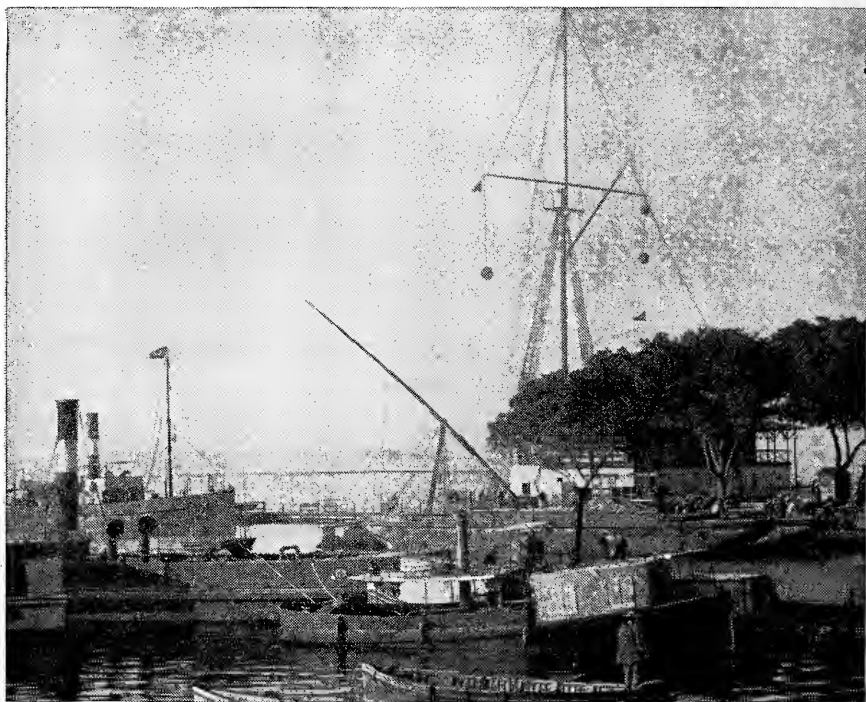


SUEZ CANAL AND SUEZ TOWN.

priests in gowns, women in black veils, Bedouins in long and seemingly superfluous apparel, Janissaries in jacket of embroidered gold—out and on toward the Great Pyramid; for though there are sixty-nine pyramids still standing, the pyramid at Gizeh is the monarch of pyramids. We meet camels grunting under their load, and see buffaloes on either side, browsing in pasture fields. The road we travel is for part of the way under clumps of acacia, and by long rows of sycamore and tamarisk, but after a while it is a path of rock and sand, and we find we have reached the margin of the desert, the great gloomy desert, and we cry out to the dragoman as we see a huge pile of rock looming in sight: "Dragoman, what is that?" His answer is, "The Pyramid," and then it seemed as if we were living a century every minute. Our thoughts and emotions were too rapid and intense for utterance, and we ride on in

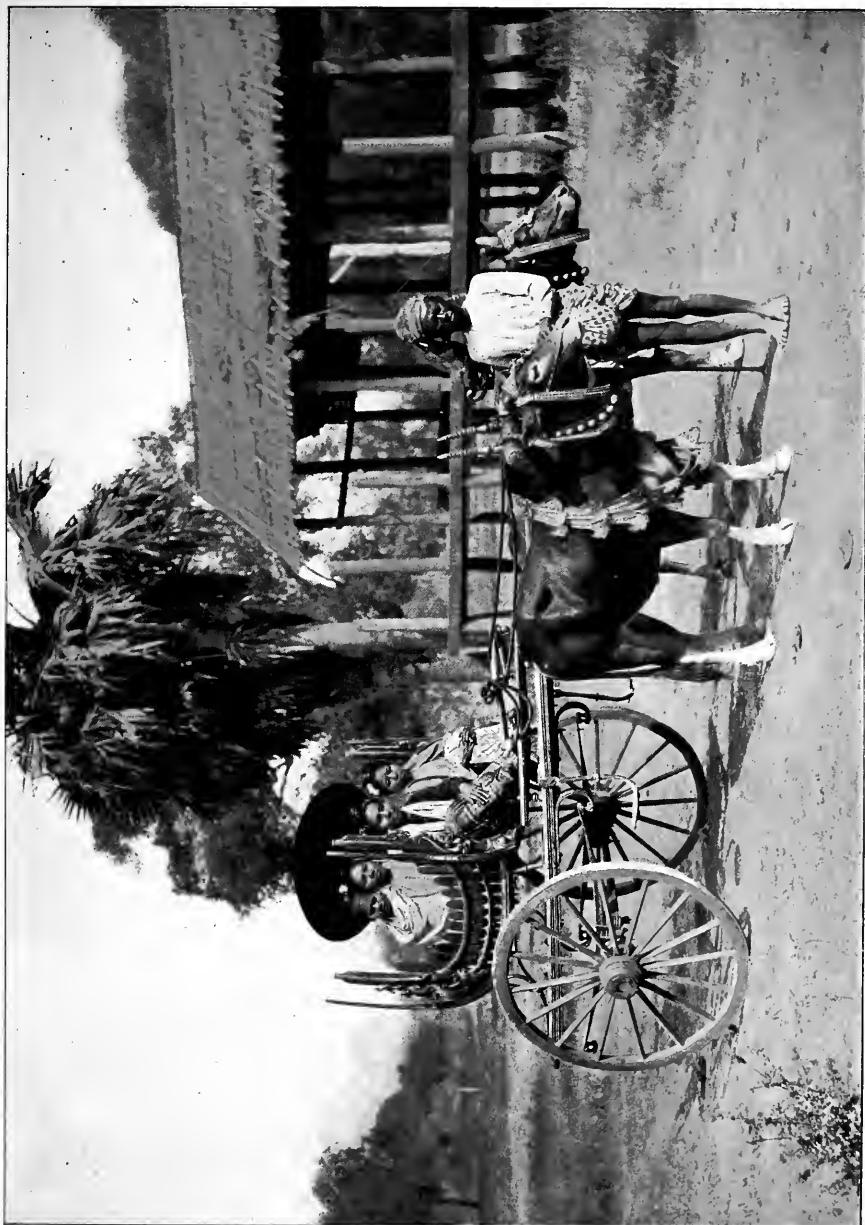
silence until we come to the foot of the pyramid spoken of in the Bible, the oldest structure in all the earth, four thousand years old at least. Here it is. We stand under the shadow of a structure that shuts out all the earth and all the sky, and we look up and strain our vision to appreciate the distant top, and are overwhelmed while we cry, "The Pyramid! The Pyramid!"

I had started that morning with the determination of ascending the pyramid. One of my chief objects in going to Egypt was not only to see the base of that granitic wonder, but to stand on the top of it. Yet the nearer I came to this eternity in stone the more my



THE PORT OF ISMAILIA, ON THE SUEZ CANAL.

determination was shaken. Its altitude to me was simply appalling. A great height has always been to me a most disagreeable sensation. As we dismounted at the base of the pyramid I said, "Others may go up it, but not I. I will satisfy myself with a view from the base. The ascent of it would be to me a foolhardy undertaking." But after I had given up all idea of ascending, I found my daughter was determined to go, and I could not let her go with strangers, and I changed my mind and we started with guides. It cannot be done without these helpers. Two or three times foolhardy men have attempted it alone, but their bodies came tumbling down unrecognizable and lifeless. Each person in our party had two or three guides or helpers. One of them unrolled his turban and tied it around my



BURMESE COUNTRY CARRIAGE.





waist, and he held the other end of the turban as a matter of safety. Many of the blocks of stone are four or five feet high and beyond any ordinary human stride unless assisted. But, two Arabs to pull and two Arabs to push, I found myself rapidly ascending from height to height, and on, to altitudes terrific, and at last at the tip top we found ourselves on a level space of about thirty feet square. Through clearest atmosphere we looked off upon the desert, and the Sphinx with its features of everlasting stone, and yonder upon the minarets of Cairo glittering in the sun, and yonder upon Memphis in ruins, and off upon the wreck of empires and the battlefields of ages, a radius of view enough to fill the mind and overwhelm one's entire being.

After looking around for a while, and a kodak had pictured the group, we descended. The descent was more trying than the ascent, for climbing you need not see the depths beneath, but coming down it was impossible not to see the abysses below. But two Arabs ahead to help us down, and two Arabs to hold us back, we were lowered, hand below hand, until the ground was invitingly near, and amid the jargon of the Arabs we were safely landed.

I said the dominant color of the pyramid was gray, but in certain lights it seems to shake off the gray of centuries and become a blonde, and the silver turns to the golden. It covers thirteen acres of ground. What an antiquity! It was at least two thousand years old when the baby Christ was carried within



GREAT PYRAMID—SPHINX.

sight of it by His fugitive parents, Joseph and Mary. The storms of forty centuries have drenched it, bombarded it, shadowed it, flashed upon it, but there it stands ready to take another forty centuries of atmospheric attack if the world should continue to exist. The oldest buildings of the earth are juniors to this great senior of the centuries. Herodotus says that for ten years preparations were being made for the building of this pyramid. It has eighty-two million one hundred and eleven thousand cubic feet of masonry. One hundred thousand workmen at one time toiled in its erection. To bring the stone from the quarries a causeway sixty feet wide was built. The top stones were lifted by machinery such as the world knows nothing of to-day. It is seven hundred and forty-six feet each side of the square base. The structure is four hundred and fifty feet high, higher than the cathedrals of Cologne, Strasburg; Rouen, St. Peter's and St. Paul's. No surprise to me that it was put at the head of the Seven Wonders of the World.

It has a subterranean room of red granite called the "King's Chamber," and another room called the "Queen's Chamber," and the probability is that there are other rooms yet unexplored. The evident design of the architect was to make these rooms as inaccessible as possible. After all the work of exploration and all the digging and blasting, if you would enter these subterranean rooms you must go through a passage only three feet eleven inches high and less than four feet wide. A sarcophagus of red granite stands down under this mountain of masonry. The sarcophagus could not have been carried in after the pyramid was built. It must have been put there before the structure was reared. Probably in that sarcophagus once lay a wooden coffin containing a dead king, but time has destroyed the coffin and destroyed the last vestige of human remains.

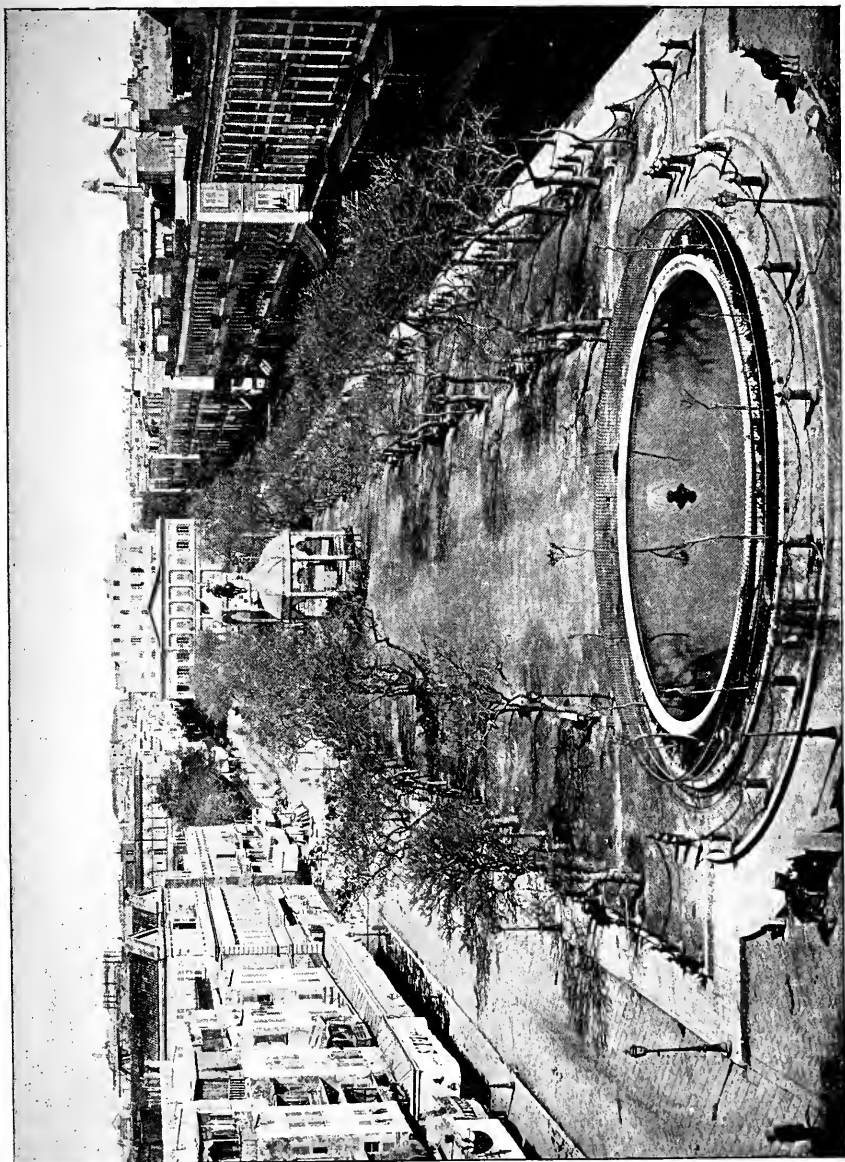
I wonder not that this mountain of limestone and red granite has been the fascination of scholars, of scientists, of intelligent Christians in all ages. Sir John Herschel, the

astronomer, said he thought it had astronomical significance. The wise men who accompanied Napoleon's army into Egypt went into profound study of the pyramid. In 1865 Professor Smyth and his wife lived in the empty tombs near by the pyramid that they might be as continuously as possible close to the pyramid, which they were investigating. The pyramid, built more than four thousand



POMPEY'S PILLAR, ALEXANDRIA.

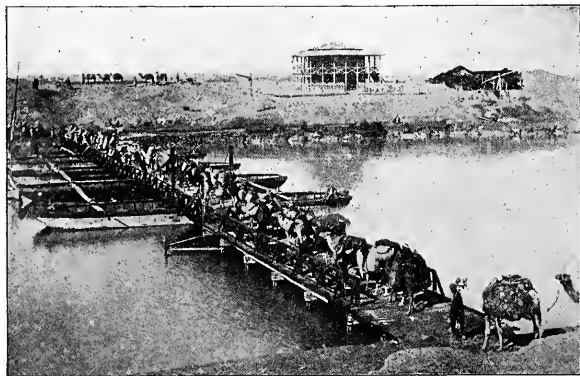
years ago, being a complete geometrical figure, wise men have concluded it must have been divinely constructed. Man came through thousands of years to fine architecture, to music, to painting, but this was perfect at the world's start, and God must have directed it. All astronomers and geometers and scientists say that it was scientifically and mathematically constructed before science and mathematics were born. From the inscriptions on the pyramid, from its proportions, from the points of the compass recognized in its structure, from the direction in which its tunnels run, from the relative position of the blocks that compose it, scientists, Christians and infidels have demonstrated that the being who planned this pyramid must have known the world's sphericity, and that its motion was rotatory, and how many miles it was in diameter and circumference, and how many tons the world weighs, and knew at what point in the



CITY OF ALEXANDRIA—PLACE OF THE CONSULS.

heavens certain stars would appear at certain periods of time. Not in the four thousand years since the putting up of that pyramid has a single fact in astronomy or mathematics been found to contradict the wisdom of that structure. Yet they had not at the age when the pyramid was started an astronomer or an architect or a mathematician worth mentioning. Who then planned the pyramid? Who superintended its erection? Who from its first foundation stone to its capstone erected everything? It must have been God. Isaiah was right when he said: "A pillar shall be at the border of the land of Egypt and it shall be for a sign and a witness." The pyramid is God's first Bible. Hundreds, if not thousands, of years, before the first line of the Book of Genesis was written, the lesson of the pyramid was written.

Well, of what is this Cyclopean masonry a sign and a witness? Among other things, of the prolongation of human work compared with the brevity of human life. In all the four thousand years this pyramid has lost only eighteen feet in width, one side of its square at the base changed only from seven hundred and sixty-four feet to seven hundred and forty-six feet, and the most of that eighteen feet taken off by architects to furnish stone for building



CARAVAN TO MECCA.

in the city of Cairo. The men who constructed the pyramid worked at it only a few years and then put down the trowel and the compass and the square, and lowered the derrick which had lifted the ponderous weights; but forty centuries has their work stood, and it will be good for forty centuries more. All Egypt has been shaken by terrible earthquakes and cities have been prostrated or swallowed, but that pyramid has defied all volcanic paroxysms. It has looked

upon some of the greatest battles ever fought since the world stood. Where are the men who constructed it? Their bodies gone to dust and even the dust scattered. Even the sarcophagus in which the king's mummy may have slept is empty.

So men die but their work lives on. We are all building pyramids, not to last four thousand years, but forty thousand, forty million, forty trillion, forty quadrillion, forty quintillion. For a while we wield the trowel, or pound with the hammer, or measure with the yardstick, or write with the pen, or experiment with the scientific battery, or plan with the brain, and for a while the foot walks and the eye sees, and the ear hears and the tongue speaks. All the good words or bad words we speak are spread out into one layer for a pyramid. All the kind deeds or malevolent deeds we do are spread out into another layer. All the Christian or unchristian example we set is spread out in another layer. All the indirect influences of our lives are spread out in another layer. Then the time soon comes when we put down the implement of toil and pass away, but the pyramid stands. The twentieth century will not rock it down, nor the thirtieth century nor the one hundredth century. The earthquake that rocks this world to pieces will not stop our influence for good or evil.

You modestly say, "That is true in regard to the great workers for good or evil, and of gigantic geniuses, Miltonian, or Talleyrandian, but not of me, for I live and work on a small scale." My reader, remember that those who built the pyramids were common workmen. Not one of them could lift one of those great stones. It took a dozen of them to lift one stone, and others just wielded a trowel, clicking it on the hard edge or smoothing the mortar between the layers. One hundred thousand men toiled on those sublime elevations. Cheops did not build the pyramid. Some master mason in the world's twilight did not build the pyramid. One hundred thousand men built it, and perhaps from first to last two hundred thousand men. So with the pyramids now rising, pyramids of evil or pyramids of

good. The pyramid of drunkenness rising ever since the time when Noah got drunk on wine, although there was at his time such a superabundance of water. All the saloonists of the ages adding their layers of ale, casks and wine pitchers and rum jugs until the pyramid overshadows the Great Sahara Desert of desolated homes, and broken hearts and destroyed eternities. And as the pyramid still rises, layers of human skulls piled on top of human skulls and other mountains of human bones to whiten the peaks reaching unto the heavens, hundreds of thousands of people are building that pyramid. So with the pyramid of righteousness. Multitudes of hands are toiling on the steep, hands infantile, hands octogenarian, masculine hands, female hands, strong hands, weak hands. Some clanging a trowel, some pulling a rope, some measuring the sides. Layers of psalm books

on top of layers of sermons. Layers of prayers on top of layers of holy sacrifice. And hundreds of thousands coming down to sleep their last sleep, but other hundreds of thousands going up to take their places, and the pyramids will continue to rise until the millennial morning gilds the completed work, and the toilers on these heights shall take off their aprons and throw down their trowels, crying, "It is finished."

Your business and mine is not to build a pyramid, but to be one of the hundreds of thousands who shall ring a trowel, or pull a rope, or turn the crank of a derrick, or cry "yo heave!" while lifting another block to its elevation. Though it be seemingly a small work and a brief work, it is a work that shall last forever. In the last day many a man and woman whose work has never been recognized on earth will come to a special honor.



DR. TALMAGE ON THE SUMMIT OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

I rejoice that all the thousands who have been toiling on the pyramid of righteousness will at last be recognized and rewarded—the mother who brought her children to Christ, the Sabbath teacher who brought her class to the knowledge of the truth, the unpretending man who saved a soul. Then the trowel will be more honored than the sceptre. As a great battle was going on the soldiers were ordered to the front and a sick man jumped out of an ambulance in which he was being carried to the hospital. The surgeon asked him what he meant by getting out of the ambulance when he was sick and almost ready to die. The soldier answered, "Doctor, I am going to the front; I would rather die on the field than die in an ambulance." Thank God, if we cannot do much we can do a little.



GREAT PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

The pyramid is a sign and a witness that big tombstones are not the best way of keeping one's self affectionately remembered. This pyramid and sixty-nine other pyramids still standing were built for sepulchres, all this great pile of granite and limestone by which we stand to-day, to cover the memory of a dead king. It was the great Westminster Abbey of the ancients. Some say that Cheops was the king who built this pyramid, but it is uncertain. Who, pray, was Cheops? All that the world knows 'about him could be told in a few sentences. The only thing certain is that he was bad and that he shut up the temples of worship, and that he was hated so that the Egyptians were glad when he was dead. This pyramid of rock seven hundred and forty feet each side of the square base, and four hundred and fifty feet high wins for him no respect. If a bone of his arm or foot had been

found in the sarcophagus beneath the pyramid, it would have excited no more veneration than the skeleton of a camel bleaching on the Libyan desert; yea, less veneration, for when I saw the carcass of a camel by the roadside on the way to Memphis, I said to myself, "poor thing, I wonder of what it died." We say nothing against the marble or the bronze of the necropolis. Let all that sculpture and florescence and arborescence can do for the places of the dead be done, if means will allow it. But if after one is dead there is nothing left to remind the world of him but some pieces of stone, there is but little left. Some of the finest monuments are over people who amounted to nothing while they lived, while some of the worthiest men and women have not had above them a stone big enough to tell their name.



CAKE VENDORS AT CAIRO, EGYPT.

Joshua, the greatest warrior the world ever saw, no monument; Moses, the greatest lawyer that ever lived, no monument; Paul, the greatest preacher that ever lived, no monument; Christ, the Saviour of the world and the rapture of heaven, no monument. A pyramid over scoundrelly Cheops, but only a shingle with a lead pencil epitaph over many a good man's grave. Some of the finest obituaries have been printed about the worst rascals. To-day at Brussels there is a pyramid of flowers on the grave of Boulanger, the notorious libertine. Yet it is natural to want to be remembered.

While there seems to be no practical use for post-mortem consideration later than the time of one's great grand-children, yet no one wants to be forgotten as soon as the obsequies

are over. This pyramid, which Isaiah says is a sign and a witness, demonstrates that neither limestone nor red granite are competent to keep one affectionately remembered; neither can bronze; neither can Parian marble; neither can Aberdeen granite do the work. But there is something out of which to build an everlasting monument and that will keep one freshly remembered four thousand years; yea, for ever and ever. It does not stand in marble yards. It is not to be purchased at mourning stores. Yet it is to be found in every neighborhood, plenty of it, inexhaustible quantities of it. It is the greatest stuff in the universe to build monuments out of. I refer to the memories of those to whom we can do a kindness, the memories of those whose struggles we may alleviate, the memories of those whose souls we may save. All around Cairo and Memphis there are the remains of pyramids that have gone down under the wearing away of time, and the Great Pyramid, of which Isaiah



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE DENDERAH.

speaks, will vanish if the world lasts long enough; and if the world does not last, then with the earth's dissolution the pyramid will also dissolve. But the memories of those with whom we associate are indestructible. They will be more vivid the other side of the grave than this side. It is possible for me to do you a good and for you to do me a good that will be vivid in memory as many years after the world is burned up as all the sands of the seashore, and all the leaves of the forest, and all the grass blades of the field, and all the stars of heaven added together, and that aggregate multiplied by all the figures that all the bookkeepers of all time ever wrote. That desire to be remembered after we are gone is a divinely implanted desire and not to be crushed out, but, I implore you, seek something better than the immortalization of rock, or bronze, or book. Put yourself into the eternity of those whom you help for both worlds, this and the next. Comfort a hundred souls and there will be through all the cycles of eternity at least a hundred souls that will be your monuments. A prominent member of my church was brought to God by some one saying to her at the church door at the close of service, "Come again!" Will it be possible for that one so invited to forget the inviter? A minister passing along the street every day looked up and smiled to a baby in the window. The father and mother wondered who it was that thus pleasantly greeted their child. They found out that he was a pastor of a church. They said, "We must go and hear him preach." They went and heard him and both were converted to God. Will there be any power in fifty million years to erase from the souls of those parents the memory of



that man who by his friendliness brought them to God? Matthew Cranswick, an evangelist, said that he had the names of two hundred souls saved through his singing the hymn, "Arise, my soul, arise!" Will any of those two hundred souls in all eternity forget Matthew Cranswick? Will any of the four hundred and seventy-nine women and children imprisoned at Lucknow, India, waiting for massacre by the Sepoys, forget Havelock and Outran, and Sir David Beard, who broke in and effected their rescue? To some of you who have loved and served the Lord, heaven will be a great picture gallery of remembrance. Hosts of the glorified will never forget you. Ah, that is a way of building monuments that will never feel the touch of decay. I do not ask you to suppress this natural desire of being remembered after you are gone, but I only want you to put your memorials into a shape that will never weaken nor fade. During the course of my ministry I have been intimately



TEMPLES OF LEXOR FROM THE NILE.

associated in Christian work with hundreds of good men and women. My memory is hung with their portraits more accurate and vivid than anything that Rembrandt ever put on canvas:—Father Grice, DeWitt C. Moore, Father Voorhees, E. P. Hopkins, William Stephens, John Van Rensselaer, Gasherie DeWitt, Dr. Ward, and hundreds of others, all of them gone out of this life, but I hold the memory of them and shall hold them forever. They cannot escape from me. I shall remember them just as they looked on earth, and I shall remember many more after the earth has been an extinct planet for ages infinite. Oh, what stuff the memory is for monument building!

As in Egypt that beautiful afternoon, exhausted in body, mind, and soul, we mounted to return to Cairo, we took our last look of the Pyramid at Gizeli. And you know there is something in the air toward evening that seems productive of solemn and tender

emotion, and that great pyramid seemed to be humanized, and with lips of stone it seemed to speak and cry out: "Hear me, man, mortal and immortal! My voice is the voice of God. He designed me. Isaiah said I should be a sign and a witness. I saw Moses when he was a lad. I witnessed the long procession of the Israelites as they started to cross the Red Sea and Pharaoh's host in pursuit of them. The falcons and the eagles of many centuries have brushed my brow. I stood here when Cleopatra's barge landed with her sorceries, and Hypatia for her virtues was slain in yonder streets. Alexander the Great, Sesostris and Ptolemy admired my proportions. Herodotus and Pliny sounded my praise. I am old, I am very old. For thousands of years I have watched the coming and going of generations. They tarry only a little while, but they make everlasting impression. I bear on my side the mark of the trowel and chisel of those who more than four thousand years ago expired. Beware what you do, oh, man! for what you do will last long after you are dead! If you would be affectionately remembered after you are gone, trust not to any earthly commemoration. I have not one word to say about any astronomer who studied the heavens from my heights, or any king who was sepulchred in my bosom. I am slowly passing away. I am a dying pyramid. I shall yet lie down in the dust of the plain, and the sands of the desert shall cover me, or when the earth goes I shall go. But you are immortal. The feet with which you climbed my sides to-day will turn to dust, but you have a soul that will outlast me and all my brotherhood of pyramids. Live for eternity! Live for God! With the shadows of the evening now falling from my side, I pronounce upon you a benediction. Take it with you across the Mediterranean. Take it with you across the Atlantic. God only is great! Let all the earth keep silence before Him. Amen." And then the lips of granite hushed, and the great giant of masonry wrapped himself again in the silence of ages, and as I rode away in the gathering twilight, my thoughts ran with the poet's:

"Wondrous Egypt! Land of ancient pomp and pride,  
Where Beauty walks by hoary Ruin's side,  
Where plenty reigns and still the seasons smile,  
And rolls—rich gift of God—exhaustless Nile."

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE ARTERY OF EGYPT.

**A**HA! This is the river Nile. A brown, or yellow, or silver cord on which are hung more jewels of thrilling interest than on any river that was ever twisted in the sunshine. It ripples through the book of Ezekiel, and flashes in the books of Deuteronomy and Isaiah and Zechariah and Nahum, and on its banks stood the mightiest of many ages. It was the crystal cradle of Moses, and on its banks, Mary, the refugee, carried the infant Jesus. To find the birthplace of this river was the fascination and defeat of expeditions without number. Not many years ago, Bayard Taylor, our great American traveler, wrote: "Since Columbus first looked upon San Salvador, the earth has but one emotion of triumph left for her bestowal, and that she reserves for him who shall first drink from the fountains of the White Nile under the snow fields of Kilimanjaro." But the discovery of the sources of the Nile by most people was considered an impossibility. The malarias, the wild beasts, the savages, the unclimbable steepes, the vast distances, stopped all the expeditions for ages. An intelligent native said to Sir Samuel W. Baker and wife as they were on their way to accomplish that in which others had failed: "Give up the mad scheme of the Nile source. How would it be possible for a lady young and delicate to endure what would kill the strongest man? Give it up." But the work went on until Speke, and Grant, and Baker found the two lakes which are the source of what was called the White Nile, and baptized these two lakes with the names of Victoria and Albert. These two lakes, filled by great rainfalls and by accumulated snows from the mountains, pour their waters, laden with agricultural wealth such as blesses no other river, on down over the cataracts, on between frowning mountains, on between cities living and cities dead, on for four thousand miles and through a continent. But the White Nile would do little for Egypt if this were all. It would keep its banks and Egypt would remain a desert. But from Abyssinia there comes what is called the Blue Nile, which, though dry or nearly dry half the year, under tremendous rains about the middle of June rises to great momentum, and this Blue Nile dashes with sudden influx into the White Nile, which, in consequence, rises thirty feet, and their combined waters inundate Egypt with a rich soil, which drops on all the fields and gardens as it is conducted by ditches, and sluices, and canals everywhither. The greatest damage that ever came to Egypt came by the drying up of the river Nile, and the greatest blessing by its healthful and abundant flow. The famine in Joseph's time came from the lack of sufficient inundation from the Nile. Not enough Nile is drouth, too much Nile is freshet and plague. The rivers of the earth are the mothers of its prosperity. If by some convulsion of nature the Mississippi should be taken from North America, or the Amazon from South America, or the Danube from Europe, or the Yenesei from Asia—what hemispheric calamity! Still, there are other rivers that could fertilize and save these countries. Our own continent is gulched, is ribboned, is glorified by innumerable water-courses. But Egypt has only one great river, and that is harnessed to draw all the prosperities of realms in acreage semi-infinite. What happens to the Nile,

happens to Egypt. The Nilometer was to me very suggestive as we went up and down its damp stone steps and saw the pillar marked with inches, telling just how high or low are the waters of the Nile. When the Nile is rising, four criers every morning run through the city announcing how many feet the river has risen—ten feet, fifteen feet, twenty feet, twenty-four feet; and when the right height of water is reached the gates of the canals are flung open and the liquid and refreshing benediction is pronounced on all the land.

As we start where the Nile empties into the Mediterranean Sea we behold a wonderful fulfillment of prophecy. The Nile in very ancient times used to have seven mouths. As the great river approached the sea it entered the sea at seven different places. Isaiah prophesied, "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian Sea and shall smite it in the seven streams." The fact is they are all destroyed but two, and Herodotus said these two remaining are artificial. Up the Nile we shall go; part of the way by Egyptian rail



A SHADORF FOR RAISING WATER FROM THE NILE FOR IRRIGATION.

train and then by boat, and we shall understand why the Bible gives such prominence to this river, which is the largest river of all the earth with one exception. But before we board the train we must take a look at Alexandria. It was founded by Alexander the Great and was once the New York, the Paris, the London of the world. Temples, palaces, fountains, gardens, pillared and efflorescent with all architectural and

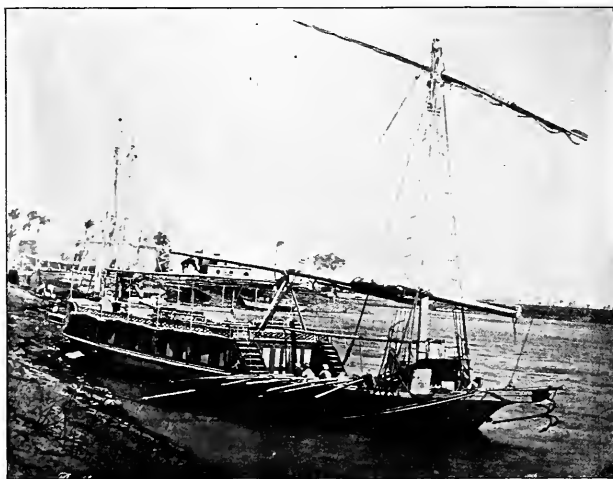
Edenic grandeur and sweetness. Apollos, the eloquent, whom in New Testament times some people tried to make a rival to Paul, lived here. Here Mark, the author of the second book of the New Testament, expired under Nero's anathema. From here the ship sailed that left Paul and the crew struggling in the breakers of Melita. Pompey's Pillar is here, about one hundred feet high, its base surrounded by so much filth and squalor I was glad to escape into an air that was breathable. This tower was built in honor of Diocletian for sparing the rebellious citizens. After having declared that he would make the blood run to his horse's knees, his horse falling with him into the blood and his knees being reddened, the tyrant took it for granted that was a sign he should stop the massacre, and hence this commemorative pillar to his mercy. This is the city to which Omar came after building fourteen hundred mosques, and destroying four thousand temples and thirty-five thousand villages and castles, yet riding in on a camel with a sack of corn, a sack of figs and a wooden plate, all that he



MOORISH LADIES' APARTMENT.

had kept for himself; and the diet to which he had limited himself for most of the time was bread and water. Was there ever in any other man a commingling of elements so strange, so weird, so generous, so cruel, so mighty, so weak, so religious, so fanatical? In this city was the greatest female lecturer the world ever saw—Hypatia. But the lessons of virtue that she taught were obnoxious, and so they dragged her through the streets and scraped her flesh from her bones with sharp oyster shells and then burned the fragments of the massacred body. And here dwelt Cleopatra, pronounced to be the beauty of all time—although if her pictures are correct I have seen a thousand women in America more attractive—and she was as bad as she was said to be handsome. Queen, conqueress, and spoke seven languages, although it would have been better for the world if she had not been able to speak any. Julius Cæsar conquered the world, yet she conquered Julius Cæsar.

But, Alexandria, fascinating for this or that thing, according to the taste of the visitor, was to me the most entertaining because it had been the site of the greatest library that

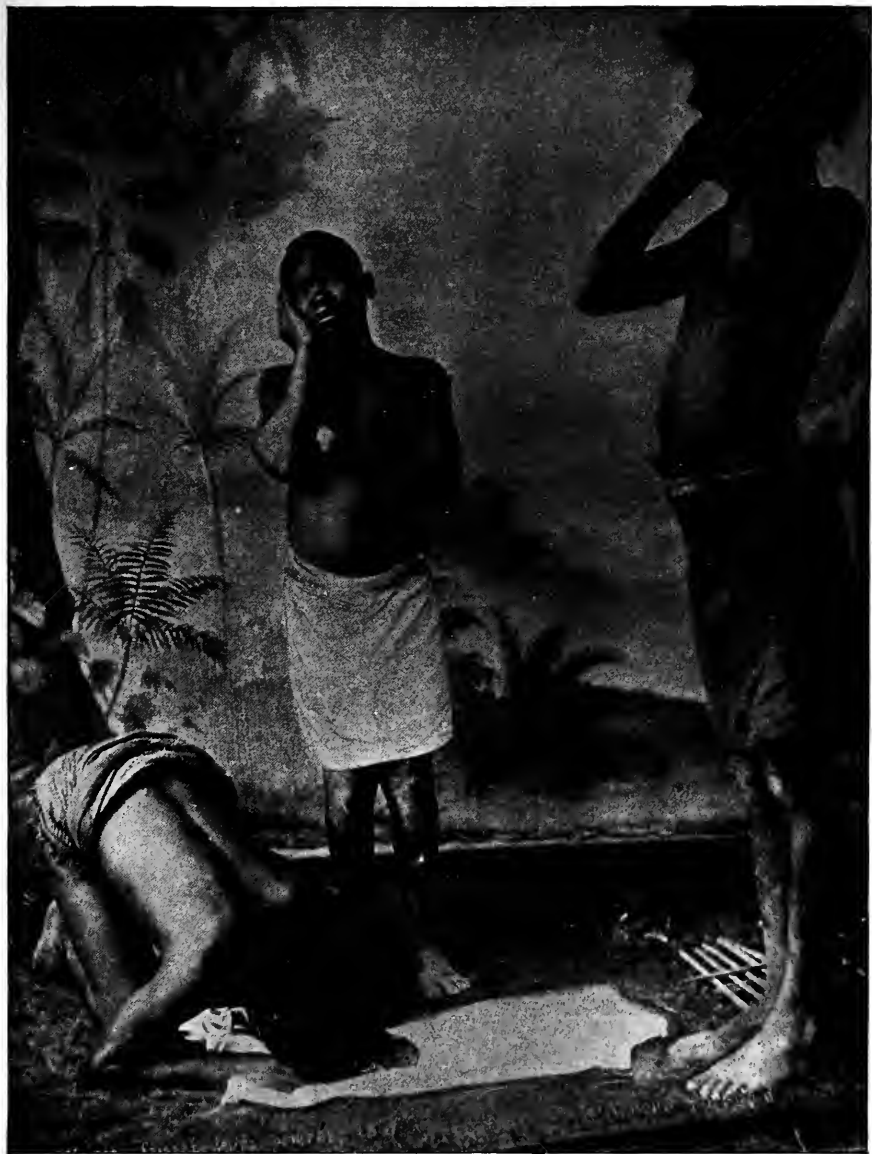


A DAHABEAH, OR NILE BOAT.

the world ever saw, considering the fact that the art of printing had not been invented. Seven hundred thousand volumes and all the work of a slow pen. But down it all went under the torch of besiegers. Built again and destroyed again. Built again, but the Arabs came along for its final demolition, and the four thousand baths of the city were heated with those volumes, the fuel lasting six months, and were ever fires kindled at such fearful cost? What holocausts of the world's

literature! What martyrdom of books! How many of them have gone down under the rage of nations. Only one book has been able to withstand the bombardment, and that has gone through without smell of fire on its lids. No sword or spear or musket for its defence. An unarmed New Testament. An unarmed Old Testament. Yet invulnerable and triumphant. There must be something supernatural about it. Conqueror of books! Monarch of books! All the books of all the ages in all the libraries outshone by this one book which you and I can carry to church in a pocket. So methought amid the ashes of Alexandrian libraries.

But all aboard the Egyptian rail train going up the banks of the Nile! Look out of the window and see those camels kneeling for the imposition of their load. And I think we might take from them a lesson, and instead of trying to stand upright in our own strength, become conscious of our weakness and need of divine help before we take upon us the heavy duties of the year or the week or the day, and so kneel for the burden. We meet



NATIVES OF THE UPPER NILE AT PRAYER.

processions of men and beasts on the way from their day's work, but alas for the homes to which the poor inhabitants are going! For the most part hovels of mud. But there is something in the scene that thoroughly enlists us. It is the novelty of wretchedness and a scene of picturesque rags. For thousands of years this land has been under a very damnation of taxes. Nothing but Christian civilization will roll back the influences which are "spoiling the Egyptians." There are gardens and palaces, but they belong to the rulers.

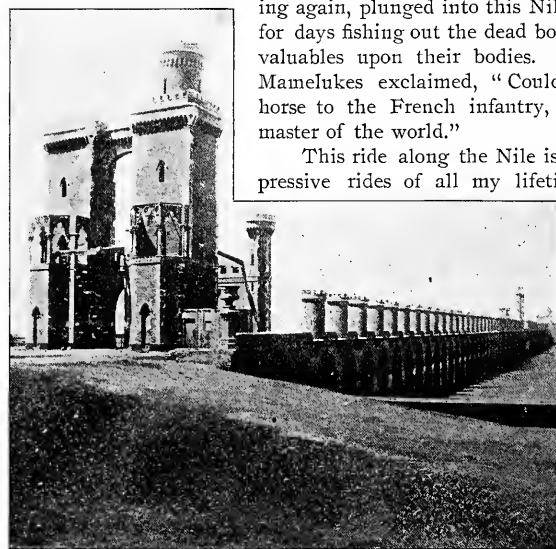
About here, under the valiant Murad Bey, the Mamelukes, who are the finest horsemen in all the world, came like a hurricane upon Napoleon's army, but they were beaten back by the French in one of the fiercest battles of all time. Then the Mamelukes turned their horses' heads the other way, and in desperation backed them against the French troops, hoping the horses would kick the life out of the French regiments. The Mamelukes fail-

ing again, plunged into this Nile and were drowned, the French for days fishing out the dead bodies of the Mamelukes to get the valuables upon their bodies. Napoleon, at the daring of these Mamelukes exclaimed, "Could I have united the Mameluke horse to the French infantry, I should have reckoned myself master of the world."

This ride along the Nile is one of the most solemn and impressive rides of all my lifetime, and our emotions deepen

as the curtains of the night fall upon all surroundings. But we shall not be satisfied until we can take a ship and pass right out upon these wondrous waters and between the banks crowded with the story of empires.

According to the lead pencil mark in my Bible it was Thanksgiving Day morning, in the United States, that with my family and friends we stepped aboard the steamer on the Nile. The Mohammedan call to prayers had been sounded by the priests of that religion,



BARRAGE, OR WING DAM, TO INCREASE THE DEPTH OF THE NILE.

the Muezzins, from the four hundred mosques of Cairo, as the cry went out: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers. Come to salvation. God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep." The sky and city and palm groves and river shipping were bathed in the light. It was not much of a craft that we boarded. It would not be hailed on any of our rivers with any rapture of admiration. It fortunately had but little speed, for twice we ran aground and the sailors jumped into the water and on their shoulders pushed her out. But what yacht of gayest sportsman, what deck of swiftest ocean queen could give such thrill of rapture as a sail on the Nile? The pyramids in sight, the remains of cities that are now only a name, the villages thronged with population. Both banks crowded with historical deeds of forty or sixty centuries. Oh, what a Book the Bible is when read on the Nile!



As we slowly move up the majestic river I see on each bank the wheels, the pumps, the buckets for irrigation, and see a man with his foot on the treadle of a wheel that fetches up the water for a garden, and then for the first time I understand that passage in Deuteronomy which says of the Israelites after they had got back from Egypt: "The land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot." Then I understood how the land could be watered with the foot. How do you suppose I felt when on the deck of that steamer on the Nile I looked off upon the canals and ditches and sluices through which the fields are irrigated by that river, and then read in Isaiah: "The burden of Egypt. The river shall be wasted and dried up, and they shall turn the rivers far away; and the brooks of defence shall be emptied and dried up; and they shall be broken in the purposes thereof,—all that make

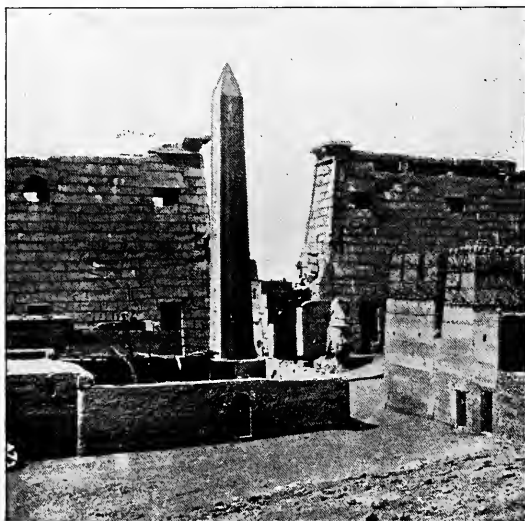


RAMESSEUM AND TOMBS OF THE KINGS, THEBES.

sluices and ponds for fish." Pharaoh in this chapter is compared to the dragon or hippopotamus suggested by the crocodiles that used to line the banks of this river: "Thus saith the Lord God;—Behold I am against thee, Pharaoh King of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself. But I will put hooks in thy jaws, and I will cause the fish of thy rivers to stick unto thy scales, and I will bring thee up out of the midst of thy rivers, and all the fish of thy rivers shall stick unto thy scales, and the land of Egypt shall be desolate and waste; and they shall know that I am the Lord: because he hath said the river is mine, and I have made it."

While sailing on this river or stopping at one of the villages, we see people on the banks who verify the Bible description, for they are now as they were in Bible times.

Shoes are now taken off in reverence to sacred places. Children carried astride the mother's shoulder, as in Hagar's time. Women with profusion of jewelry, as when Rebecca was affianced. Lentils shelled into the pottage, as when Esau sold his birthright to get such a dish. The same habits of salutation as when Joseph and his brethren fell on each other's necks. Courts of law held under big trees, as in olden times. People making bricks without straw, compelled by circumstances to use stubble instead of straw. Flying over or standing on the banks, as in Scripture days, are flamingoes, ospreys, eagles, pelicans, herons, cuckoos and bullfinches. On all sides of this river sepulchres. Villages of sepulchres. Cities of sepulchres. Nations of sepulchres. And one is tempted to call it an empire of tombs. I never saw such a place as Egypt is for graves. And now we understand the complaining sarcasm of the Israelites when they were on the way from Egypt to Canaan: "Because there were no graves in Egypt, hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness?" Down the river



OBELISK, AND PROPYLON OF THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR.

bank come the buffalo and the cattle or kine to drink. And it was the ancestors of these cattle that inspired Pharaoh's dream of the lean kine and the fat kine.

Here we disembark a little while for Memphis, off from the Nile to the right. Memphis founded by the first king of Egypt and for a long while the capital. A city of marble and gold. Home of the Pharaohs. City nineteen miles in circumference. Vast colonnades through which imposing processions marched. Here stood the Temple of the Sun, itself in brilliancy a sun shone on by another sun. Thebes was in power over a thousand one hundred years, or nearly ten times as long as the United States have existed. Here, at Memphis, is a recumbent statue seventy-five feet

long. Bronzed gateways. A necropolis called "the haven of the blest." Here Joseph was prime minister. Here Pharaoh received Jacob. All possible splendors were built up into this royal city. Hosea, Ezekiel, Jeremiah and Isaiah speak of it as something wonderful. Never did I visit a city with such exalted anticipations and never did my anticipations drop so flat. Not a pillar stands. Not a wall is unbroken. Not a fountain tosses in the sun. Even the ruins have been ruined, and all that remain are chips of marble, small pieces of fractured sculpture and splintered human bones. Here and there a letter of some elaborate inscription, a toe or ear of a statue that once stood in niche of palace wall. Ezekiel prophesied its blotting-out, and the prophecy has been fulfilled. "Ride on," I said to our party, "and don't wait for me." And as I stood there alone, the city of Memphis in the glory of past centuries returned. And I heard the rush of her chariots and the dash of her fountains and the couviviality of her palaces, and saw

the drunken nobles roll on the floors of mosaic, while in startling contrast, amid all the regalities of the place, I saw Pharaoh look up into the face of aged rustic Jacob, the shepherd, saying, "How old art thou?"

But back to the Nile and on and on up till you reach Thebes, in Scripture called the City of No. Hundred-gated Thebes. A quadrangular city four miles from limit to limit. Four great temples, two of them Karnac and Luxor, once mountains of exquisite sculpture and gorgeous dreams solidified in stone. Statue of Rameses II, eight hundred and eighty-seven tons in weight and seventy-five feet high, but now fallen and scattered. Walls abloom with the battlefields of centuries. The surrounding hills of rock hollowed into sepulchres, on the wall of which are chiseled in picture and hieroglyphics the confirmation of Bible story in regard to the treatment of the Israelites in Egypt, so that, as explorations go on with the work, the walls of these sepulchres become commentaries of the Bible, the Scriptures originally written upon parchment, here cut into everlasting stone. Thebes mighty and dominant five hundred years. Then she went down in fulfillment of Ezekiel's prophecy concerning the City of No, which was another name for Thebes: "I will execute judgment in No. I will cut off the multitudes of No." Jeremiah also prophesied, "Thus saith the Lord, I will punish the multitudes of No." This city of Thebes and all the other dead cities of Egypt iterate and reiterate the veracity of the Scriptures, telling the same story which Moses and the prophets told. Have you noticed how God kept back these archæological confirmations of the Bible until our time, when the air is full of unbelief about the truthfulness of the dear old Book?

He waited until the printing press had been set up in its perfected shape, and the submarine cable was laid, and the whole world was intelligent enough to

appreciate the testimony, and then he resurrected the dead cities of the earth, and commands them, saying, "Open your long sealed lips and speak! Memphis and Thebes! Is the Bible true?" "True!" respond Memphis and Thebes. "Babylon! Is the Book of Daniel true?" "True!" responds Babylon. "Ruins of Palestine and Syria! Is the New Testament true?" "True!" respond the ruins all the way from Joppa to the Dead Sea, and from Jerusalem to Damascus. What a mercy that this testimony of the dead cities should come at a time when the Bible is especially assailed. And this work will go on until the veracity and divinity of the Scriptures will be as certain to all sensible men and women as that two and two make four, as that an isosceles triangle is one which has two of its sides equal, as that the diameter of a circle is a line drawn through the centre and terminated by the



GODDESS OF UPPER AND LOWER EGYPT CROWNING PHARAOH.

circumference, as certain as any mathematical demonstration. Never did I feel more encouraged than when after preaching a sermon on evidences of the truth of the Bible drawn from Oriental lands, a distinguished senator of the United States, known and honored everywhere, but now deceased, came up to the platform and said: "I was brought up in the faith of Christianity, but I got speculating on all these subjects, and had given up my faith in the Bible, but those facts and arguments archæological take me back to my old faith in the Bible, which my father and mother taught me." The tears rolling down his cheeks evinced the depth of his emotion. When I read of the senator's death I was comforted to think that perhaps I may have helped him a little in the struggle of this life, and perhaps given him an easier pillow on which to die.

Two great nations, Egypt and Greece, diplomatized and almost came to battle for one book, a copy of *Æschylus*. Ptolemy the Egyptian king, discovered that in the great



THE COLOSSI, THEBES.

library at Alexandria there was no copy of *Æschylus*. The Egyptian king sent up to Athens, Greece, to borrow the book and make a copy of it. Athens demanded a deposit of seventeen thousand seven hundred dollars as security. The Egyptian king received the book, but refused to return that which he had borrowed, and so forfeited the seventeen thousand seven hundred dollars. The two nations rose in contention concerning that one book. Beautiful and mighty book indeed! But it is a book of horrors, the dominant idea that we are the victims of hereditary influences from which there is no escape, and that Fate rules the world; and although the author does tell of Prometheus who was crucified on the rocks for sympathy for mankind, a powerful sug-

gestion of the sacrifice of Christ in later years, it is a very poor book compared with that Book which we hug to our hearts because it contains our only guide in life, our only comfort in death, and our only hope for a blissful immortality. If two nations could afford to struggle for one copy of *Æschylus*, how much more can all nations afford to struggle for the possession and triumph of the Holy Scriptures!

But the dead cities strung along the Nile not only demolish infidelity, but thunder down the absurdity of the modern doctrine of evolution, which says the world started with nothing and then rose, and human nature began with nothing but evolved into splendid manhood and womanhood of itself. Nay; the sculpture of the world was more wonderful in the days of Memphis and Thebes and Carthage than in the days of Boston and New York. Those blocks of stone, weighing three hundred tons, high up in the wall at Karnac imply machinery equal to, if not surpassing, the machinery of the nineteenth century. How was

that statue of Rameses, weighing eight hundred and eighty-seven tons, transported from the quarries two hundred miles away, and how was it lifted? Tell us, modern machinists. How were those galleries of rock, still standing at Thebes, filled with paintings surpassed by no artist's pencil of the present day? Tell us, artists of the nineteenth century. The dead cities of Egypt so far as they have left enough pillars or statues or sepulchres or temple ruins to tell the story—Memphis, Migdol, Hierapolis, Zoan, Thebes, Goshen, Carthage—all of them developing downward, instead of upward. They have evolved from magnificence into destruction. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the elevator of individual and social national character. Let all the living cities know that pomp and opulence and temporal prosperity are no security. Those ancient cities lacked nothing but good morals. Dissipation and sin slew them, and unless dissipation and sin are halted, they will some day slay our modern cities, and leave our palaces of merchandise and our galleries of art and our city halls as flat in the dust as we found Memphis, on the afternoon of that interesting day. And if the cities go down, the nation will go down. "Oh," you say, "that is impossible; we have stood so long—yea, over a hundred years as a nation." Why, what of that? Thebes stood five hundred years; Memphis stood a thousand years. God does not forget. One day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day. Rum and debauchery and bad politics are more rapidly working the destruction of our American cities than sin of any kind, and all kinds worked for the destruction of the cities of Africa, once so mighty and now so prostrate. But their gods were idols, and could do nothing except for debasement. Our God made the heavens and sent His Son to redeem the nations. And our cities will not go down, and our nation will not perish because the gospel is going to triumph. Forward! all schools and colleges and churches! Forward! all reformatory and missionary organizations. Forward! all the influences marshaled to bless the world. Let our modern European and American cities listen to the voice of those ancient cities resurrected, and by hammer and chisel and crow-bar compelled to speak.

I notice the voice of those ancient cities is hoarse from the exposure of forty centuries, and they accentuate slowly with lips that were palsied for ages, but altogether those cities along the Nile intone these words: "Hear us, for we are very old, and it is hard for us to speak. We were wise long before Athens learned her first lesson. We sailed our ships while yet navigation was unborn. We sinned and we fell. Our learning could not save us: see those half obliterated hieroglyphics on yonder wall. Our architecture could not save us: see the painted columns of Philæ. Our heroes could not save us: witness this, Menes, Diodorus, Rameses and Ptolemy. Our gods Ammon and Osiris could not save us: see their fallen temples all along the four thousand miles of Nile. O, ye modern cities, get some other god—a God who can help, a God who can pardon, a God who can save. Called up as we are for a little while to give testimony, again the sands of the desert will bury us. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" And as these voices of porphyry and granite ceased, all the sarcophagi under the hills responded, "Ashes to ashes!" and the capital of a lofty column fell, grinding itself to powder among the rocks, and responding, "Dust to dust!"

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### BRICK-KILNS OF EGYPT.

WHAT is all this excitement about in the streets of Cairo, Egypt, this beautiful morning in 1889? Stand back! We hear loud voices and see the crowds of people retreating to the sides of the street. The excitement of others becomes our own excitement. Footmen come in sight. They have a rod in hand and tasseled cap on head, and their arms and feet are bare. Their garb is black to the waist, except as threaded with gold, and the rest is white. They are clearing the way for an official dignitary in a chariot or carriage. They are swift and sometimes run thirty or forty miles at a stretch in front of an equipage. Make way! They are the fleetest-footed men on earth, but soon die, for the human frame was not made for such endurance. I asked all around me who the man in the carriage was, but no one seemed to know. Yet as I fell



GENERAL VIEW OF LUXOR.

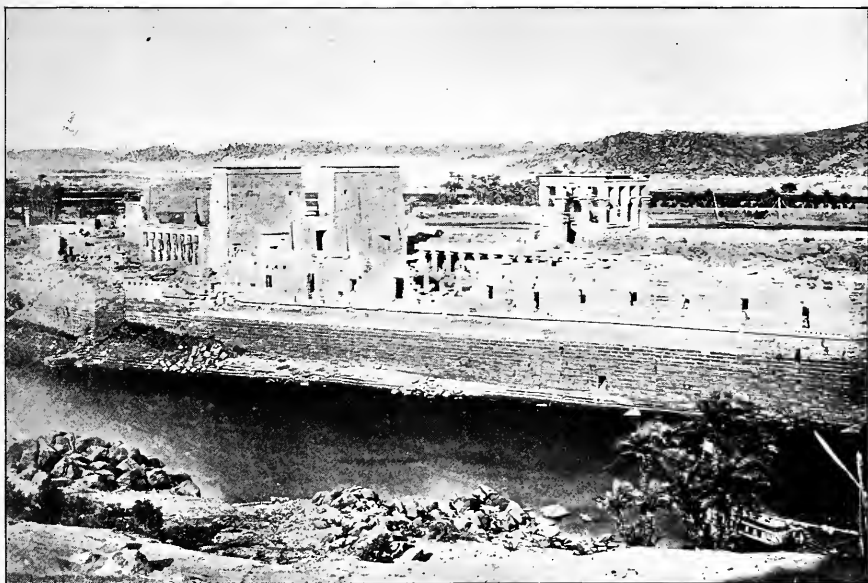
back with the rest to the wall, I said, this is the old custom found all up and down the Bible, footmen running before the rulers, demanding obeisance, as in Genesis before Joseph's chariot the people were commanded, "Bow the knee;" and as I saw the swift feet of the men followed by the swift feet of the horses, how those old words of Jeremiah rushed through my mind: "If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, how canst thou contend with horses?"

Two hundred and eighty-nine times does the Bible refer to Egypt and the Egyptians. No wonder, for Egypt was the mother of nations. Egypt, the mother of Greece; Greece, the mother of Rome; Rome, the mother of England; England, the mother of our

own land. According to that, Egypt is our great-great-grandmother. In other chapters I left you studying what they must have been in their glory: the Hypostyle Hall of Karnak, the architectural miracles at Luxor, the Colonnade of Horehheb, the cemeteries of Memphis, the value of a kingdom in one monument, the Sphinx, which with lips of stone speaks loud enough to be heard across the centuries; Heliopolis and Zoan, the conundrum of archæologists. But all that extravagance of palace and temple and monument was the cause of an

oppression high as heaven and deep as hell. The weight of those blocks of stone, heavier than any modern machinery could lift, came down upon the Hebrew slaves, and their blood mixed the mortar for the trowels.

We saw again and again on and along the Nile a boss workman roughly smite a subordinate who did not please him. It is no rare occurrence to see long lines of men under heavy burdens passing by taskmasters at short distances, lashing them as they go by into greater speed, and then these workmen, exhausted by the blasting heats of the day, lying down upon the bare ground, suddenly chilled with the night air, crying out in prayer, "Ya! Allah!" "Ya! Allah!" which means Oh! God! Oh! God! But what must have been the olden times cruelty shown by the Egyptians toward their Israelitish slaves is indicated by a picture in the Beni-Hassan tombs, where a man is held down on his face by two men,



ISLAND OF PHILAE FROM BIGGEH.

and another holds up the victim's feet, while the officials beat the bare back of the victim, every stroke, I have no doubt, fetching the blood.

Now you see how the Pharaohs could afford to build such costly works. It cost them nothing for wages, nothing but the tears and blood of the toilers, and tears and blood are a cheap drink for devils. "Bricks without straw" may not suggest so much hardship until you know that the bricks were usually made with "crushed straw," straw crushed by the feet of the oxen in the threshing, and, this crushed straw denied to the workmen, they had to pick up here and there a piece of stubble or gather rushes from the water-side. This story of the Bible is confirmed by the fact that many of the brick walls of Egypt have on the lower layer bricks made with straw, but the higher layers of brick made out of rough straw, or rushes from the river bank, the truth of the book of Exodus thus written in the

brick walls discovered by the modern explorers. That governmental outrage has always been a characteristic of Egyptian rulers. Taxation to the point of starvation was the Egyptian rule in the Bible times as well as it is in our own time. A modern traveler gives the figures concerning the cultivation of seventeen acres, the value of the yield of the field stated in piasters (about eight cents):

Produce, . . . . .	1802
Expenses, . . . . .	993½
Clear produce, . . . . .	808½
Taxes, . . . . .	493
Amount cleared by the farmer, . . . . .	315½

Or, as my authority declares, seventy per cent of what the Egyptian farmer makes is paid for taxes to the government. Now, that is not so much taxation as assassination. What



PROPYLON OF THE TEMPLE, DENDERAH.

think you of that, you who groan under heavy taxes in America? I have heard that in Egypt the working people have a song like this: "They starve us, they starve us, they beat us, they beat us, but there's some one above, there's some one above, who will punish them well, who will punish them well." But seventy per cent of government tax in Egypt is a mercy as compared to what the Hebrew slaves suffered there in Bible times. They got nothing but food hardly fit for a dog, and their clothing was of one rag, and their roof a burning sky by day and the stars of heaven by night.

You say, "Why did they stand it?" Because they had to stand it. You see along back in the world's twilight there was a famine in Canaan, and old Jacob and his sons came to Egypt for bread. The old man's boy Joseph was prime minister, and Joseph—I suppose the father and the brothers called him Joe, for it does not make any difference how much a boy is advanced in worldly success, his father and brothers and sisters always call him by the same name that he was called by when two years old—Joseph, by Pharaoh's permission, gave to his family, who had just arrived, the richest part of Egypt, the Westchester farms or the Lancaster farms of the ancients. Jacob's descendants rapidly multiplied. After a while Egypt took a turn at famine, and those descendants of Jacob, the Israelites, came to a great storehouse which Joseph had provided, and paid in money for corn. But after a while the money gave out and then they paid in cattle. After a while the cattle were all in the possession of the government, and then the Hebrews bought corn from the government by surrendering themselves as slaves.





KING THEEBAW'S PRIMA DONNA DANCING GIRL.



Then began slavery in Egypt. The government owned all the Hebrews. And let modern lunatics, who in America propose handing over telegraph companies and railroads and other things to be run by the government, see the folly of letting the government get its hand on everything. I would rather trust the people than any government the United States ever had or will have. Woe worth the day when legislators and congresses and administrations get possession of anything more than it is necessary for them to have. That would be the revival in this land of that old Egyptian tyranny for which God has never had anything but red-hot thunderbolts. But through such unwise processes Israel was enslaved in Egypt, and the long line of agonies began all up and down the Nile. Heavier and sharper fell the lash, hungrier and ghastlier grew the workmen, louder and longer went up the prayer, until three millions of the enslaved were crying, "Ya! Allah! Ya! Allah!" Oh! God! Oh! God!

Where was help to come from? Not the throne, Pharaoh sat upon that. Not the army, Pharaoh's officers commanded that. Not surrounding nations, Pharaoh's threat made them all tremble. Not the gods, Ammon and Osiris, or the goddess Isis, for Pharaoh built their temples out of the groans of this diabolical servitude. But one hot day the princess Thonoris, the daughter of Pharaoh, while in her bathing-house on the banks of the Nile, has word brought her that there is a baby afloat on



PHARAOH'S BED, PHILAE.

the river in a cradle made out of big leaves. Of course there is excitement all up and down the banks, for an ordinary baby in an ordinary cradle attracts smiling attention, but an infant in a cradle of papyrus rocking on the river arouses not only admiration but curiosity. Who made that boat? Who made it water-tight with bitumen? Who launched it? Reckless of the crocodiles which lay basking themselves in the sun, the maidens waded in and snatch up the child, and first one carries him and then another carries him, and all the way up the bank he runs a gauntlet of caresses, till Thonoris rushes out of the bathing-house and says, "Beautiful founding, I will adopt you as my own. You shall yet wear the Egyptian crown and sit on the Egyptian throne." No! No! No! He is to be the emancipator of the Hebrews. Tell it in all the brick-kilns. Tell it among all those who are writhing under the lash, tell it among all the castles of Memphis and Heliopolis and Zoan and Thebes. Before him a sea

will part. On a mountain top, alone, this one will receive from the Almighty a law that is to be the foundation of all good law while the world lasts. When he is dead God will



MUMMY OF RAMESES III., BOULAK MUSEUM.

come down on Nebo and alone bury him, no man or woman or angel worthy to attend the obsequies. The child grows up and goes out and studies the horrors of Egyptian oppression, and suppresses his indignation, for the right time has not come, although once for a minute he let fly, and when he saw a taskmaster put the whip on the back of a workman who was doing his best and heard the poor fellow cry and saw the blood spurt, Moses doubled up his fist and struck him on the temple till the cruel villain rolled over in the sand exanimate and never swung the lash again. Served him right!

But, Moses, are you going to undertake the impossibilities? You feel that you are going to free the Hebrews from bondage, but where is your army? Where is your navy? Not a sword have you, not a spear, not a chariot, not a horse. Ah! God was on his side and He has an army of His own. The snow-storms are on God's side: witness the snow-banks in which the French army of invasion were buried on their way back

from Moscow. The rain is on His side: witness the eighteenth of June at Waterloo when the tempests so saturated the road that the attack could not be made on Wellington's

forces until 11 o'clock and he was strong enough to hold out until reinforcements arrived. Had that battle been opened at 5 o'clock in the morning instead of at 11 the destiny of Europe would have been turned the wrong way. The heavy rain decided everything. So also are the winds and the waves on God's side: witness the Armada, with one hundred and fifty ships and twenty-six hundred and fifty guns and eight thousand sailors and twenty thousand soldiers, sent out by Philip II of Spain to conquer England. What became of men



VIEW OF THE RUINS AT PHILOE.

and shipping? Ask the wind and the waves all along the English and Irish coasts. The men and the ships all wrecked or drowned or scattered. So I expect that Moses will be helped in rescuing the Israelites by a special weaponry.

To the Egyptians the Nile was a deity. Its waters were very delicious. It was the finest natural beverage of all the earth. We have no such love for the Hudson, and Germans have no such love for the Rhine, and Russians have no such love for the Volga, as the Egyptians have love for the Nile. But one day when Pharaoh comes down to this river Moses takes a stick and whips the waters and they turn into the gore of a slaughter-house, and through the sluices and fish-ponds the incarnadined liquid backs up into the land and the malodor whelms everything from mud hovel to throne-room. Then came the frogs with horrible croak all over everything. Then this people, cleanly almost to fastidiousness, were infested with insects that belong to the filthy and unkempt, and the air buzzed and buzzed

with flies, and then the distemper started cows to bellowing and horses to neighing and camels to groaning, as they rolled over and expired. And then boils, one of which will put a man in wretchedness, came in clusters from the top of the head to the sole of the foot. And then the clouds dropped hail and lightning. And then locusts came in, swarms of them, worse than the grasshoppers ever were in Kansas, and then darkness dropped for three days so that the people could not see their hand



TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS, CAIRO.

before their face, great surges of midnight covering them. And, last of all, on the night of the eighteenth of April, about eighteen hundred years before Christ, the destroying angel sweeps past; and hear it all night long, the flap! flap! flap! of his awful wings, until Egypt rolled on, a great hearse, the eldest child dead in every Egyptian home. The eldest son of Pharaoh expired that night in the palace, and all along the streets of Memphis and Heliopolis and all up and down the Nile there was a funeral wail that would have rent the fold of the unnatural darkness if it had not been impenetrable.

The Israelitish homes, however, were untouched. But these homes were full of preparation, for now is your chance, O ye wronged Hebrews! Snatch up what pieces of food you can and to the desert! Its simoons are better than the bondage you have suffered. Its scorpions will not sting so sharply as the wrongs that have stung you all your lives. Away! The man who was cradled in the basket of papyrus on the Nile will lead you. Up! Up! This is the night of your rescue. They gather together at a signal. Alexander's armies and all

the armies of olden time were led by torches on high poles, great crests of fire; and the Lord Almighty kindles a torch not held by human hands, but by omnipotent hand. Not made out of straw or oil, but kindled out of the atmosphere, such a torch as the world never saw before and never will see again. It reached from the earth unto the heaven, a pillar of fire, that pillar practically saying, "This way! March this way!" On that supernatural flambeau more than a million refugees set their eyes. Moses and Aaron lead on. Then come the families of Israel. Then come the herds and flocks moving on across the sands to what is the beach of waters now called Bahr-el-Kulzum, but called in the Bible the Red Sea. And when I dipped my hands in its blue waters the heroics of the Mosaic passage rolled over me.

After three days' march the Israelitish refugees encamped for the night on the bank of the Red Sea. As the shadows begin to fall, in the distance is seen the host of Pharaoh

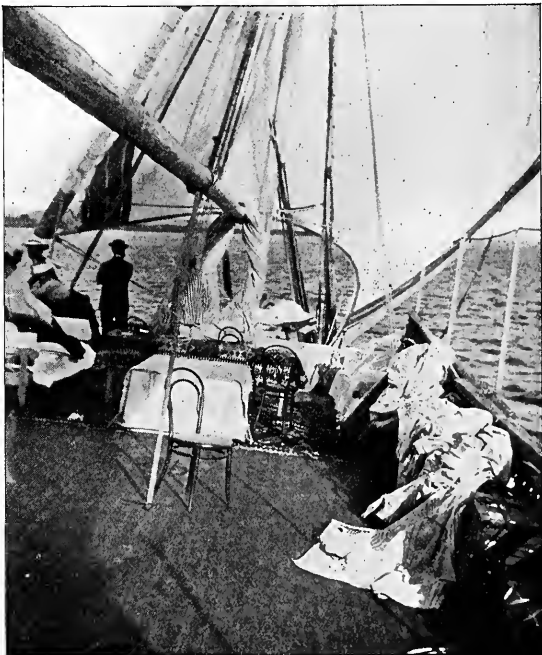


AVENUE OF SPHINXES AND ENTRANCE TO THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK.

in pursuit. There were six hundred finest war chariots followed by common chariots rolling at full speed. And the rumbling of the wheels and the curse of infuriated Egyptians came down with the darkness. But the Lord opened the crystal gates of Bahr-el-Kulzum and the enslaved Israelites passed into liberty, and then the crystal gates of the sea rolled shut against the Egyptian pursuers. It was about 2 o'clock in the morning when the interlocked axle-trees of the Egyptian chariots could not move an inch either way. But the Red Sea unhitched the horses, and unhelmeted the warriors, and left the proud host a wreck on the Arabian sands. Then two choruses arose, and Moses led the men in the one and Miriam led the women in the other, and the women beat time with their feet. The record says: "All the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." What a thrilling story of endurance and victory! The greatest triumph of Handel's genius was shown in his immortal dramatic oratorio, "Israel in Egypt." He had given to the world the oratorio of "Esther and Deborah," and "Athaliah," but reserved for his mightiest exertion at the full height of his powers the marshaling of all musical instruments to the description in harmony of the scenes to which I have referred. He gave twenty-seven days to this production, with its twenty-eight choruses, enthralling

his own time and all after-time with his "Israel in Egypt." So the burden of oppression was lifted, but another burden of Egypt is made up of deserts. Indeed, Africa is a great continent for deserts—Libyan desert, Sahara desert, deserts here and there, and yonder, condemning vast regions of Africa to barrenness, one of the deserts three thousand miles long and a thousand miles wide. But all those deserts will yet be flooded, and so made fertile. De Lesseps said it can be done, and he who planned the Suez Canal, which marries the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, knew what he was talking about. The human race is so multiplied that it must have more cultivated land, and the world must abolish its deserts. Eight hundred million of the human race are now living on lands not blest with rains but dependent on irrigation, and we want by irrigation to make room for eight hundred million more. By irrigation the prophecy will be fulfilled, and "the desert will blossom as the rose." So from Egypt the burden of sand will be lifted.

Another burden of Egypt to be lifted is the burden of Mohammedanism, although there are some good things about that religion. Its disciples must always wash before they pray, and that is five times a day. A commendable grace is cleanliness. Strong drink is positively forbidden by Mohammedans, and though some may have seen a drunken Mohammedan, I never saw one. It is a religion of sobriety. Then they are not ashamed of their devotions. When the call for prayers is sounded from the minarets the Mohammedan immediately un-



DECK SCENE ON A DAHABEAH.

rolls the rug on the ground and falls on his knees, and crowds of spectators are to him no embarrassment—reproof to many a Christian who omits his prayers if people are looking. But Mohammedanism, with its polygamy, blights everything it touches. Mohammed, its founder, had four wives, and his followers are the enemies of good womanhood. Mohammedanism puts its curse on all Egypt, and by setting up a sinful Arab higher than the immaculate Christ, is an overwhelming blasphemy. May God help the brave and consecrated missionaries who are spending their lives in combating it!

But before I forget it I must put more emphasis upon the fact that the last outrage that resulted in the liberation of the Hebrews was their being compelled to make bricks without straw. That was the last straw that broke the camel's back. God

would allow the despotism against His people to go no further. Making bricks without straw!

That oppression still goes on. Demand of your wife appropriate wardrobe and bountiful table without providing the means necessary: bricks without straw. Cities demanding in the public school faithful and successful instruction without giving the teachers competent livelihood: bricks without straw. United States Government demanding of senators and congressmen at Washington full attendance to the interests of the people, but on compensation which may have done well enough when twenty-five cents went as far as a dollar now, but in these times is not sufficient to preserve their influence and respectability: bricks without straw. In many parts of the land churches demanding of pastors vigorous sermons and sympathetic service on starvation salary, sanctified Ciceros on four hundred dollars a year: bricks without straw. That is one reason why there are so many poor



GREAT HALL OF COLUMNS, KARNAK.

bricks. In all departments, bricks not even, or bricks that crumble, or bricks that are not bricks at all. Work adequately paid for is worth more than work not paid for. More straw and then better bricks.

But in all departments there are Pharaohs: sometimes Capital a Pharaoh, and sometimes Labor a Pharaoh. When Capital prospers, and makes large percentage on its investment, and declines to consider the needs of the operatives, and treats them as so many human machines, their nerves no more than the bands on the factory wheel—then Capital is a Pharaoh. On the other hand, when workmen, not regarding the anxieties and business struggles of the firm employing them, and at a

time when the firm are doing their best to meet an important contract and need all hands busy to accomplish it, at such a time to have the employes make a strike and put their employers into extreme perplexity and severe loss—then Labor becomes a Pharaoh of the worst oppression, and must look out for the judgments of God.

When, in my journeyings, at the Museum at Boulac, Egypt, I looked at the mummies of the old Pharaohs, the very miscreants who diabolized centuries, and I saw their teeth and hair and finger nails and the flesh drawn tight over their cheek bones, the sarcophagi of these dead monarchs side by side, and I was so fascinated I could only with difficulty get away from the spot, I was not looking upon the last of the Pharaohs. Pharaoh thought he did a fine thing, a cunning thing, a decisive thing, when for the complete extinction of the Hebrews in Egypt he ordered all the Hebrew boys massacred, but he did not find it so fine a thing when his own first-born that night of the destroying angel dropped dead on the mosaic floor at the foot of the porphyry pillar of the palace. Let all the



Pharaohs take warning. Some of the worst of them are on a small scale in households, as when a man, because his arm is strong and his voice loud, dominates his poor wife into a domestic slavery. There are thousands of such cases, where the wife is a lifetime serf, her opinion disregarded, her tastes insulted, and her existence a wretchedness, though the world may not know it. It is a Pharaoh that sits at the head of that table, and a Pharaoh that tyrannizes that home. There is no more abhorrent Pharaoh than a domestic Pharaoh. There are thousands of women to whom death is passage from Egypt to Canaan, because they get rid of a cruel taskmaster. What an accursed monster is that man who keeps his wife in dread about family expenses, and must be cautious how she introduces an article of millinery or womanly wardrobe without humiliating consultation and apology. Who is that man acting so? For six months, in order to win that woman's heart he sent her every

few days a bouquet wound with white ribbon, and an endearing couplet, and took her to concerts and theatres, and helped her into carriages as though she were a princess, and ran across the room to pick up her pocket-handkerchief with the speed of an antelope, and on the marriage-day promised all that the liturgy required, saying, "I will!" with an emphasis that excited the admiration of all spectators. But now he begrudges her two cents for a postage stamp, and wonders why she rides across Brooklyn Bridge when the foot-passage costs nothing. He thinks now she is awful plain, and he acts like the devil, while he thunders out, "Where did you get that new hat? That's where my money goes. Where's my breakfast? Do you call that coffee? What are you whimpering about? Hurry up now and get my slippers! Where's the newspaper?"


The tone, the look, the impatience, the cruelty of a Pharaoh. That is what gives so many women a cowed-down look. Pharaoh! you had better take your iron heel off that woman's neck, or God will help you remove your heel. She says nothing. For the sake of avoiding a scandal she keeps silent; but her tears and wrongs have gone into a record that you will have to meet as certainly as Pharaoh had to meet hail, and lightning, and darkness, and the death angel. God never yet gave to any man the right to tyrannize over a woman, and what a sneak you are to take advantage of the marriage-vow, and because she cannot help herself and under the shelter of your own home to out-Pharaoh the Egyptian oppressor. There is something awfully wrong in a household where the woman is not considered of as much importance as the man. No room in this world for any more Pharaohs!



PROPYLON OF TEMPLE OF ISIS, PHILAE.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### THE ARCHIPELAGO.

OOD-BYE, Egypt! Although interesting and instructive beyond any country in all the world, excepting the Holy Land, Egypt was to me somewhat depressing. It was a post-mortem examination of cities that died four thousand years ago. The mummies, or wrapped-up bodies of the dead, were prepared with reference to the Resurrection Day, the Egyptians departing this life wanting their bodies to be kept in as good condition as possible so that they would be presentable when they were called again to occupy them. But if when Pharaoh comes to resurrection he finds his body looking as I saw his mummy in the Museum at Boulaq, his soul will become an unwilling tenant. The Sphinx also was to me a stern monstrosity, a statue carved out of rock of red granite, sixty-two feet high and about one hundred and forty-three feet long and having the head of a man and the body of a lion. We sat down in the sand of the African desert to study it. With a cold smile it has looked down upon thousands of years of earthly history; Egyptian civilization, Grecian civilization, Roman civilization; upon the rise and fall of thrones innumerable; the victory and defeat of the armies of centuries. It took three thousand years to make one wrinkle on its red cheek. It is dreadful in its stolidity. Its eyes have never wept a tear. Its cold ears have not listened to the groans of the Egyptian nation. Its heart is stone. It cared not for Pliny when he measured it in the first century. It will care nothing for the man who looks into its imperturbable countenance in the last century.

But Egypt will yet come up to the glow of life. The Bible promises it. The missionaries, like my friend, good and great Doctor Lansing, are sounding a resurrection trumpet above those slain empires. There will be some other Joseph at Memphis. There will be some other Moses on the banks of the Nile. There will be some other Hypatia to teach good morals to the degraded. When, soon after my arrival in Egypt, I took part in the solemn and tender obsequies of a missionary from our own land, dying there far away from the sepulchres of her fathers, and saw around her the dusky and weeping congregation of those whom she had come to save, I said to myself: "Here is self-sacrifice of the noblest type. Here is heroism immortal. Here is a queen unto God forever. Here is something grander than the Pyramids. Here is that which thrills the heavens. Here is a specimen of that which will yet save the world."

Good-bye, Egypt! This chapter finds us on the steamer *Minerva* in the Grecian Archipelago, the islands of the New Testament, and islands Paulinian and Johannian in their reminiscence. What Bradshaw's Directory is to travelers in Europe, and what the railroad guide is to travelers in America, the Book of the Acts in the Bible is to voyagers in the Grecian, or as I shall call it, the Gospel Archipelago. The Bible geography of that region is accurate without a shadow of mistake. We are sailing this morning on the same waters that Paul sailed, but in the opposite direction to that which Paul voyaged. He was sailing southward and we northward. With him it was, Ephesus, Coos, Rhodes, Cyprus;



#### GREEK CEREMONY OF WASHING THE FEET.

Among the many services of the Greek Church that of washing the feet of twelve priests on Holy Thursday is most interesting. The Archbishop, dressed in purple, is attended by twelve of the most venerable priests to the church, where, entering the sanctuary, he changes his purple vestments for another of greater splendor. The twelve priests represent the Apostles, the eldest taking the part of St. Peter, who has a place on the right hand of the Archbishop. All the participants having taken their respective places, the prelate changes his habiliments and returns with a napkin about his waist and a basin of water in his hands, and proceeds to wash the feet of the twelve,—in imitation of the service performed by Jesus,—as an act of humiliation, before a vast congregation that invariably witnesses the ceremony.

with us it is reversed, and it is Cyprus, Rhodes, Coos, Ephesus. There is no book in the world so accurate as the Divine Book. Paul left Cyprus on the left; we, going in the opposite direction, have it on the right.

We had stopped during the night and in the morning the ship was as quiet as a floor, when we hastened up to the deck and found that we had anchored off the island of Cyprus. In a boat, which the natives rowed standing up, as is the custom, instead of sitting down as when we row, we were soon landed on the streets where Paul and Barnabas walked and preached. Yea, when at Antioch Paul and Barnabas got into a fight—as ministers sometimes did, and sometimes do, for they all have imperfections enough to anchor them to this world till their work is done—I say, when because of that bitter controversy Paul and Barnabas parted, Barnabas came back here to Cyprus, which was his birthplace. Island wonderful for history! It has been the prize sometimes won by Persia, by Greece, by Egypt, by the Saracens, by the Crusaders, and last of all, not by sword but by pen, and that the pen of the keenest diplomatist of the century; Lord Beaconsfield, who under a lease which was as good as a purchase, set Cyprus among the jewels of Victoria's crown. We went out into the excavations from which Di Cesnola has enriched our American museums with antiquities, and with no better weapon than our foot we stirred up the ground deep enough to get a tear-bottle in which some mourner shed his tears thousands of years ago, and a lamp which before Christ was born lighted the feet of some poor pilgrim on his way. That island of Cyprus has enough to set an antiquarian wild. The most of its glory is the glory of the past, and the typhoid fevers that sweep its coast, and the clouds of locusts that often blacken its skies (though two hundred thousand dollars were expended by the British Empire in one year for the extirpation of these noxious insects, yet failing to do the work), and the frequent change of governmental masters, hinder prosperity. But when the islands of the sea come to God, Cyprus will come with them, and the agricultural and commercial opulence which adorned it in ages past will be eclipsed by the agricultural and commercial and religious triumphs of the ages to come. Why is the world so stupid that it cannot see that nations are prospered in temporal things in proportion as they are prospered in religious things? Godliness is profitable not only for individuals but for nations. Give Cyprus to Christ, give England to Christ, give America to Christ, give the world to Christ, and He will give them all a prosperity unlimited. Why is Brooklyn one of the queen cities of the earth? Because it is the queen city of churches. Blindfold me and lead me into any city of the earth so that I cannot see a street or a warehouse or a home, and then lead me into the churches and then remove the bandage from my eyes, and I will tell you from what I see inside the consecrated walls, having seen nothing outside, what is that city's merchandise, its literature, its schools, its printing-presses, its government, its homes, its arts, its sciences, its prosperity, or its depression, and ignorance, and pauperism and outlawry. The altar of God in the church is the high-water mark of the world's happiness. The Christian religion triumphant, all other interests triumphant. The Christian religion low down, all other interests low down. So I thought as on the evening of that day we stepped from the filthy streets of Larnaca, Cyprus, on to the boat that took us back to the steamer, which had already begun to paw the waves like a courser impatient to be gone, and then we moved on and up among the islands of this Gospel Archipelago. Night came down on land and sea and the voyage became to me more and more suggestive and solemn. If you are pacing it alone, a ship's deck in the darkness and at sea is a weird place, and an active imagination may conjure up almost any shape he will, and it shall walk the sea or confront him by the smoke-stack, or meet him under the captain's

bridge. But here I was alone on ship's deck in the Gospel Archipelago, and do you wonder that the sea was populous with the past and that down the ratlines Bible memories descended? Our friends had all gone to their berths. "Captain," I said, "when shall we arrive at the Island of Rhodes?" Looking out from under his glazed cap, he responded in sepulchral voice: "About midnight." Though it would be keeping unseasonable hours, I concluded to stay on deck, for I must see Rhodes, one of the islands associated with the name of the greatest missionary the world ever saw or ever will see. Paul landed there and that was enough to make it famous while the world stands, and famous in heaven when the world has become a charred wreck.



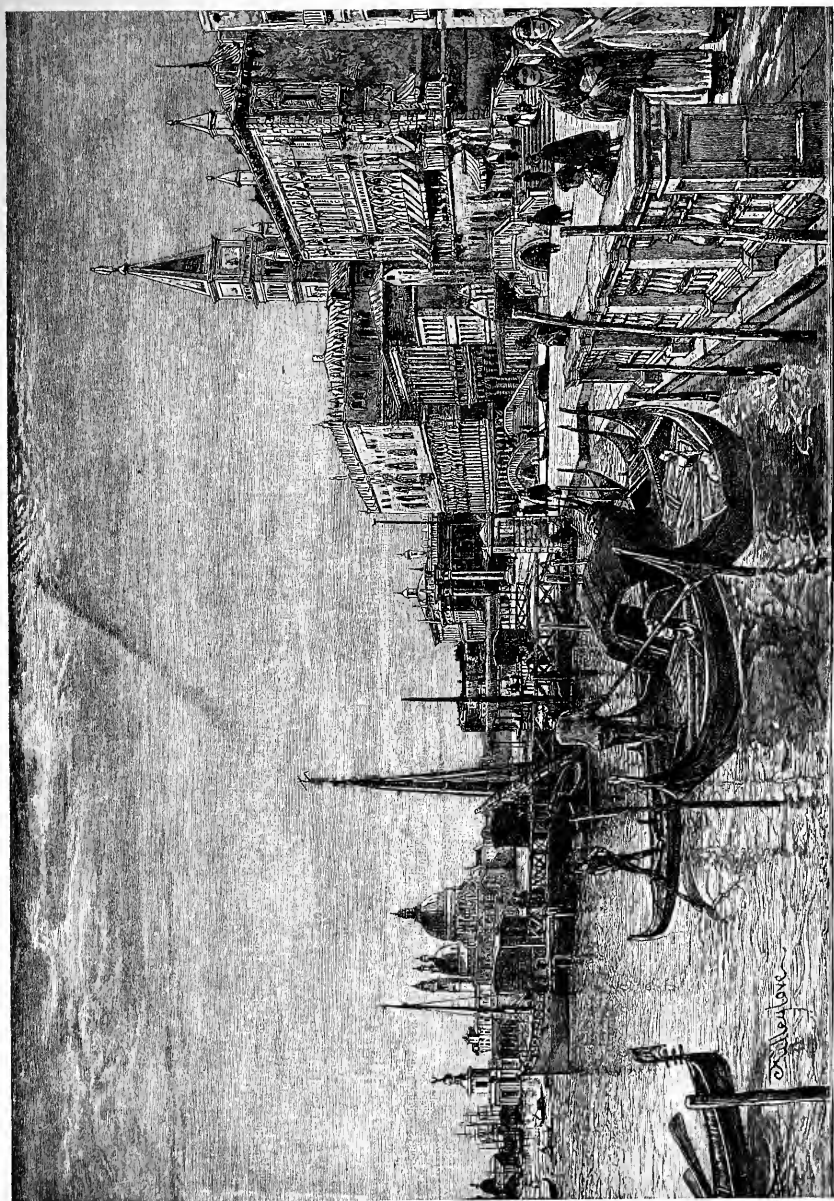
CHURCH OF SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE, VENICE, ITALY.

This island has had a wonderful history. With six thousand Knights of St. John, it at one time stood out against two hundred thousand warriors under "Solymian the Magnificent." The city had three thousand statues, and a statue to Apollo called Colossus, which has always since been considered one of the seven wonders of the world. It was twelve years in building and was seventy cubits high, and had a winding stairs to the top. It stood fifty-six years and then was prostrated by an earthquake. After lying in ruins for nine hundred years, it was purchased to be converted to other purposes, and the metal, weighing seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, was put on nine hundred camels and carried away. We were not permitted to go ashore, but the lights all up and down the hills show where the city stands, and nine boats come out to take freight and to bring three passengers.

Yet all the thousands of years of its history are eclipsed by the few hours or days that Paul stopped there.

As we move on up through this Archipelago, I am reminded of what an important part the islands have taken in the history of the world. They are necessary to the balancing of the planet. The two hemispheres must have them. As you put down upon a scale the heavy pound weights, and then the small ounces, and no one thinks of despising the small weights, so the continents are the pounds and the islands are the ounces. A continent is only a larger island and an island only a smaller continent. Something of what part the islands have taken in the world's history you will see when I remind you that the island of Salamis produced Solon, and that the island of Chios produced Homer, and the island of Samos produced Pythagoras and the island of Coos produced Hippocrates.

But there is one island that I longed to see more than any other. I can afford to miss the princes among the islands, but I must see the king of the Archipelago. The one I longed to see is not so many miles in circumference as Cyprus or Crete or Paros or Naxos or Scio or Mitylene, but I would rather, in this sail through the Grecian Archipelago, see that than all the others; for more of the glories of heaven landed there than on all the islands and continents since the world stood. As we come toward it I feel my pulses quicken. "I, John, was in the island that is called Patmos." It is a pile of rocks twenty-eight miles in circumference. A few cypresses and inferior olives pump a living out of the earth, and one palm tree spreads its foliage. But the barrenness and gloom and loneliness of the island made it a prison for the banished evangelist. Domitian could not stand his ministry and one day, under armed guard, that minister of the Gospel stepped from a tossing boat to these dismal rocks, and walked up to the dismal cavern which was to be his home and the place where should pass before him all the conflicts of coming time and all the raptures of a coming eternity. Is it not remarkable that nearly all the great revelations of music and poetry and religion have been made to men in banishment!—Homer and Milton banished into blindness; Beethoven banished into deafness; Dante writing his *Divina Commedia* during the nineteen years of banishment from his native land; Victor Hugo writing his *Les Misérables* exiled from home and country on the island of Guernsey, and the brightest visions of the future have been given to those who by sickness or sorrow were exiled from the outer world into rooms of suffering. Only those who have been imprisoned by very hard surroundings have had great revelations made to them. So Patmos, wild, chill and bleak and terrible, was the best island in all the Archipelago, the best place in all the earth for divine revelations. Before a panorama can be successfully seen, the room in which you sit must be darkened, and in the presence of John was to pass such a panorama as no man ever before saw or ever will see in this world, and hence the gloom of his surroundings was a help rather than a hindrance. All the surroundings of the place affected St. John's imagery when he speaks of heaven. St. John, hungry from enforced abstinence, or having no food except that at which his appetite revolted, thinks of heaven; and as the famished man is apt to dream of bountiful tables covered with luxuries, so St. John says of the inhabitants of heaven, "They shall hunger no more." Scarcity of fresh water on Patmos, and the hot tongue of St. John's thirst leads him to admire heaven as he says, "They shall thirst no more." St. John hears the waves of the sea wildly dashing against the rocks, and each wave has a voice and all the waves together make a chorus and they remind him of the multitudinous anthems of heaven; and he says, "They are like the voice of many waters." One day, as he looked off upon the sea, the waters were very smooth, as it was the day we sailed them, and they were like glass and the sunlight seemed



VENICE, PEARL OF THE ADRIATIC.

to set them on fire, and there was a mingling of white light and intense flame; and as St. John looked out from his cavern home upon that brilliant sea, he thought of the splendors of heaven and describes them "as a sea of glass mingled with fire." Yes, seated in the dark cavern of Patmos, though homesick and hungry and loaded with Domitian's anathemas, St. John was the most fortunate man on earth because of the panorama that passed before the mouth of that cavern.


Turn down all the lights that we may better see it. The panorama passes, and lo! the conquering Christ, robed, girdled, armed, the flash of golden candlesticks, and seven stars in His right hand, candlesticks and stars meaning light held up and light scattered. And there passes a throne and Christ on it, and the seals are broken, and the woes sounded, and a dragon slain, and seven last plagues swoop, and seven vials are poured out, and the vision vanishes. And we halt a moment to rest from the exciting spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a great city representing all abominations, Babylon towered, palaced, templed, fountained, foliaged, sculptured, hanging-gardened, suddenly going crash! crash! and the pipers cease to pipe, and the trumpets cease to trumpet, and the dust and the smoke and the horror fill the canvas, while from above and beneath are voices announcing, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen!" And we halt again to rest from the spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile beholds a city of gold, and a river more beautiful than the Rhine or the Hudson rolls through it, and fruit trees bend their burdens on either bank, and all is surrounded by walls in which the upholstery of autumnal forests, and the sunrises and sunsets of all the ages, and the glory of burning worlds seem to be commingled. And the inhabitants never breathe a sigh, or utter a groan, or discuss a difference, or frown a dislike, or weep a tear. The fashion they wear is pure white, and their foreheads are encircled by garlands, and they who were sick are well, and they who were old are young, and they who were bereft are reunited. And as the last figure of that panorama rolled out of sight, I think that John must have fallen back into his cavern, nerveless and exhausted. Too much was it for human eye to look at. Too much was it for human strength to experience.

As on that day in the Grecian Archipelago, Patmos began to fade out of sight, I walked to the stern of the ship that I might keep my eye on the enchantment as long as I could, and the voice that sounded out of heaven to John the exile in the cavern on Patmos seemed sounding in the waters that dashed against the side of our ship: "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

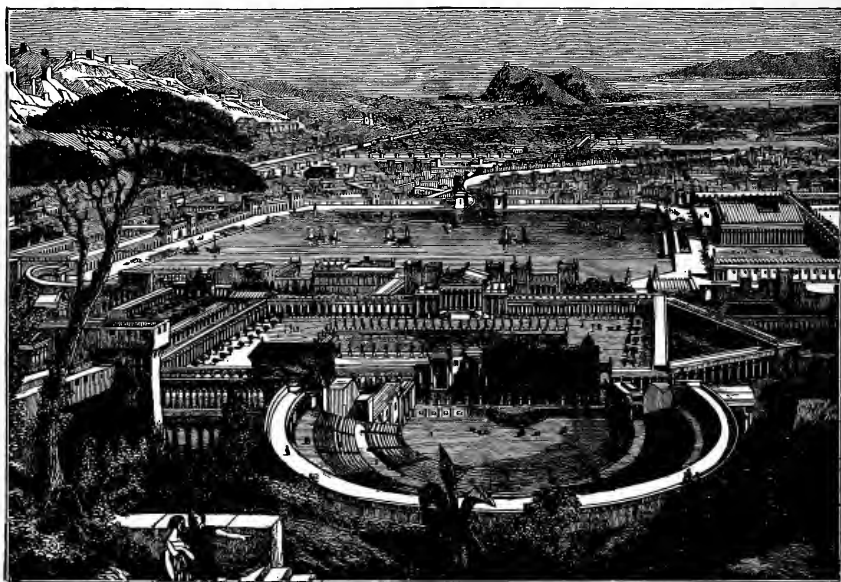
### EPHESUS.

UR next landing was at Smyrna, a city of Asiatic Turkey. One of the seven churches of Asia once stood here. You read in Revelation, "To the church in Smyrna write." It is a city that has often been shaken by earthquake, swept by conflagration, blasted by plagues, and butchered by war, and here Bishop Polycarp stood in a crowded amphitheatre, and when he was asked to give up the advocacy of the Christian religion and save himself from martyrdom, the pro-consul saying, "Swear and I release thee; reproach Christ," replied: "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He never did me wrong; how then can I revile my King and Saviour?" When he was brought to the fires into which he was about to be thrust, and the officials were about to fasten him to the stake, he said: "Let me remain as I am, for He who giveth me strength to sustain the fire will enable me also, without your securing me with nails; to remain unmoved in the fire." History says the fires refused to consume him; and under the winds the flames bent outward so that they did not touch his person, and therefore he was slain by swords and spears. One cypress bending over his grave is the only monument to Bishop Polycarp.

But we are on the way to the city of Ephesus. We must see Ephesus—associated with the most wonderful apostolic scenes. We hire a special railway train, and in about an hour and a half we arrive at the city of Ephesus, which was called "The Great Metropolis of Asia," and "One of the Eyes of Asia," and "The Empress of Ionia," the capital of all learning and magnificence. Here, as I said, was one of the seven churches of Asia, and first of all we visit the ruins of that church where once an Œcumenical Council of two thousand ministers of religion was held.

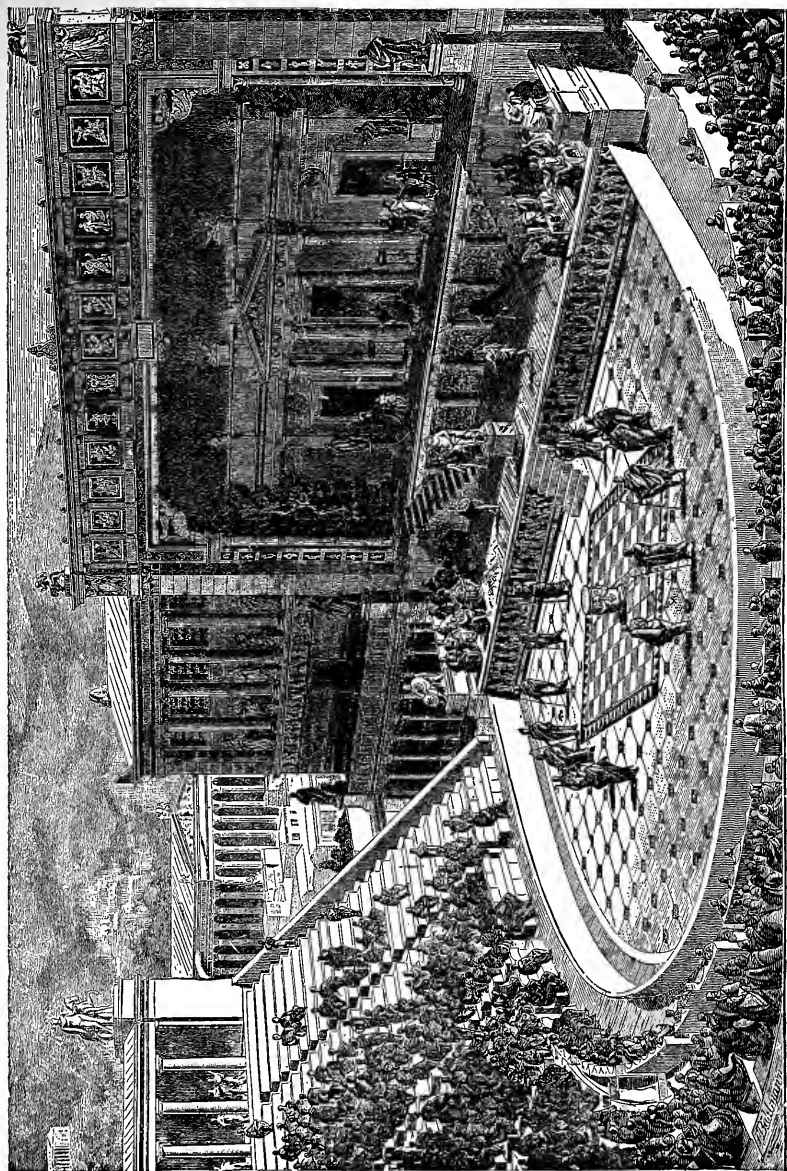
Mark the fulfillment of the prophecy! Of the seven churches of Asia, four were commended in the book of Revelation and three were doomed. The cities having the four commended churches still stand; the cities having the three doomed churches are wiped out. It occurred just as the Bible said it would occur. Drive on and you come to the theatre, which was six hundred and sixty feet from wall to wall, capable of holding fifty-six thousand seven hundred spectators. Here and there the walls arise almost unbroken, but for the most part the building is down. Just enough of it is left to help the imagination build it up as it was when those audiences shouted and clapped at some great spectacle. Their huzzas must have been enough to stun the heavens. Standing there, we could not forget that in that building once assembled a throng riotous for Paul's condemnation, because what he preached collided with the idolatry of their national goddess. Paul tried to get into that theatre and address the excited multitude, but his friends held him back lest he be torn in pieces by the mob, and the recorder of the city had to read the Riot Act among the people who had shrieked for two mortal hours, till their throats were sore and they were black in the face, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Now we step into the Stadium. Enough of its walls and appointments is left to show what a stupendous place it must have been when used for foot races and for fights with wild beasts. It was a building six hundred and eighty feet long and two hundred feet wide. Paul refers to what transpired there in the way of spectacle when he says, "We have been made a spectacle." Yes, Paul says, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," an expression usually taken as figurative, but I suppose it was literally true, for one of the amusements in that Stadium was to put a disliked man in the arena with a hungry lion or tiger or panther, and let the fight go on until either the man or the beast or both were slain. And was there ever a more unequal combat proposed? Paul, according to tradition, small, crooked-backed and weak-eyed, but the grandest



EPHESUS RESTORED.

man in sixty centuries, is led to the centre, as the people shout, "There he comes, the preacher who has nearly ruined our religion. The lion will make but a brief mouthful of him." It is plain that all the sympathies of that crowd are with the lion. In one of the underground rooms I hear the growl of the wild beasts. They have been kept for several days without food or water, in order that they may be especially ravenous and bloodthirsty. What chance is there for Paul? But you cannot tell by a man's size or looks how stout a blow he can strike or how keen a blade he can thrust. Witness, heaven and earth and hell, this struggle of Paul with a wild beast. The coolest man in the Stadium is Paul. What has he to fear? He has defied all the powers, earthly and infernal, and if his body tumble under the foot and tooth of the wild beast, his soul will only the sooner find disenthralment. But it is his duty, as far as possible, to preserve his life. Now



THEATRE OF DIONYSIUS RESTORED, EPHEBUS.

I hear the bolt of the wild beast's door shove back, and the whole audience rise to their feet as the fierce brute springs for the arena and toward its small occupant. But the little missionary has his turn of making attack, and with a few well-directed thrusts the monster lies dead in the dust of the arena, and the apostle puts his right foot on the lion and shakes him, and then puts his left foot on him and shakes him—a scene which Paul afterward uses for an illustration when he wants to show how Christ will triumph over death: "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet;" yes, under His feet. Paul told the literal truth when he said, "I have fought with beasts at Ephesus," and as the plural is used I think he had more than one such fight, or several beasts were let loose upon him at one time. As we stood that day in the middle of the Stadium and looked around at the great structure the whole scene came back upon us.

But, we pass out of the Stadium, for we are in haste for other places of interest in Ephesus. To add to the excitement of the day one of our party was missing. No man is safe in that region alone unless he be armed and know how to take sure aim and not miss fire. Our companion had gone out on some explorations of his own, and through the gate where Paul had walked again and again, yet where no man unaccompanied should venture now. But, after some time had passed, and every minute seemed as long as an hour, and we had time to imagine everything horrible in the way of robbery and assassination, the lost traveler appeared, to receive from our entire party a volley of expostulation for the arousal of so many anxieties.

In the midst of this city of Ephesus once floated an artificial lake, brilliant with painted boats and through the River Caystros it was connected with the sea, and ships from all parts of the known earth floated in and out carrying on a commerce which made Ephesus the envy of the world. Great was Ephesus! Its gymnasia, its hippodrome, its odeon, its athenæum, its forum, its aqueducts (whose skeletons are still strewn along the city), its towers, its castle of Hadrian, its monument of Androclus, its quarries, which were the granite cradle of cities; its temples, built to Apollo, to Minerva, to Neptune, to Mercury, to Bacchus, to Hercules, to Cæsar, to Fortune, to Jupiter Olympus. That which history and poetry and chisel and canvas have not presented, has come up at the call of archæologists' powder-blast and crowbar.

But I have now to unveil the chief wonder of this chiefest of cities. In 1863, under the patronage of the English Government, Mr. Wood, the explorer, began at Ephesus to feel along under the ground at great depths for roads, for walls, for towers, and here it is—that for which Ephesus was more celebrated than all else besides—the Temple of the Goddess Diana, called the sixth wonder of the world; and we stood awhile amid the ruins of that temple, measuring its pillars, transfixed by its sculpture, and confounded at what was the greatest temple of idolatry in all time. As I sat on a piece of one of its fallen columns, I said, "What earthquake rocked it down, or what hurricane pushed it to the earth, or under what strong wind of centuries did the giant struggle and fall?" There have been seven temples of Diana, the ruins of each contributing something for the splendor of all its architectural successors. Two hundred and twenty years was this last temple in construction. Twice as long as the United States has stood was that temple in building. It was nearly twice as large as St. Paul's Cathedral, London. Lest it should be disturbed by earthquakes, which have always been fond of making those regions their play-ground, the temple was built on a marsh, which was made firm by layers of charcoal covered by fleeces of wool. The stone came from the quarry near-by. After it was decreed to build the temple, it was thought it would be necessary to bring the building stone from other lands,



STATUE OF DIANA IN THE EPHESIAN TEMPLE.

but one day a shepherd by the name of Pixodorus, while watching his flocks, saw two rams fighting, and as they missed the interlocking of their horns and one fell, his horn knocked a splinter from the rock and showed by that splinter the lustrous whiteness of the rock. The shepherd ran to the city with a piece of that stone, which revealed a quarry from which place the temple was built, and every month in all ages since, the mayor of Ephesus goes to that quarry to offer sacrifices to the memory of that shepherd who discovered this source of splendor and wealth for the cities of Asia Minor. In removing the great stones from the quarry to their destined places in the temple, it was necessary, in order to keep the wheels, which were twelve feet in diameter, from sinking deep into the earth under the unparalleled heft, that a frame of timbers be arranged over which the wheels rolled. To put the immense block of marble in its place over the doorway of one of these temples was so vast and difficult an undertaking that the architect at one time gave it up, and in his chagrin intended suicide; but one night in his sleep he dreamt that the stone had settled to the right place, and the next day he found that the great block of marble had by its own weight settled to the right place. The Temple of Diana was four hundred and twenty-five feet long by two hundred and twenty feet wide. All Asia was taxed to pay for it. It had one hundred and twenty-seven pillars, each sixty feet high, and each the gift of a king and inscribed with the name of the donor. Now you see the meaning of that passage in Revelation, just as a king presenting one of these pillars to the Temple of Diana had his own name chiseled on it and the name of his own country, so says Christ: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, and I will write upon him my new name." How suggestive and beautiful!

In addition to those pillars that I climbed over while amid the ruins of Diana's Temple, I saw afterward eight of those pillars in Constantinople, to which city they had been removed, and are now a part of the Mosque of St. Sophia. Those eight columns are all green jasper, but some of those which stood in Diana's Temple at Ephesus were fairly drenched with brilliant colors. Costly metals stood up in various parts of the temple, where they could catch the fullest flush of the sun. A flight of stairs was carved out of one grape vine. Doors of cypress wood which had been kept in glue for years and bordered with bronze in bas-relief, swung against pillars of brass, and resounded with echo upon echo, caught up, and sent on, and hurled back through the corridors. In that building stood an image of Diana, the goddess. The impression was abroad, as the Bible records, that that image dropped plumb out of heaven into that temple, and the sculptors who really made the statue or image were put to death, so that they could not testify of its manufacture and so deny its celestial origin. But the material out of which the image of Diana was fashioned contradicts that notion. This image was carved out of ebony and punctured here and there with openings kept full of spikenard so as to hinder the statue from decaying and make it aromatic, but this ebony was covered with bronze and alabaster. A necklace of acorns coiled gracefully around her. There were four lions on each arm, typical of strength. Her head was coronetted. Around this figure stood statues which by wonderful invention shed tears. The air by strange machinery was damp with descending perfumes. The walls multiplied the scene by concaved mirrors. Fountains tossed in sheaves of light and fell in showers of diamonds. One painting in that temple cost \$193,750. The treasures of all nations and the spoils of kingdoms were kept here for safe deposit. Criminals from all lands fled to the shelter of this temple, and the law could not touch them. It seemed almost strange that this mountain of architectural snow outside did not melt with

the fires of color within. The temple was surrounded with groves, in which roamed for the temptation of hunters, stags and hares and wild boars, and all styles of game, whether winged or four-footed. There was a cave with statue so intensely brilliant that it extinguished the eyes of those who looked upon it, unless, at the command of the priests, the hand of the spectator somewhat shaded the eyes. No wonder that even Anthony and Alexander and Darius cried out in the words of my text: "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

One month of each year, the month of May, was devoted to her worship. Processions in garbs of purple and violet and scarlet moved through the temple, and there were torches,



WHIRLING DERVISHES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Dervish is a Persian word signifying poor, but among Mohammedans it is a designation of a religious class corresponding to Monks in Christian countries. Their devotional exercises consist in meetings for worship, prayers, mortifications and dances. These latter are confined to turning around for a long while, the whirling movement being continued at times for as much as an hour.

and anthems, and choirs in white, and timbrels and triangles in music, sacrifices and dances. Here young men and maidens were betrothed with imposing ceremony. Nations voted large amounts to meet the expense of the worship. Fisheries of vast resource were devoted to the support of this resplendence. Horace and Virgil and Homer went into rhapsodies while describing this worship. All artists, all archæologists, all centuries agreed in saying, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Paul in the presence of this Temple of Diana incorporates it in his figures of speech while speaking of the spiritual temple: "Now, if any



man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, etc.," and no doubt with reference to one of the previous temples which had been set on fire by Herostratus just for the fame of destroying it, Paul says: "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss, etc.," and all up and down Paul's writings you realize that he had not only seen, but had been mightily impressed with what he had seen of the Temple of Diana.

In this city the mother of Jesus was said to have been buried. Here dwelt Aquila and Priscilla of Bible mention, who were professors in an extemporized theological seminary, and they taught the eloquent Apollos how to be eloquent for Christ. Here John preached, and from here because of his fidelity he was exiled to Patmos. Here Paul warred against the magical arts for which Ephesus was famous. The sorcerers of this city pretended that they could cure diseases and perform almost any miracle, by pronouncing these senseless words: "Aski Cataski Lix Tetrax Damnamenens Aision." Paul having performed a miracle in the name of Jesus, there was a lying family of seven brothers who imitated the

apostle, and instead of their usual words of incantation, used the word Jesus over a man who was possessed of a devil, and the man possessed flew at them in great fierceness and nearly tore these frauds to pieces, and in consequence all up and down the streets of Ephesus there was indignation excited against the magical arts, and a great bonfire of magical books was kindled in the streets, and the people stirred the blaze until thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of black art literature was burned to ashes.



RUINS OF THE GYMNASIUM, EPHESUS.

Ephesus I have described has gone now. At some seasons of the year awful malarias sweep over the place and put upon mattress or in graves a large portion of the population. In the approximate marshes scorpions, centipedes and all forms of reptilian life crawl and hiss and sting, while hyenas and jackals at night slink in and out of the ruins of buildings which once startled the nations with their almost supernatural grandeur.

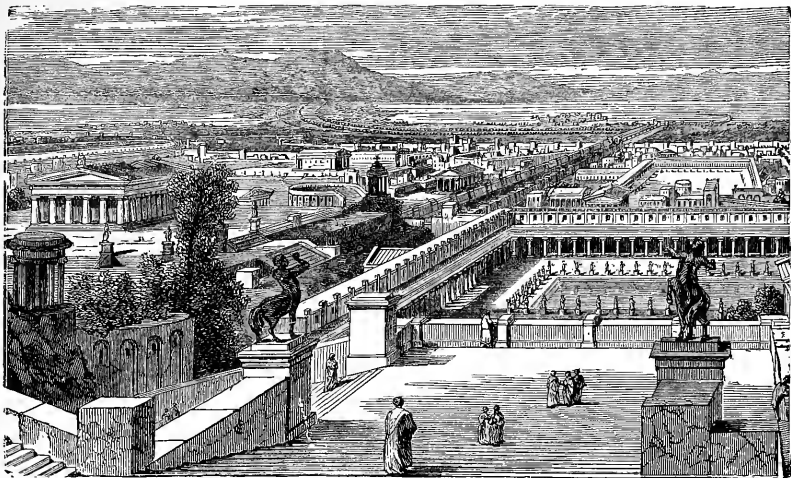
But here is a lesson which has never yet been drawn out. Do you not see in that Temple of Diana an expression of what the world needs? It wants a God who can provide food. Diana was a huntress. In pictures on many of the coins she held a stag by a horn with one hand and a bundle of arrows in the other. Oh, this is a hungry world! Diana could not give one pound of meat or one mouthful of food to the millions of her worshippers. She was a dead divinity, an imaginary God, and so in idolatrous lands the vast majority of people never have enough to eat. It is only in the countries where the God of heaven and earth is worshiped that the vast majority have enough to eat. Let Diana have her arrows and her hounds; our God has the sunshine and the showers and the



harvests, and in proportion as He is worshiped does plenty reign. So also in the Temple of Diana the world expressed its need of a refuge. To it from all parts of the land came debtors who could not pay their debts and the offenders of the law, that they might escape incarceration. But she sheltered them only a little while, and while she kept them from arrest she could not change their hearts and the guilty remained guilty. But our God in Jesus Christ is a sure refuge into which we may fly from all our sins and all our pursuers, and not only be safe for time but safe for eternity, and the guilt is pardoned and the nature is transformed. What Diana could not do for her worshippers, our Christ accomplishes for us.

"Rock of ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

Then, in that temple were deposited treasures from all the earth for safe keeping. Chrysostom says it was the treasure-house of nations; they brought gold and silver and



ANCIENT CORINTH—RESTORED.

Corinth was a magnificent city situated on the isthmus which connected Hellas with the Peloponnesus, and was defended by the strongest natural citadel in all Europe. The city itself lay on a broad level rock nearly 200 feet above the isthmus, and became leagued with Greece 395 B. C. It was in Corinth that St. Paul planted the first Christian church, to which he addressed two epistles.

precious stones and coronets from across the sea, and put them under the care of Diana of the Ephesians. But, again and again were those treasures ransacked, captured or destroyed. Nero robbed them, the Scythians scattered them, the Goths burned them. Diana failed those who trusted her with treasures, but our God, to Him we may entrust all our treasures for this world and the next, and fail any one who puts confidence in Him He never will. After the last jasper column has fallen and the last temple on earth has gone into ruins and the world itself has suffered demolition, the Lord will keep for us our best treasures.

But, notice what killed Ephesus, and what has killed most of the cities that lie buried in the cemetery of nations. Luxury! The costly baths, which had been the means of health to the city, became its ruin. Instead of the cold baths that had been the invigoration

of the people, the hot baths, which are only intended for the infirm or the invalid, were substituted. In these hot baths many lay most of the time. Authors wrote books while in these baths. Business was neglected and a hot bath taken four or five times a day. When the keeper of the baths was reprimanded for not having them warm enough, one of the rulers said: "You blame him for not making the bath warm enough; I blame you because you have it warm at all." But that warm bath, which enervated Ephesus and which is always enervating except when followed by cold baths (no reference, of course, to delicate constitutions), was only a type of what went on in all departments of Ephesian life, and in luxurious indulgence Ephesus fell, and the last triangle of music was tinkled in Diana's Temple, and the last wrestler disappeared from her gymnasiums, and the last racer took his garland in the Stadium, and the last plea was heard in her Forum, and, even the sea, as if to withdraw the last commercial opportunity from that metropolis, retreated down the beach, leaving her without the harbor in which had floated a thousand ships. Brooklyn, New York, London and all modern cities, cis-Atlantic and trans-Atlantic! take warning. What luxury unguarded did for Ephesus luxury unguarded may do for all. Opulence and splendor God grant to all the people, to all the cities, to all the lands, but at the same time, may He grant the righteous use of them.

Gymnasiums? Yes, but see that the vigor gained in them be consecrated to God. Magnificent temples of worship? Yes, but see that in them instead of conventionalities and cold pomp of service, there be warmth of devotion and the pure Gospel preached. Imposing court houses? Yes, but in them let justice and mercy rule. Palaces of journalism? Yes, but let all of the printing presses be marshaled for happiness and truth. Great post-office buildings? Yes, but through them day by day, may correspondence helpful, elevating and moral pass. Ornate dwelling-houses? Yes, but in them let there be altars of devotion, and conjugal, filial, paternal and Christian fidelity rule. London for magnitude, Berlin for universities, Paris for fashions, Rome for cathedrals, Athens for classics, Thebes for hieroglyphics, Memphis for tombs, Babylon for gardens, Ephesus for idolatry, but what shall be the characteristics of our American cities when they shall have attained their full stature? Would that "Holiness to the Lord" might be inscribed upon all our municipalities. One thing is certain, and that is, that all idolatry must come down. When the greatest goddess of the earth, Diana, enshrined in the greatest temple that ever stood, was prostrated at Ephesus, it was a prophecy of the overthrow of all the idolatries that have cursed the earth, and anything we love more than God is an idol, and there is as much idolatry in the nineteenth century as in the first, and in America as in Asia.

As our train pulled out from the station at Ephesus, the cars surrounded by the worst looking group of villains I ever gazed on, all of them seeming in a wrangle with each other and trying to get into a wrangle with us, and we moved along the columns of ancient aqueducts, each column crowned with storks, having built their nests there, and we rolled on down toward Smyrna, and that night in a sailors' Bethel, we spoke of the Christ whom the world must know or perish, we felt that between cradle and grave there could not be anything much more enthralling for body, mind and soul, than our visit to Ephesus.

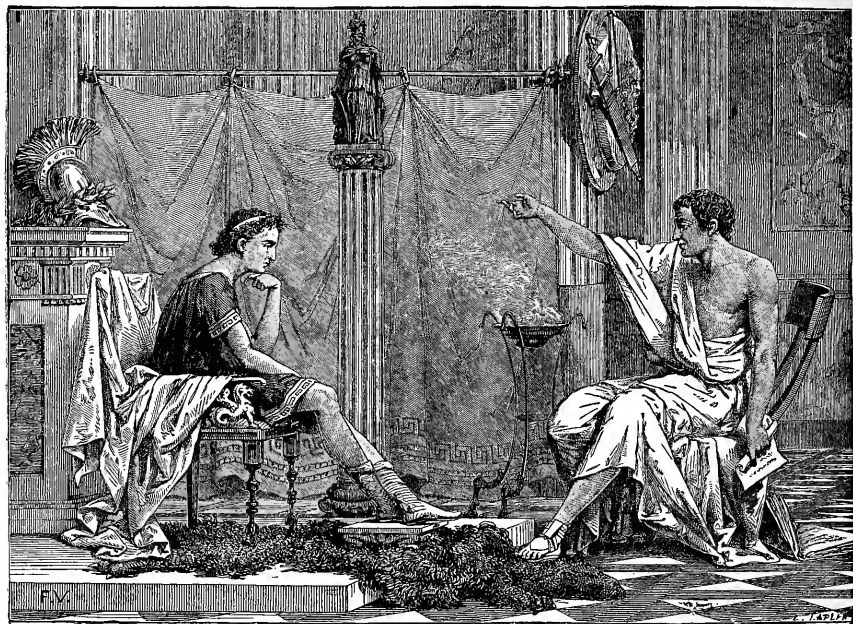
## CHAPTER XL.

### THE CROWN OF GREECE.

IT seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleepless with expectation, and my watch slowly announced to me one and two and three and four o'clock; and at the first ray of dawn, I called our party to look out of the window upon that city to which Paul said he was a debtor, and to which the whole earth is debtor for Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek prowess and Greek history. That morning in Athens we sauntered forth armed with most generous and lovely letters from the President of the United States and his Secretary of State, and during all our stay in that city those letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and every palace to swing open before us. The mightiest geographical name on earth to-day is America. The signature of an American President and Secretary of State will take a man where an army could not. Those names brought us into the presence of a most gracious and beautiful sovereign, the Queen of Greece, and her cordiality was more like that of a sister than the occupant of a throne-room. No formal bow as when monarchs are approached, but a cordial shake of the hand, and earnest questions about our personal welfare and our beloved country far away. But this morning we pass through where stood the Agora, the ancient market-place, the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul the Christian logician flung many a proud Stoic, and got the laugh on many an impertinent Epicurean. The market-place was the centre of social and political life, and it was the place where people went to tell and hear the news. Booths and bazaars were set up for merchandise of all kinds, except meat, but everything must be sold for cash, and there must be no lying about the value of commodities, and the Agoranomi who ruled the place could inflict severe punishment upon offenders. The different schools of thinkers had distinct places set apart for convocation. The Platæans must meet at the cheese market, the Decelians at the barber shop, the sellers of perfumes at the frankincense headquarters. The market-place was a space three hundred and fifty yards long and two hundred and fifty wide, and it was given up to gossip and merchandise, and lounging, and philosophizing. All this you need to know in order to understand the Bible when it says of Paul, "Therefore disputed he in the market daily with them that met him." You see it was the best place to get an audience, and if a man feels himself called to preach he wants people to preach to. But before we make our chief visits we must take a turn at the Stadium. It is a little way out, but go we must. The Stadium was the place where the foot-races occurred.

Paul had been out there, no doubt, for he frequently uses the scenes of that place as figures, when he tells us, "Let us run the race that is set before us," and again, "They do it to obtain a corruptible garland, but we an incorruptible." The marble and the gilding have been removed, but the high mounds against which the seats were piled are still

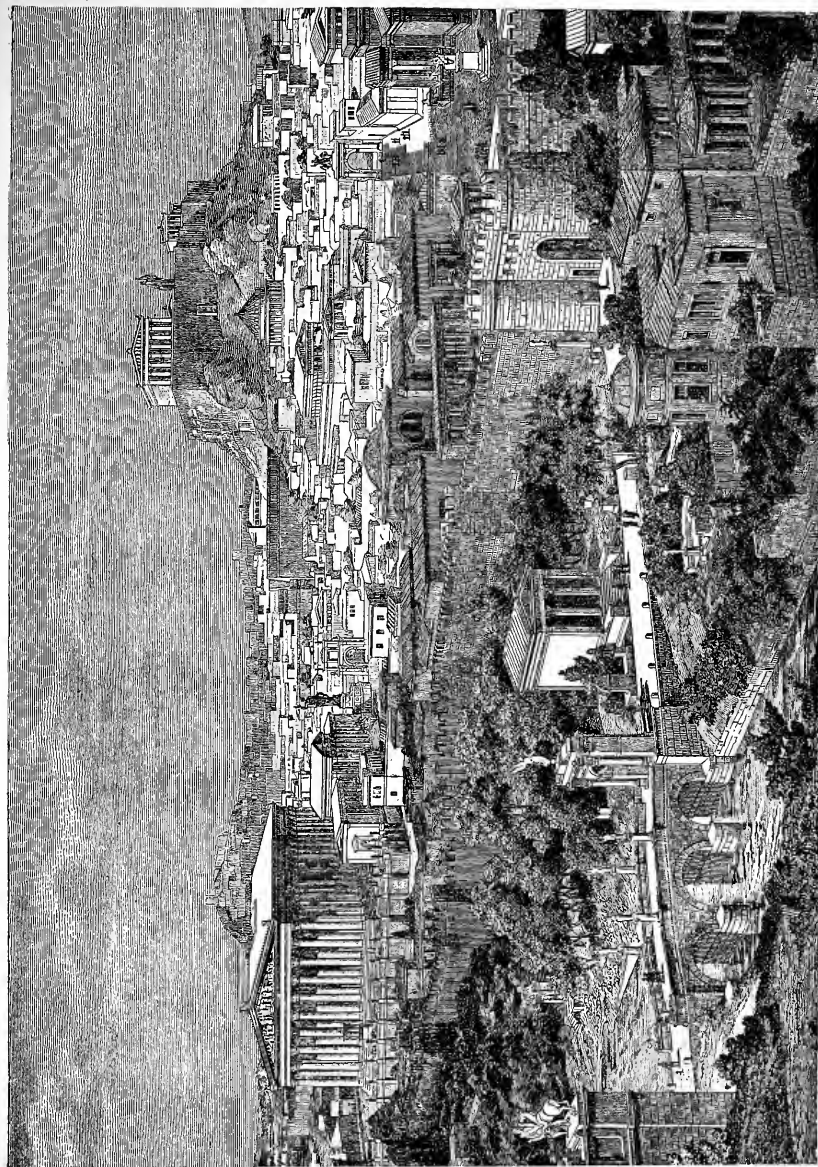
there. The Stadium is six hundred and eighty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and held forty thousand spectators. There is to-day the very tunnel through which the defeated racer departed from the Stadium and from the hisses of the people, and there are the stairs up which the victor went to the top of the hill to be crowned with the laurel. In this place contests with wild beasts sometimes took place, and while Hadrian, the emperor, sat on yonder height, one thousand beasts were slain in one celebration. But it was chiefly for foot-racing, and so I proposed to my friend that day while we were in the Stadium that we try which of us could run the sooner from end to end of this historical ground, and so at the word given by the lookers-on we started side by side, but before I got through I found out what Paul meant when he compares the spiritual race



PAUL EXHORTING FELIX.

with the race in this very Stadium, as he says, "Lay aside every weight." My heavy overcoat and my friend's freedom from such encumbrance showed the advantage in any kind of a race of laying aside "every weight."

We come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumference at the base and a thousand feet in circumference at the top, and three hundred feet high. On it has been crowded more elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, afterward a congregation of temples and statues and pillars, their ruins an enchantment from which no observer ever breaks away. No wonder that Aristides thought it the centre of all things—Greece, the centre of the world;



GENERAL VIEW OF ATHENS, SHOWING THE PANTHEON AND MARS HILL.

Attica, the centre of Greece ; Athens, the centre of Attica, and the Acropolis, the centre of Athens. Earthquakes have shaken it ; Verres plundered it. Lord Elgin, the English ambassador at Constantinople, got permission of the Sultan to remove from the Acropolis fallen pieces of the building, but he took from the building to England the finest statues, removing them at an expense of eight hundred thousand dollars. A storm overthrew many of the statues of the Acropolis. Morosini, the general, attempted to remove from a pediment the sculptured car and horses of Victory, but the clumsy machinery dropped it, and all was lost. The Turks turned the building into a powder magazine, where the Venetian guns dropped a fire that by explosion sent the columns flying in the air and falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and iconoclasia have effected, the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins, and -before it bow the



VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS.

learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago. I had read so much about it and dreamed so much about it, that I needed no magician's wand to restore it. At one wave of my hand on that clear, bright morning it rose before me in the glory it had when Pericles ordered it, and Ictinus planned it, and Phidias chiseled it, and Protogenes painted it, and Pausanias described it. Its gates, which were carefully guarded by the ancients, open to let you in, and you ascend by sixty marble steps to the Propylæa, which Epaminondas wanted to transfer to Thebes, but permission, I am glad to say, could not be granted for the removal of this architectural miracle. In the days when ten cents would do more than a dollar now, the building cost two million three hundred thousand dollars. See its five ornamented gates, the keys entrusted to an officer for only one day lest the temptation to go in and misappropriate the treasures be too great for him ; its ceiling a mingling of blue and scarlet and green, and the walls abloom with pictures utmost in thought and coloring. Yonder is a temple to a goddess called "Victory Without Wings." So many of the triumphs of the world had been followed by defeat that the Greeks wished in marble to indicate that victory for Athens had come never again to fly away, and hence this temple to "Victory Without Wings,"—a temple of marble, snow-white and glittering. Yonder behold

the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago. I had read so much about it and dreamed so much about it, that I needed no magician's wand to restore it. At one wave of my hand on that clear, bright morning it rose before me in the glory it had when Pericles ordered it, and Ictinus planned it, and Phidias chiseled it, and Protogenes painted it, and Pausanias described it. Its gates,

the pedestal of Agrippa, twenty-seven feet high and twelve feet square. But the overshadowing wonder of all the hill is the Parthenon. In days when money was ten times more valuable than now, it cost four million six hundred thousand dollars. It is a Doric grandeur, having forty-six columns, each column thirty-four feet high and six feet two inches in diameter. Wondrous intercolumniations! Painted porticoes, architraves tinged with ochre, shields of gold hung up, lines of most delicate curve, figures of horses and men and women and gods, oxen on the way to sacrifice, statues of the deities; Dionysius, Prometheus, Hermes, Demeter, Zeus, Hera, Poseidon; in one frieze twelve divinities; centaurs in battle; weaponry from Marathon; chariot of night; chariot of the morning; horses of the sun, the fates, the furies; statue of Jupiter holding in his right hand the thunderbolt; silver-footed chair in which Xerxes watched the battle of Salamis, only a few miles away.

Here is the colossal statue of Minerva in full armor, eyes of gray-colored stone; figure of a Sphinx on her head, griffins by her side (which are lions with eagle's beak), spear in one hand, statue of Liberty in the other, a shield carved with battle scenes, and even the slippers sculptured and tied on with thongs of gold. Far out at sea the sailors saw this statue of Minerva rising high above all the temples, glittering in the sun. Here are statues of equestrians, statue of a lioness, and there are the Graces, and yonder a horse in bronze. There is a statue said in the time of Augustus to have of its own accord turned around from east to west and spit blood; statues made out of shields conquered in battle; statue of



PAUL DISCOURSING WITH AQUILA AND PRISCILLA.

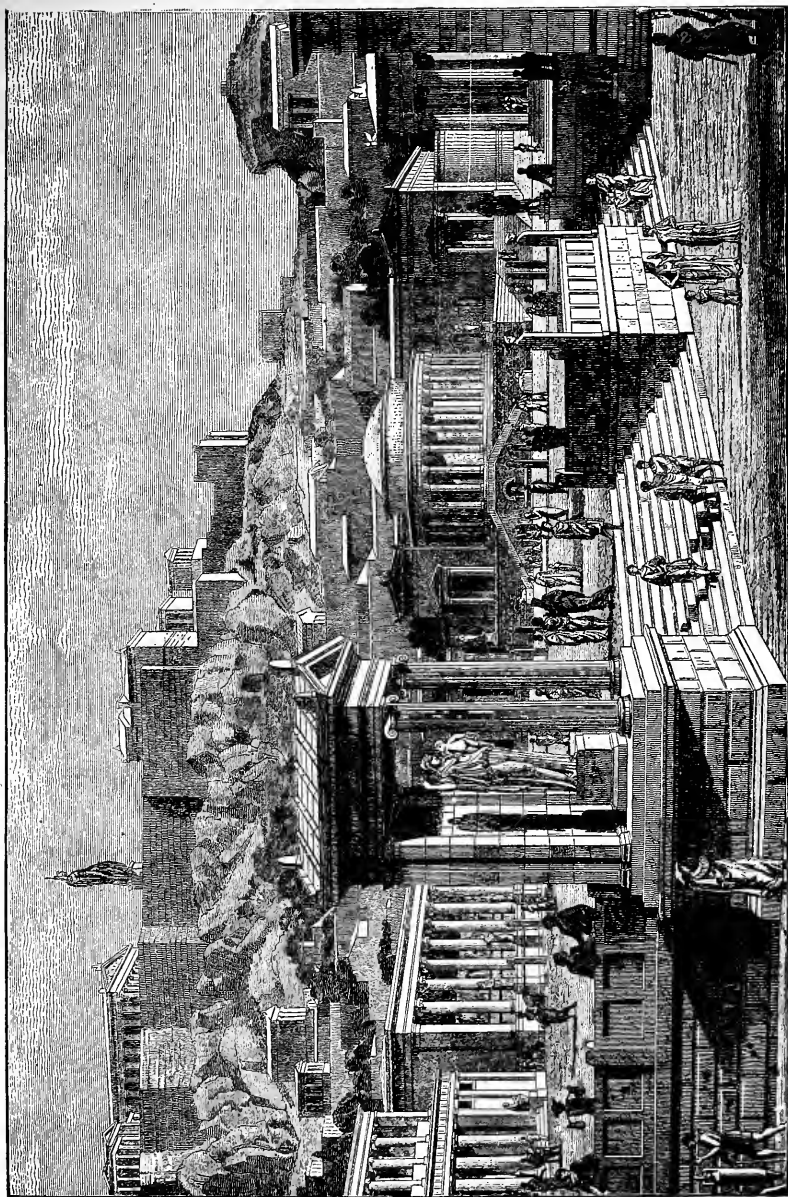
Apollo, the expeller of locusts; statue of Anacreon, drunk and singing; statue of Olympiodorus, a Greek, memorable for the fact that he was cheerful when others were cast down, a trait worthy of sculpture. But, walk on and around the Acropolis, and yonder you see a statue of Hygiea, and the statue of Theseus fighting the Minotaur and the statue of Hercules slaying serpents. No wonder that Petronius said it was easier to find a god than a man in Athens. Oh, the Acropolis! The most of its temples and statues made from the marble quarries of Mount Pentelicum a little way from the city. I have here on my table a block of the Parthenon made out of this marble, and on it is the sculpture of Phidias. I brought it from the Acropolis. This specimen has on it the dust of ages, and the marks of explosion and battle, but you can get from it some idea of the delicate lustre of the Acropolis when it was covered with a mountain of this marble cut into all the exquisite shapes that genius could contrive, and striped with silver and aflame with gold. The Acropolis in the morning light of those ancients must have shone as though it were an aerolite cast off from the noonday sun. The temples must have

looked like petrified foam. The whole Acropolis must have seemed like the white breakers of the great ocean of time.

But we cannot stop longer here, for there is a hill near-by of more interest, though it has not one chip of marble to suggest a statue or a temple. We hasten down the Acropolis to ascend the Areopagus, or Mars Hill, as it is called. It took only about three minutes to walk the distance, and the two hill-tops are so near that what I said in religious discourse on Mars Hill was heard distinctly by some English gentlemen on the Acropolis. This Mars Hill is a rough pile of rock fifty feet high. It was famous long before New Testament times. The Persians easily and terribly assaulted the Acropolis from this hill top. Here assembled the court to try criminals. It was held in the night time, so that the faces of the judges could not be seen, nor the faces of the lawyers who made the plea, and so, instead of a trial being one of emotion, it must have been one of cool justice. But there was one occasion on this hill memorable above all others. A little man, physically weak, and his rhetoric, described by himself as contemptible, had by his sermons rocked Athens with commotion, and he was summoned either by writ of law or hearty invitation to come upon that pulpit of rock and give a specimen of his theology. All the wisecracks of Athens turned out and turned up to hear him. The more venerable of them sat in an amphitheatre, the granite seats of which are still visible, but the other people swarmed on all sides of the hill and at the base of it to hear this man, whom some called a fanatic, and others called a madcap, and others a blasphemer, and others styled contemptuously "this fellow." In that audience were the first orators of the world, and they had voices like flutes when they were passive and like trumpets when they were aroused, and I think they laughed in the sleeves of their gowns as this insignificant-looking man rose to speak. In that audience were Scholiasts, who knew everything, or thought they did, and from the end of the longest hair on the top of their craniums to the end of the nail on the longest toe, they were stuffed with hypercriticism, and they leaned back with a supercilious look to listen. As that day I stood on that rock where Paul stood, and a slab of which I brought from Athens by consent of the Queen, through Mr. Tricoupis, the prime minister, and had placed in the memorial wall of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, I read the whole story, Bible in hand.

What I have so far said, was necessary in order that you may understand the boldness, the defiance, the holy recklessness, the magnificence of Paul's speech. The first thunderbolt he launched at the opposite hill—the Acropolis—that moment all aglitter with idols and temples. He cries out, "God who made the world." Why, they thought that Prometheus made it, that Mercury made it, that Apollo made it, that Poseidon made it, that Eros made it, that Pandocus made it, that Boreas made it, that it took all the gods of the Parthenon, yea, all the gods and goddesses of the Acropolis to make it, and here stands a man without any ecclesiastical title, neither a D. D., nor even a reverend, declaring that the world was made by the Lord of heaven and earth, and hence the inference that all the splendid covering of the Acropolis, so near that the people standing on the steps of the Parthenon could hear it, was a deceit, a falsehood, a sham, a blasphemy. Oh, Paul, stop for a moment and give these startled and overwhelmed auditors time to catch their breath! Make a rhetorical pause! Take a look around you at the interesting landscape, and give your hearers time to recover! No, he does not make even a period, or so much as a colon or semi-colon, but launches the second thunderbolt right after the first, and in the same breath goes on to say, "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Oh, Paul! is not deity more in the Parthenon, or more in the Theseum, or more in the Erechtheum, or more in the Temple of Zeus Olympius than in the open air, more than on the hill where we are sitting, more





ANCIENT ATHENS RESTORED, WITH STATUE OF PALLAS-ATHENE ON THE SUMMIT.

than on Mount Hymettus out yonder, from which the bees get their honey. "No more!" responds Paul; "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

But surely the preacher on the pulpit of rock on Mars Hill will stop now. His audience can endure no more. Two thunderbolts are enough. No, in the same breath he launches the third thunderbolt, which, to them, is more fiery, more terrible, more demolishing than the others, as he cries out, "Hath made of one blood all nations." Oh, Paul! you forget you are speaking to the proudest and most exclusive audience in the world. Do not say "of one blood." You cannot mean that. Had Socrates, and Plato, and Demosthenes, and Solon, and Lycurgus, and Draco, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Æschylus, and Pericles, and Phidias, and Miltiades, blood just like the Persians, like the Turks, like



FACADE OF THE PARTHENON, GREECE.

The Parthenon was a marble temple in Athens, dedicated to Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom, erected about 450 B. C., and is believed to have surpassed all other edifices ever erected by the hand of man. Upon the frieze was a sculptured representation of the sacred procession which took place every fifth year in Athens in honor of Minerva, which was so splendidly executed as to constitute the building's chief glory.

the Egyptians, like the common herd of humanity? "Yes," says Paul, "of one blood, all nations."

Surely that must be the closing paragraph of the sermon. His auditors must be let up from the nervous strain. Paul has smashed the Acropolis and smashed the national pride of the Greeks, and what more can he say? Those Grecian orators, standing on that place, always closed their addresses with something sublime and climacteric, a peroration, and Paul is going to give them a peroration which will eclipse in power and majesty all that he has yet said. Heretofore he has hurled one thunderbolt at a time; now, he will close by hurling two at once—the two thunderbolts of Resurrection and Last Judgment. His closing words were: "Because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge

the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead." Remember those thoughts were to them novel and provocative: that Christ, the despised Nazarene, would come to be their judge, and they should have to get up out of their cemeteries to stand before Him and take their eternal doom. Mightiest burst of elocutionary power ever heard. At those two thoughts of Resurrection and Judgment, the audience sprang to their feet. Some moved they adjourn to some other day to hear more on the same theme, but others would have torn the sacred orator to pieces. The record says, "some mocked." I suppose it means that they mimicked the solemnity of his voice, that they took off his impassioned gesticulation, and they cried out: "Jew! Jew! Where did you study rhetoric? You ought to hear our orators speak! You had better go back to your business of tent-making. Our Lycurgus knew more in a minute than you will know in a month. Say, where did you get that crooked back and those weak eyes from? Ha! Ha! You try to teach us Grecians! What nonsense you talk about when you speak of Resurrection and Judgment. Now, little old man, climb down the side of Mars Hill and get out of sight as soon as possible." "Some mocked." But that scene adjourned to the day of which the sacred orator had spoken—the day of Resurrection and Judgment.



PRISON OF SOCRATES, ATHENS.

As in Athens, that evening we climbed down the pile of slippery rocks, where all this had occurred, on our way back to our hotel, I stood half way between the Acropolis and Mars Hill in the gathering shadows of eventide, I seemed to hear those two hills in sublime and awful converse. "I am chiefly of the past," said the Acropolis. "I am chiefly of the future," replied Mars Hill. The Acropolis said: "My orators are dead. My law-givers are dead. My poets are dead. My architects are dead. My sculptors are dead. I am a monument of the dead past. I shall never again hear a song sung. I shall never again see a column lifted. I shall never again behold a goddess crowned." Mars Hill responded: "I, too, have had a history. I had on my heights warriors who will never again unsheathe the sword, and judges who will never again utter a doom, and orators who will never again make a plea. But my influence is to be more in the future than it ever was in the past.

Oh, Acropolis! I have stood here long enough to witness that your gods are no gods at all. Your Boreas could not control the winds. Your Neptune could not manage the sea. Your Apollo never evoked a musical note. Your goddess Ceres never grew a harvest. Your goddess of wisdom, Minerva, never knew the Greek alphabet. Your Jupiter could not handle the lightnings. But the God whom I proclaimed on the day when Paul preached before the astounded assemblage on my rough heights, is the God of music, the God of wisdom, the God of power, the God of mercy, the God of love, the God of storms, the God of sunshine, the God of the land and the God of the sea, the God over all, blessed forever." Then, the Acropolis spake and said, as though in self-defence: "My Plato argued for the immortality of the soul, and my Socrates praised virtue, and my Miltiades at Marathon drove back the Persian oppressors." "Yes," said Mars Hill, "your Plato laboriously guessed at the immortality of the soul, but my Paul, divinely inspired, declared it as a fact straight from God. Your Socrates praised virtue, but expired as a suicide. Your Miltiades



THEATRE OF BACCHUS, SEATS OF THE JUDGES, ATHENS.

was brave against earthly foes, yet died from a wound ignominiously gotten in after-defeat. But my Paul challenged all earth and all hell with this battle-shout, 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places,' and then, on the twenty-ninth of June, in the year 66, on the road to Ostia, after the sword of the headsman had given one keen stroke, took the crown of martyrdom."

After a moment's silence by both hills, the Acropolis moaned out in the darkness, "Alas! Alas!" and Mars Hill responded, "Hosannah! Hosannah!" Then the voices of both hills became indistinct, and as I passed on and away in the twilight, I seemed to hear only two sounds—a fragment of Pentelicon marble from the architrave of the Acropolis dropping down on the ruins of a shattered idol, and the other sound seemed to come from the rock on Mars Hill, from which we had just descended. But we were by this time so far off that the fragments of sentences were smaller when dropping from Mars Hill than were the fragments of fallen marble on the Acropolis, and I could only hear parts of disconnected sentences wafted on the night air—"God who made the world"—"of one blood all nations"—"appointed a day in which He will judge the world"—"raised Him from the dead."

As that night in Athens I put my tired head on my pillow, and the exciting scenes of the day passed through my mind, I thought on the same subject on which as a boy I made my commencement speech in Niblo's Theatre on graduation day from the New York University, viz: "The moral effects of sculpture and architecture," but

further than I could have thought in boyhood, I thought in Athens that night that the moral effects of architecture and sculpture depend on what you do in great buildings after they are put up, and upon the character of the men whose forms you cut in the marble. Yea, I thought that night what struggles the martyrs went through in order that in our time the Gospel might have full swing; and I thought that night what a brainy religion it must be that could absorb a hero like him whom we have considered to-day, a man the superior of the whole human race, the infidels but pigmies or homunculi compared with him; and I thought what a rapturous consideration it is that through the same grace that saved Paul, we shall confront this great apostle, and shall have the opportunity, amid the familiarities of the skies, of asking him what was the greatest occasion of all his life. He may say, "The shipwreck of Melita." He may say, "The riot at Ephesus." He may say, "My last walk out on the road to Ostia." But I think he will say, "The day I stood on Mars Hill addressing the indignant Areopagites, and looking off upon the towering form of the goddess Minerva, and the majesty of the Parthenon, and all the brilliant divinities of the Acropolis. That account in the Bible was true. My spirit was stirred within me when I saw the city wholly given up to idolatry."



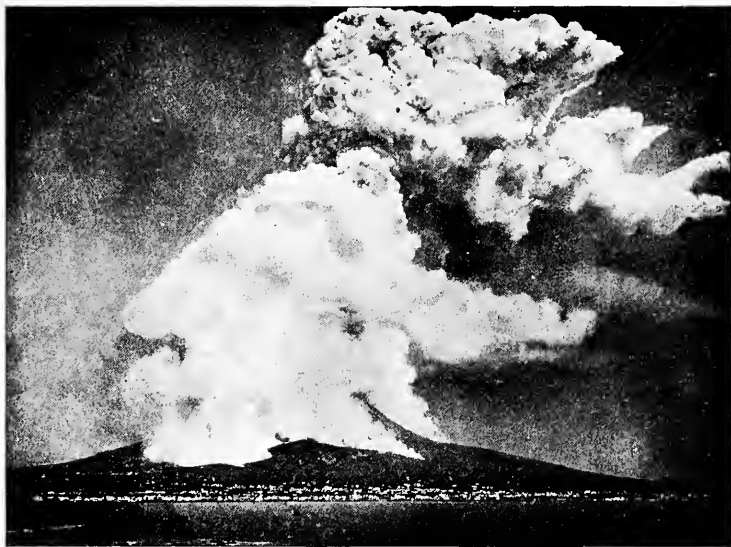
## CHAPTER XLI.

### POMPEII.

**A** FLASH on the night sky greeted us as we stepped out of the rail train at Naples, Italy. What was the strange illumination? It was that wrath of many centuries—Vesuvius. Giant son of an earthquake. Intoxicated mountain of Italy. Father of many consternations. A volcano, burning so long, and yet to keep on burning until, perhaps, it may be the very torch that will kindle the last conflagration and set all the world on fire. It eclipses in violence of behavior Cotopaxi and Ætna and Stromboli and Krakatoa. Awful mystery. Funeral pyre of dead cities. Everlasting paroxysm of mountains. It seems like a chimney of hell. It roars with fiery reminiscence of what it has done, and with threats of worse things that it may yet do. I would not live in one of the villages at its base for a present of all Italy. On a day in December, 1631, it threw up ashes that floated away hundreds and hundreds of miles, and dropped in Constantinople and in the Adriatic Sea and on the Apennines, as well as trampling out at its own foot the lives of eighteen thousand people. Geologists have tried to fathom its mysteries, but the heat consumed the iron instruments and drove back the scorched and blistered explorers from the cindery and crumbling brink. It seems like the asylum of maniac elements. At one time far back its top had been a fortress, where Spartacus fought and was surrounded, and would have been destroyed had it not been for the grape vines which clothed the mountain side from top to base, and laying hold of them he climbed hand under hand to safety in the valley. But for centuries it has kept its furnace burning as we saw it that night on our arrival.

Of course the next day we started to see some of the work wrought by that frenzied mountain. "All out for Pompeii!" was the cry of the conductor. And now we stand by the corpse of that dead city. As we entered the gate and passed between the walls, I took off my hat, as one naturally does in the presence of some imposing obsequies. That city had been at one time a capital of beauty and pomp, the home of grand architecture, exquisite painting, enchanting sculpture, unrestrained carousal, and rapt assemblage. A high wall, twenty feet thick, three-fourths of it still visible, encircled the city. On those walls at a distance of only one hundred yards from each other, towers rose for armed men who watched the city. The streets ran at right angles and from wall to wall, only one street excepted. In the days of the city's prosperity, its towers glittered in the sun; eight strong gates for ingress and egress; Gate of the Sea Shore, Gate of Herculaneum, Gate of Vesuvius being perhaps the most important. Yonder was the Temple of Jupiter, hoisted at an imposing elevation, and with its six Corinthian columns of immense girth, which stood like carved icebergs, shimmering in the light. There stands the Temple of the Twelve Gods. Yonder see the Temple of Hercules, and the Temple of Mercury, with altars of marble and bas-relief, wonderful enough to astound all succeeding ages of art, and the Temple of Æsculapius, brilliant with sculpture and gorgeous with painting. Yonder are the theatres, partly cut into surrounding hills and glorified with pictured walls and entered under arches of imposing masonry, and with rooms for captivated and applaudatory audiences, seated or

standing, in vast semi-circle. Yonder are the costly and immense public baths of the city, with more than the modern ingenuities of Carlsbad. Notice the warmth of those ancient tepidariums with hovering radiance of roof, and the vapor of those caldariums with decorated alcoves and the cold dash of their frigidariums, with floors of mosaic, and ceilings of all skillfully intermingled hues, and walls upholstered with all the colors of the setting sun, and sofas on which to recline for slumber after the plunge. Yonder are the barracks of the celebrated gladiators. Yonder is the summer home of Sallust, the Roman historian and senator, the architecture as elaborate as his character was corrupt. There is the residence of the poet Pansa, with a compressed Louvre and Luxembourg within his walls.



ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

There is the home of Lucretius, with vases and antiquities enough to turn the head of a virtuoso. Yonder see the Forum, at the highest place of the city. It is entered by two triumphal arches. It is bounded on three sides by Doric columns. Yonder, in the suburbs of the city, is the home of Arrius Diomed, the mayor of the suburbs, terraced residence of billionaireedom, gardens, fountained, statued, colonnaded, the cellar of that villa filled with bottles of rarest wine, a few drops of which were found eighteen hundred years afterward. Along the streets of the city are men of might and women of beauty formed into bronze that many centuries had no power to bedim. Battle scenes on walls in colors which all time cannot efface. Great city of Pompeii! So Seneca and Tacitus and Cicero pronounced it.

Stand with me on its walls this evening of August 23, A. D. 79. See the throngs passing up and down in Tyrian purple and girdles of arabesque and necks enchained with precious stones, proud official in imposing toga meeting the slave carrying trays a-clink with goblets and a-smoke with delicacies from paddock and sea, and moralist musing over

the degradation of the times passes the profligate doing his best to make them worse. Hark to the clatter and rataplan of the hoofs on the streets paved with blocks of basalt. See the verdured and flowered grounds sloping into one of the most beautiful bays of all the earth—the Bay of Naples. Listen to the rumbling chariots, carrying convivial occupants to halls of mirth and masquerade and carousal. Hear the loud dash of fountains amid the sculptured water nymphs. Notice the weird, solemn, far-reaching hum and din and roar of a city at the close of a summer day. Let Pompeii sleep well to-night, for it is the last night of peaceful slumber before she falls into the deep slumber of many long centuries. The morning of the twenty-fourth of August, A. D. 79, has arrived, and the day rolls on, and it is

one o'clock in the afternoon: "Look!" I say to you, standing on this wall, as the sister of Pliny said to him, the Roman essayist and naval commander, on the day of which I write, as she pointed him in the direction in which I point you. There is a peculiar cloud on the sky; a spotted cloud, now white, now black. It is Vesuvius in awful and unparalleled eruption. Now the smoke and fire and steam of that black monster throat rise and spread. It rises, a great column of fiery darkness, higher and higher, and then spreads out like the branches of a tree, with midnights interwrapped in its foliage, wider and wider. Now the sun goes out and showers of pumice stone and water from furnaces more than seven times heated, and ashes in avalanche after avalanche, blinding and scalding and suffocating, descend, North, South, East and West, burying deeper and deeper in mammoth sepul-



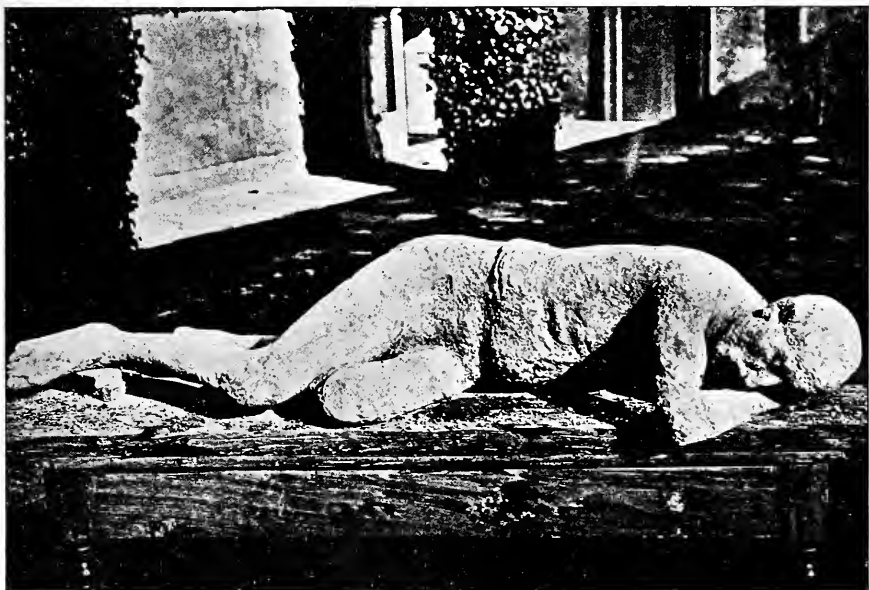
STREET OF THE TOMBS, POMPEII.

chre, such as never before or since was opened, Stabizæ, Herculaneum, and Pompeii. Ashes ankle deep, girdle deep, chin deep, ashes overhead. Out of the houses and temples and theatres, and into the streets and down to the beach fled many of the frantic, but others, if not suffocated of the ashes, were scalded to death by the heated dégué. And then came heavier destruction in rocks after rocks, crushing in homes and temples and theatres. No wonder the sea receded from the beach as though in terror, until much of the shipping was wrecked, and no wonder that, when they lifted Pliny the elder from the sail cloth on which he was resting, under the agitations of what he had seen, he suddenly expired. For three days the entombment proceeded. Then the clouds lifted and the cursing of that Apollyon of



Mountains subsided. For seventeen hundred years that city of Pompeii lay buried and without anything to show its place of doom. But after seventeen hundred years of obliteration, a workman's spade, digging a well, strikes some antiquities which lead to the exhumation of the city. Now walk with me through some of the streets and into some of the houses and amid the ruins of Basilica, and Temple, and Amphitheatre.

From the moment the guide met us at the gate on entering Pompeii that day until he left us at the gate on our departure, the emotion I felt was indescribable for elevation and solemnity, and sorrow and awe. Come and see the petrified bodies of the dead found in the city, and now in the museums of Italy. About four hundred and fifty of those embalmed by that eruption have been recovered. Mother and child, noble and serf, merchant and beggar, are presentable and natural after seventeen hundred years of burial. That woman



CAST OF A HUMAN BODY FOUND IN THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

was found clutching her adornments when the storm of ashes and fire began, and for seventeen hundred years she continued to clutch them. There at the soldiers' barracks are sixty-four skeletons of brave men, who faithfully stood guard at their post when the tempest of cinders began, and after seventeen hundred years were still found standing guard. There is the form of gentle womanhood impressed upon the hardened ashes. Pass along, and here we see the deep ruts in the basaltic pavements worn there by the wheels of the chariots of the first century. There, over the doorways and in the porticoes, are works of art immortalizing the debauchery of a city, which, notwithstanding all its splendors, was a vestibule of perdition. Those gutters ran with the blood of the gladiators, who were the prize-fighters of those ancient times, and it was sword parrying sword, until, with one skillful and stout

plunge of the sharp edge, the mauled and gashed combatant reeled over dead, to be carried out amid the huzzas of enraptured spectators. We staid among those suggestive scenes after the hour that visitors are usually allowed there, and staid until there was not a foot fall to be heard within all that city, except our own. Up this silent street and down that silent street we wandered. Into that windowless and roofless home we went and came out again on to the pavements that, now forsaken, were once thronged with life.

And can it be that all up and down these solemn solitudes, hearts, more than eighteen hundred years ago, ached and rejoiced, and feet shuffled with the gait of old age or danced with childish glee, and overtaxed workmen carried their burdens, and drunkards staggered? On that mosaic floor did glowing youth clasp hands in marriage vow, and across that threshold did pall-bearers carry the beloved dead, and gay groups once mount those now skeletons of staircases? While I walked and contemplated, the city seemed suddenly to be thronged with all the population that had ever inhabited it, and I heard its laughter and groan and blasphemy and uncleanness and infernal boast, as it was on the twenty-third of August, 79. And Vesuvius, from the mild light with which it flushed the sky that summer evening as I stood in disintombed Pompeii, seemed suddenly again to heave and flame and rock with the lava and darkness and desolation and woe, with which, more than eighteen centuries ago, it submerged Pompeii.

While walking through uncovered Pompeii I am absorbed with the thought that, while art and culture are important, they cannot save the morals or the life of a great town. Much of the painting and sculpture of Pompeii was so exquisite that, while some is kept on the walls where it was first penciled, to be admired by those who go there, whole wagon loads and whole rooms full of it have been transferred to the Museo Borbonico at Naples, to be admired by the centuries. Those Pompeiian artists mixed such durability of colors that though their paintings were buried in ashes and scorïæ for seventeen hundred years, and since they were uncovered many of them have remained there exposed to the rains and winds and winters and summers of a hundred and thirty years, the color is as fresh and vivid and true as though yesterday it had passed from the easel. Which of our modern paintings could stand all that? And yet many of the specimens of Pompeiian art shôw that the city was sunk to such a depth of abomination that there was nothing deeper. Sculptured and petrified and embalmed abomination. There was a state of public morals worse than belongs to any city now standing under the sun. Yet, how many think that all that is necessary is to cultivate the mind and advance the knowledge, and improve the arts. Have you the impression that eloquence will do the elevating work? Why, Pompeii had Cicero half of every year for its citizen. Have you the idea that literature is all that is necessary to keep a city right? Why, Sallust, with a pen that was the boast of Roman literature, had a mansion in that doomed city. Do you think that sculpture and art are quite sufficient for the production of good morals? Then, correct your delusion by examining the statues in the Temple of Mercury at Pompeii, or the winged figures of its Parthenon, and the colonnades and arches of this house of Diomed. By all means have schools and Dusseldorf and Doré exhibitions, and galleries where the genius of all the centuries can bank itself up in snowy sculpture, and all bric-à-brac, and all pure art, but nothing, save the religion of Jesus Christ, can make a city moral. In proportion as churches and Bibles and Christian printing presses and revivals of religion abound is a city clean and pure. What has Buddhism or Confucianism or Mohammedanism, done in all the hundreds of years of their progress for the elevation of society? Absolutely nothing. Pekin and Madras and Cairo are just what they were ages ago, except as Christianity has modified their condition. What is the

difference between our Brooklyn and their Pompeii? No difference, except that which Christianity has wrought. Favor all good art, but take best care of your churches and your Sabbath Schools and your Bibles and your family altars.

Yea, see in our walk to-day through uncovered Pompeii what sin will do for a city. We ought to be slow to assign the judgments of God. Cities are sometimes afflicted just as good people are afflicted, and the earthquake and the cyclone and the epidemic are no sign in many cases that God is angry with a city, but the distress is sent for some good and kind purpose, whether we understand it or not. The law that applies to individuals may apply to Christian cities as well: "All things work together for good to those that love God."

But the greatest calamity of history came upon Pompeii not to improve its future condition, for it was completely obliterated and will never be rebuilt. It was so bad that it needed to be buried seventeen hundred years before even its ruins were fit to be uncovered. So Sodom and Gomorrah were filled with such turpitude that they were not only turned under, but have for thousands of years been kept under. The two greatest cemeteries are the cemetery in which the sunken ships are buried all the way between Fire Island and Fastnet Light House, and the other cemetery is the cemetery of dead cities: I get down on my knees and read the epitaphology of a long line of them: Here lies Babylon, once called "The hammer of the whole earth." Dead and buried under piles of bitumen and broken pottery and vitrified brick. And I hear a wolf howl and a reptile hiss as I read this epitaph: Isa. xiii: 21, "The wild beast of the desert shall

be there and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures." The next tomb I kneel before in this cemetery of cities is Nineveh. Her winged lions are down and the slabs of alabaster have crumbled, and the sculpture that represented her battles is as completely scattered as the dust of the heroes who fought them. Perhaps I put my knee into the dust of her Sardanapalus as I stoop to read her epitaph: Zephaniah ii. 14, "Now is Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness; and flocks lie down in the midst of her: all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and the bittern, lodge in the upper lintels of it." And while I read it I hear an owl hoot, and a hyena laugh.

The next entombed city I pass has a monument of fifty prostrate columns of gray and red granite and it is Tyre. The next sepulchre of a great capital is covered with scattered columns, and defaced sphinxes, and the sands of the desert, and it is



CRATER OF VESUVIUS.

Thebes. As I pass on I find the resting place of Mycenæ, a city of which Homer sang, and Corinth which rejected Paul, and depended upon her fortress Acrocorinthus, which now lies dismantled on the hill, and I move on in this cemetery of cities, and I find the tombs of Sardis and Smyrna, and Persepolis, and Memphis, and Baalbek, and Carthage, and here are the Cities of the Plain, and Herculaneum and Stabia, and Pompeii. Some of them have mighty sarcophagus, and hieroglyphic entablature, but they are dead, and buried never to rise.

But the cemetery of dead cities is not yet filled, and if the present cities of the world forget God, and with their indecencies shock the heavens, let them know that the God, who,



INTERIOR OF THE MUSEUM, POMPEII.

on the twenty-fourth of August, 79, dropped on a city of Italy a superincumbrance that staid there seventeen centuries, is still alive and hates sin now as much as He did then and has at his command all the armament of destruction with which He whelmed their iniquitous predecessors. It was only a few summers ago that Brooklyn and New York felt an earthquake throb that sent the people affrighted into the streets, and that suggested that there are forces of nature now suppressed, or held in check, which, easier than a child in a nursery knocks down a row of block houses, could prostrate a city, or engulf a continent deeper than Pompeii was engulfed. Our hope is in the mercy of the Lord continued to our American cities.

Warned by the doom of other cities that have perished for their Ruffianism, or their cruelty, or their Idolatry or their

Dissoluteness, let all our American cities lead the right way. Our only dependence is on God and Christian influences. Politics will do nothing but make things worse. Send politics to moralize and save a city and you send small-pox to heal leprosy, or a carcass to relieve the air of malodor. American politics will become a reformatory power on the same day that pandemonium becomes a church. But there are I am glad to say benign, and salutary and gracious influences organized in all our cities which will yet take them for God and righteousness. Let us ply the Gospel machinery to its utmost speed and power. City evangelization is the thought. Accustomed as are religious pessimists to dwell upon statistics of evil and dolorous facts, we want some one with sanctified heart and good digestion to put in long line the statistics of natures transformed, and profligacies balked,

and souls ransomed, and cities redeemed. Give us pictures of churches, of schools, of reformatory associations, of asylums of mercy. Break in upon the *Misereres* of complaint and despondency with *Te Deums*, *Jubilates* of moral and religious victory. Show that the day is coming when a great tidal wave of salvation will roll over all our cities. Show how Pompeii buried will become Pompeii resurrected. Demonstrate the fact that there are millions of good men and women who will give themselves no rest day nor night until cities that are now of the type of the buried cities of Italy shall take type from the New Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven. I hail the advancing morn. I make the same proclamation to-day that Gideon made to the shivering cowards of his army. "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." Close up the ranks. Lift the Gospel standard. Forward into this Armageddon that is now opening and let the word run all along the line. All our cities for God! America for God! The world for God! The most of us though born in the country, will die in town. Shall our last walk be through streets where sobriety and good order dominate, or grog-shops stench the air? Shall our last look be upon City Halls where justice reigns, or demagogues plot for the stuffing of ballot-boxes? Shall we sit for the last time in some church where God is worshiped with the contrite heart or where cold formalism goes through unmeaning genuflexions? God save the cities! Righteousness is life, iniquity is death. Remember picturesque, terraced, templed, sculptured, boastful, God-defying and entombed Pompeii!



## CHAPTER XLII.

### THE COLOSSEUM.

**D**O ONE would think of making an extensive journey through Europe without visiting Rome, and having seen it once it never passes out of your memory. Rome! What a city it was when Paul visited it! What a city it is now! Rome! The place where Virgil sang and Horace satirized and Terence laughed and Catiline conspired and Ovid dramatized and Nero fiddled and Vespasian persecuted and Sulla legislated and Cicero thundered and Aurelius and Decius and Caligula and Julian and Hadrian and Constantine and Augustus reigned, and Paul, the apostle, preached the Gospel.

I am not much of a draftsman, but I have in my memorandum book a sketch which I made when I went out to the gate through which Paul entered Rome, and walked up the very street he walked up to see somewhat how the city must have looked to him as he came in on the Gospel errand. Palaces on either side of the street through which the little missionary advanced. Piled up wickedness. Enthroned accursedness. Templed cruelties. Altars to sham deities. Glorified delusions. Pillared, arched, domed, turreted abominations. Wickedness of all sorts at a high premium and Righteousness ninety-nine and three-fourths per cent off. And now he passes by the foundations of a building which is to be almost unparalleled for vastness. You can see by the walls, which have begun to rise, that here is to be something enough stupendous to astound the centuries. Aye, it is the Colosseum started.

Of the theatre at Ephesus where Paul fought with wild beasts, of the Temple of Diana, of the Parthenon, of Pharaoh's palace at Memphis, and of other great buildings, the ruins of which I have seen, it has been my privilege to write, but nothing I have seen as yet impresses me more than the Colosseum.

Perhaps, while in Rome, the law of contrast wrought upon me. I had visited the Mamertine dungeon where Paul was incarcerated. I had measured the opening at the top of the dungeon through which Paul had been let down and it was twenty-three inches by twenty-six. The ceiling, at its highest point, was seven feet from the floor, but at the sides of the room the ceiling was five feet seven inches. The room, at the widest, was fifteen feet. There was a seat of rock two and a half feet high. There was a shelf four feet high. The only furniture was a spider's web suspended from the roof, which I saw by the torchlight I carried. There was a subterraneous passage from the dungeon to the Roman forum, so that the prisoner could be taken directly from prison to trial. The dungeon was built out of volcanic stone from the Albano Mountains. Oh, it was a dismal and terrific place. You never saw coal hole so dark or so forbidding. The place was to me a nervous shock, for I remembered that was the best thing that the world would afford the most illustrious being, except One, that it ever saw, and that from that place Paul went out to die. From that spot I visited the Colosseum, one of the most astounding miracles of architecture that the world ever saw. Indeed I saw it morning, noon and night, for it threw a spell on me from which I could not break away. Although

now a vast ruin, the Colosseum is so well preserved that we can stand in the centre and recall all that it once was. It is in shape ellipsoidal, oval, oblong. It is, at its greatest length, six hundred and twelve feet. After it had furnished seats for eighty-seven thousand people, it had room for fifteen thousand more to stand, so that one hundred thousand people could sit and stand transfixed by its scenes of courage and martyrdom and brutality and horror. Instead of our modern tickets of admission, they entered by ivory check, and a check dug up near Rome within a few years, was marked: "Section 6, Lowest Tier, Seat No. 18." You understand that the building was not constructed for an audience to be addressed by a human voice, although I tested it with some friends and could be heard

across it, but it was made only for seeing and was circular, and at any point allowed full view of the spectacle. The arena in the centre in olden times was strewn with pounded stone or sand, so as not to be too slippery with human blood, for if it were too slippery it would spoil the fun. The sand flashed here and there with sparkles of silver and gold, and Nero added cinnabar, and Caligula added chrysocolla. The sides of the arena were composed of smooth marble, eleven feet high, so that the wild beasts of the arena could not climb up into the audience. On the top of these sides of smooth marble was a metal railing, having wooden rollers which easily revolved, so that if a panther should leap high enough to scale the wall and with his paw touch any one of those rollers, it would revolve and drop him back again into the arena. Back of this marble wall surrounding the arena was a level platform of stone,

adorned with statues of gods and goddesses and the artistic effigies of monarchs and conquerors. Here were movable seats for the emperor and the imperial swine and swineesses with which he surrounded himself. Before the place where the emperor sat, the gladiators would walk immediately after entering the arena, crying: "Hail, Cæsar! Those about to die salute thee." The different ranks of spectators were divided by partitions studded with mosaics of emerald and beryl and ruby and diamond. Great masts of wood arose from all sides of the building, from which festoons of flowers were suspended, crossing the building, or in time of rain, awnings of silk were suspended, the Colosseum having no roof. The outside wall was encrusted with marble and had four ranges, and the three lower ranges had eighty columns each and arches after



RUINS OF THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.

arches, and on each arch an exquisite statue of a god or a hero. Into one hundred and eighty feet of altitude soared the Colosseum. It glittered and flashed and shone with whole sunrises and sunsets of dazzlement. After the audience had assembled, aromatic liquids oozed from tubes distilled from pipes and rained gently on the multitudes, and filled the air with odors of hyacinth and heliotrope and frankincense and balsam and myrrh and saffron, so that Lucan, the poet, says of it :

At once ten thousand saffron currents flow,  
And rain their odors on the crowd below.

But where was the sport to come from? Well, I went into the cellars opening off from the arena, and I saw the places where they kept the hyenas and lions and panthers and



TEMPLE OF MINERVA, ROME.

Minerva was a Roman goddess regarded as the impersonation of divine thought. She was accordingly the patroness of arts, trades, and war, and was invoked by painters, poets, craftsmen and heroes. Her oldest temple at Rome was on the Capitoline Hill, pictured above. She was a diety of the Greeks under the name of Pallas Athene. Her most celebrated and colossal statue was that made by Phidias, of gold and ivory, which was once the glory of the Partheon.

the blood of men and beast was not a brook but a river, not a pool but a lake. Having been in that way dedicated, be not surprised when I tell you that Emperor Probus on one occasion threw into that arena of the Colosseum a thousand stags, a thousand boars and a thousand ostriches. What fun it must have been! the sound of trumpets, the roar of wild beasts and the groans of dying men! while in the gallery the wives and children of those down under the lion's paw wrung their hands and shrieked out in widowhood and orphanage, while one hundred thousand people clapped their hands, and there was a "Ha! Ha!" wide as Rome and deep as perdition. The corpses of that arena were put on a cart or dragged by a hook out through what was called the Gate of Death. What an excitement it must have been when two combatants entered the arena, the one with sword and shield and the other with net and spear. The swordsman strikes at the

wild boars and beastly violences of all sorts, without food or water until made fierce enough for the arena, and I saw the underground rooms where the gladiators were accustomed to wait until the clapping of the people outside demanded that they come forth armed to murder or to be murdered. All the arrangements were complete, as enough of the cellars and galleries still remain to indicate. What fun they must have had turning lions without food or drink for a week, upon an unarmed disciple of Jesus Christ! At the dedication of this Colosseum, nine thousand wild beasts and ten thousand immortal men were slain; so that



man with the net and spear; he dodges the sword, and then flings the net over the head of the swordsman and jerks him to the floor of the arena, and the man who flung the net puts his foot on the neck of the fallen swordsman, and, spear in hand, looks up to the galleries, as much as to say: "Shall I let him up, or shall I plunge this spear into his body until he is dead?" The audience had two signs, either of which they might give. If they waved their flags, it meant spare the fallen contestant. If they turned their thumbs down, it meant slay him. Occasionally the audience would wave their flags and the fallen would be let up, but that was too tame sport for most occasions, and generally the thumbs from the galleries were turned down, and with that sign would be heard the accompanying shout of "Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Yet it was far from being a monotone of sport, for there was a change of program in that wondrous Colosseum. Under a strange and powerful machinery, beyond anything of modern invention, the floor of the arena would begin to rock and roll and then give away, and there would appear a lake of bright water, and on its banks trees would spring up rustling with foliage, and tigers appeared among the jungles, and armed men would come forth, and there would be a tiger hunt. Then, on the lake in the Colosseum, armed ships would float, and there would be a sea fight. What fun! What lots of fun! When pestilence came, in order to appease the gods, in this Colosseum a sacrifice would be made, and the people would throng that great amphitheatre, shouting: "The Christians to the wild beasts," and there would be a crackling of human bones in the jaws of leonine ferocity.

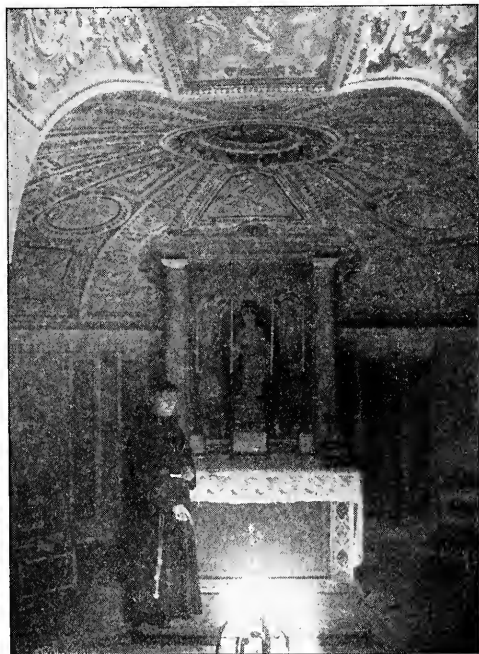
But all this was to be stopped. By the outraged sense of public decency! No. There is only one thing that has ever stopped cruelty and sin, and that is Christianity, and it was Christianity, whether you like its form or not, that stopped this massacre of centuries. One day while, in the Colosseum, a Roman victory was being celebrated, and one hundred thousand enraptured spectators were looking down upon two gladiators in the arena, stabbing and slicing each other to death, an Asiatic monk by the name of Telemachus was so overcome by the cruelty that he leaped from the gallery into the arena and ran in between the two swordsmen, and pushed first one back and then the other back and broke up the



ALTAR TO THE UNKNOWN GOD, ROME.

contest. Of course, the audience was affronted at having their sport stopped, and they hurled stones at the head of Telemachus until he fell dead in the arena. But when the day was passed and the passions of the people had cooled off, they deplored the martyrdom of the brave and Christian Telemachus, and as a result of the overdone cruelty the human sacrifices of the Colosseum were forever abolished.

What a good thing, say you, that such cruelties have ceased. But, my reader, the same spirit of ruinous amusements and of moral sacrifice is abroad in the world to-day although it takes other shapes. One summer in our country there occurred a scene of pugilism on



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL, ON THE SPOT WHERE ST. PETER  
WAS CRUCIFIED.

which all Christendom looked down, for I saw the papers on the other side of the Atlantic ocean giving whole columns of it. Will some one tell me in what respect the brutality of that day was superior to the brutality of the Roman Colosseum? In some respects it was worse, by so much as the Nineteenth Century pretends to be more merciful and more decent than the Fifth Century. That pugilism is winning admiration in America is positively proved by the fact that years ago such collision was reported in a half dozen lines of newspaper, if reported at all, and now it takes the whole side of a newspaper to tell what transpired between the first blood drawn by one loafer and the throwing up of the sponge by the other loafer, and it is not the newspaper's fault, for the newspapers give only what the people want, and when newspapers put carrion on your table, it is because you prefer carrion. The same spirit of brutality is seen to-day in many an ecclesiastical court when

a minister is put on trial. Look at the countenances of the prosecuting ministers and, not in all cases, but in many cases, you will find nothing but diabolism inspires them. They let out on one poor minister who cannot defend himself, the lion of ecclesiasticism and the tiger of bigotry and the wild boar of jealousy and if they can get the offending minister flat on his back, some one puts his feet on the neck of the overthrown Gospelizer and looks up, spear in hand, to see whether the galleries and ecclesiastics would have him let up or slain. And, lo! many of the thumbs are down.

In the worldly realms look at the brutalities of the presidential election a few years ago. Read the biographies of Daniel Webster and Alexander H. Stephens and Horace

Greeley and Charles Sumner and Lucius Quintius Lamar and James G. Blaine, and if the story of defamation and calumny and scandalization and diatribe and scurrility and lampoon and billingsgate and damnable perfidy be accurately recorded, tell me in what respects our political arena and the howling and blaspheming galleries that again and again look down upon it are better than the Roman Colosseum. When I read that the Supreme Court of the United States had appropriately adjourned to pay honors to two of the distinguished men mentioned, and American journalism, North, South, East and West, went into lamentations over their departure and said all complimentary things in regard to them, I asked, When did the nation lie about these men? Was it when, during their life, it gave them malediction, or now, since their death, when bestowing upon them beatification. The same spirit of cruelty that you deplore in the Roman Colosseum is seen in the sharp appetite the world seems to have for the downfall of good men, and in the divorce of those whose marital life was thought accordant, and in the absconding of a bank cashier. Oh, the

world wants more of the spirit of "Let-him-up," and less of the spirit of "Thumbs-down." There are hundreds of men in the prisons of America who ought to be discharged, because they were the victims of circumstances or have suffered enough. There are in all professions and occupations, men who are domineered over by others and whose whole life is a struggle with monstrous opposition, and circumstances have their heel upon the throbbing and broken hearts. For God's sake, let them up! Away with the spirit of "Thumbs-down!"

What the world wants is a thousand men like Telemachus to leap out of the gallery into the arena, whether he be a Roman Catholic monk or a Methodist steward, or a Presbyterian elder, and go in between the contestants. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

One half the world is down and the other half is up, and the half that is up has its heel on the half that is down. If you, as a boss workman, or as a contractor, or as a bishop, or as a state or national official, or as a potent factor in social life, or in any way, are oppressing anyone, know that the same devil that possessed the Roman Colosseum oppresses you. The Diocletians are not all dead. The cellars leading into the arena of life's struggle are not all emptied of their tigers. The vivisection by young doctors of dogs and cats and birds most of the time adds nothing to human discovery, but is only a continuation of Vespasian's Colosseum. The cruelties of the world generally begin in nurseries and in home circles and in day schools. The child that transfixes a fly with a pin, or the low feeling that sets two dogs into combat, or that bullies a weak or crippled playmate, or the indifference that starves a canary bird, needs only to be developed in order to make a first-class Nero or a full-armed Apollyon. It would be a good sentence to be written on the top



GENERAL VIEW OF ROME.

line of a child's copy book, and a fit inscription to be embroidered in the arm-chair of the sitting-room, and an appropriate motto for judge and jury and district-attorney and sheriff to look at in the court house: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

And so the ruins of that Colosseum speak to me. Indeed the most impressive things on earth are ruins. The four greatest structures ever built are in ruins. The Parthenon in ruins. The Temple of Diana in ruins. The Temple of Jerusalem in ruins. The Colosseum in ruins. Indeed the earth itself will yet be a pile of ruins, the mountains in ruins, the seas in ruins, the cities in ruins, the hemispheres in ruins. Yea, further than that, all up and down the heavens are worlds burned up, worlds wrecked, worlds extinct, worlds



EXCAVATIONS OF THE FORUM, ROME.

The Forum at Rome was originally a market-place, paved with stone and surrounded by streets and houses until 472 B. C., when it became the place of assembly of the Comitia Tributa, where the people were convened by a magistrate for the purpose of putting all public questions to vote. Recent excavations of the Forum and its present appearance are illustrated above.

abandoned. Worlds on worlds in ruins! But I am glad to say it is the same old Heaven, and in all that world there is not one ruin and never will be a ruin. Not one of the pearly gates will ever become unhinged. Not one of the amethystine towers will ever fall. Not one of the mansions will ever decay. Not one of the chariots will ever be unwheeled. Not one of the thrones will ever rock down.

The last evening before leaving Rome I went alone to the Colosseum. There was not a living soul in all the immense area. Even those accustomed to sell curios at the four entrances of the building had gone away. The place was so overwhelmingly silent, I could hear my own heart beat with the emotions aroused by the place and hour. I paced the arena. I walked down into the dens where the hyenas were once kept. I ascended to the

place where the Emperor used to sit. I climbed up on the galleries from which the mighty throngs of people had gazed in enchantment. To break the silence, I shouted, and that seemed to awaken the echoes, echo upon echo. And those awakened echoes seemed to address me, saying: "Men die but their work lives on. Gaudentius, the architect who planned this structure, the sixty thousand enslaved Jews brought by Titus from Jerusalem and who toiled on these walls, the gladiators who fought in this arena, the emperors and empresses who had place on yonder platform, the millions who, during centuries, sat and rose in these galleries, have passed away, but enough of the Colosseum stands to tell the story of cruelty and pomp and power. Five hundred years of bloodshed." Then, as I

stood there, there came to me another burst of echoes, which seemed throbbing with the prayers and songs and groans of Christians who had expired in that arena, and they seemed to say: "How much it cost to serve God in ages past, and how thankful modern centuries ought to be that the persecution which reddened the sands of this amphitheatre have been abolished." And then I questioned the echoes, saying: "Where is Emperor Titus who sat here?" The answer came: "Gone to judgment." "Where is Emperor Trajan who sat here?" "Gone to judgment." "Where is Emperor Maximinus who sat here?" "Gone to judgment." "Where are all the multitudes who clapped and shouted and waved flags to let the vanquished up, or to have them slain, put thumbs down?" The echoes answered: "Gone to judgment." I inquired: "All?" And

they answered: "All." And I looked up to the sky above the ruins, and it was full of clouds scurrying swiftly past, and those clouds seemed as though they had faces, and some of the faces smiled and some of them frowned, and they seemed to have wings, and some of the wings were moon-gilt and the others thunder-charged, and the voices of those clouds overpowered the echoes beneath: "Behold, He cometh with clouds and every eye shall see Him." And as I stood looking up along the walls of the Colosseum, they rose higher and higher, higher and higher, until the amphitheatre seemed to be filled with all the nations of the past and all the nations of the present and all the nations of the future, those who went down under the paws of wild beasts, and those who sat waving flags to let up the conquered, and those who held thumbs down to command their assassination, and small and great, and



THE VATICAN, ROME.

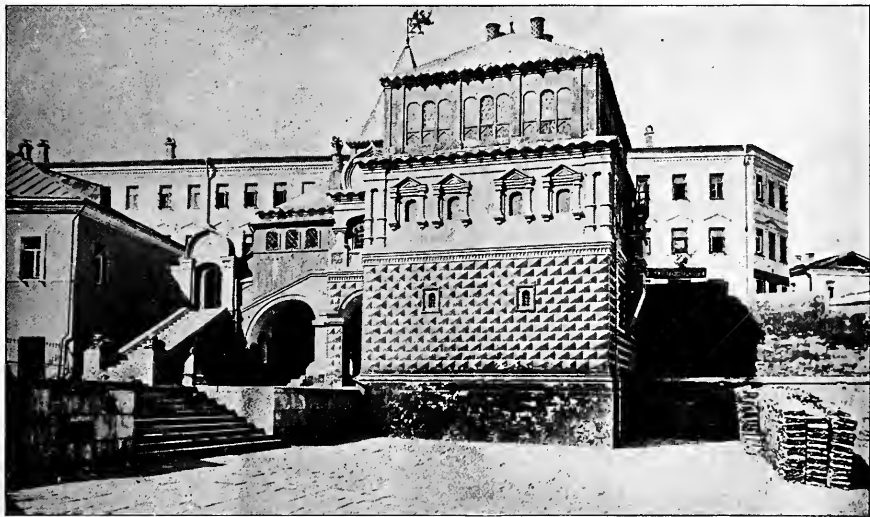
emperor and slave, and pastor and people, and righteous and wicked, the amphitheatre seeming to rise to infinite heights on all sides of me, and in the centre of that amphitheatre, instead of the arena of combatants, a great throne stood, rising higher and higher, higher and higher, and on it sat the Christ for whom the martyrs died and against whom the Diocletians plotted their persecutions, and waving one hand toward the piled up splendors to the right of Him, He cried: "Come, ye blessed," and waving the other hand toward the piled up glooms on the left of Him, He cried: "Depart, ye cursed." And so the Colosseum of Rome that evening of my journey seemed enlarged into the amphitheatre of the Last Judgment, and I passed from under the arch of that mighty structure, mighty even in its ruins, praying to Almighty God, through Jesus Christ, for mercy in that day for which all other days were made, and that as I expected mercy from God, I might exercise mercy toward others, and have more and more of the spirit of "Let-him-up" and less and less of the spirit of "Thumbs-down."



## CHAPTER XLIII.

### MY RECEPTION IN THE RUSSIAN PALACE.

THERE is no country on earth so misunderstood as Russia, and no monarch more misrepresented than its Emperor. Will it not be in the cause of justice if I try to set right the minds of those to whom, on both sides of the ocean, these words shall come? If the slander of one person is wicked, then the slander of one hundred and twelve million people is one hundred and twelve million times more wicked. In the name of righteousness and in behalf of civilization, and for the encouragement of all those good people who have been disheartened by the scandalization of Russia, I now write. But Russia is so vast a subject that to treat it in one chapter is like attempting to run Niagara Falls over one mill wheel. Do not think that the very marked



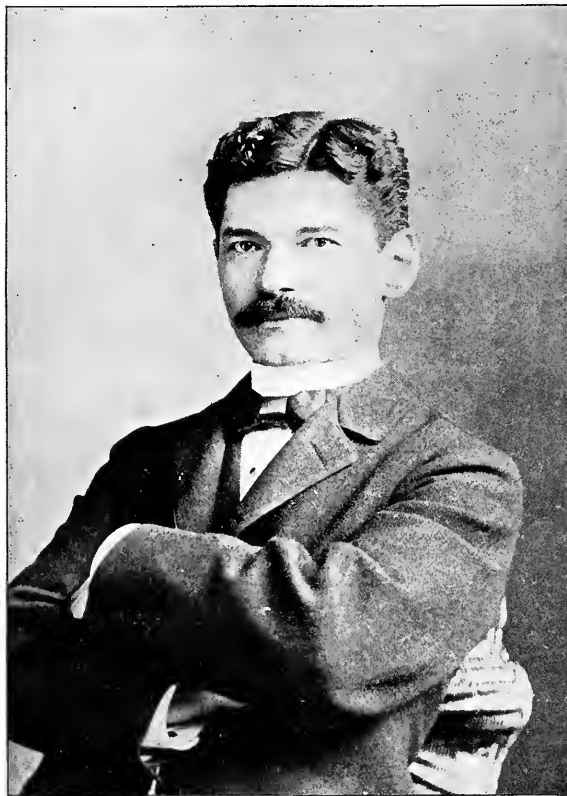
HOUSE OF THE ROMANOFFS, MOSCOW.

courtesies extended me by the Emperor and Empress and Crown Prince of Russia have complimented me into the advocacy of that empire, for I shall present you authenticated facts that will reverse your opinions, if they have been antagonistic, as mine were reversed. I went to Russia with as many baleful prejudices as would make an avalanche from the mountain of fabrication which has for years been heaped up against that empire. You ask how is it possible that such appalling misrepresentations of Russia could stand? I account for it by the fact that the Russian language is to most an impassable wall. Malign the

United States or malign Great Britain or Germany or France, and by the next cablegram the falsehood is exposed, for we all understand English, and many of our people are familiar with German and French. But the Russian language, beautiful and easy to those born to speak it, is to most vocal organs an unpronounceable tongue, and if at St. Petersburg or Moscow any anti-Russian calumny were denied, the most of the world outside of Russia

would never see or hear the denial.

What are the motives for misrepresentation? Commercial interests and international jealousy. Russia is as large as all the rest of Europe put together. Remember that a nation is only a man or a woman on a big scale. Go into any neighborhood of America and ask the physician who has a small practice what he thinks of the physician who has a large practice. Ask a lawyer who has no briefs what he thinks of the lawyer who has three rooms filled with clerks trying in vain to transact the superabundant business that comes to him. Ask the minister who has a very limited audience what he thinks of the minister who has overflowing audiences. Why does not Europe like Russia? Because she has enough acreage to swallow all Europe and feel she had only half a meal. Russia is as long as North and South America put together. There are two European journals that I know of which keep two men on salaries to catch up every-



LOUIS KLOPSCH, PROPRIETOR OF "THE CHRISTIAN HERALD," MY TRAVELING COMPANION IN RUSSIA.

thing unfortunate in Russia and exaggerate it, or if there be nothing unfortunate then to manufacture falsehoods concerning that empire.

I stood in London one summer with tickets in my pocket for St. Petersburg. It was two o'clock in the afternoon and I was to take the train at three. An American physician came in and said, "You certainly do not think of going to St. Petersburg?" I said, "Why not?" He replied, "Have you not seen the morning newspaper with an account of



the cholera in St. Petersburg?" Then turning to a newspaper I found the report that there were two thousand five hundred cases of cholera in St. Petersburg, the city divided in hospital districts, the population flying in terror. And it was almost as bad in Moscow. I halted for four days, but then receiving an encouraging telegram I started for St. Petersburg. There was not a single case of cholera in St. Petersburg or Moscow, and was not a case until a month after I left there. But the falsehood concerning cholera had done its commercial errand. All the summer tourists who intended visiting Russia turned back, and went elsewhere. The hotel in St. Petersburg where I stopped had received orders engaging every room and every mattress by intended visitors. But the report concerning cholera led to the cancellation of those engagements, and in the great hotel capable of entertaining hundreds of guests I would think there were about twenty. And so all over northern Russia the damage was done.

After returning to America I saw in two evening papers something like the following in big letters: Attempted Assassination of the Imperial Family of Russia. Yesterday the imperial train was nearing Warsaw. Dynamite was put between the tracks, but as the imperial train was belated, an ordinary train took the track, and it was blown up, five people killed and fourteen wounded. The Emperor and his family coming up after a while saw their narrow escape, and were in great excitement. When I read this in an evening paper I laughed aloud and said to those in the room, "Not a word of truth in it." The next morning only one paper referred to the evil report and that

paper said that the report the evening before from Russia was not true. The only mistake about it was that the imperial family were at home at Peterhof. There was no imperial train out. Nobody was killed, no one was hurt, and no dynamite had been used, and nothing at all had happened. A few days ago it came by cablegram and was published throughout America that a Russian woman had eaten a whole child at one meal. The woman was not



IMPERIAL FAMILY AS I SAW THEM.

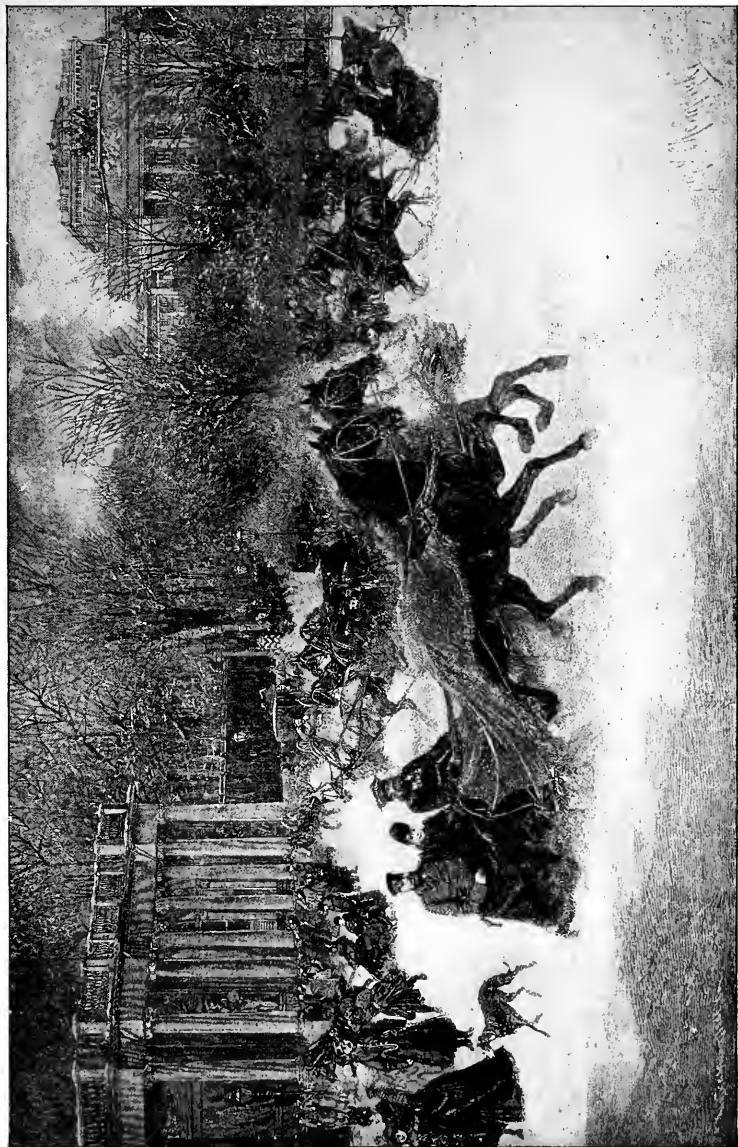
especially hungry, nor straitened in circumstances. But to show the barbarism of the Russians this story was cabled concerning the achievement of this woman in eating a child at one meal, and I suppose there were hundreds of thousands of people fools enough to believe it. A recent story filling many columns of newspapers concerning cases of cruelties in Russia said to have recently occurred, was printed originally forty years ago, and was then dramatized, but the fellow who revived it now no doubt was well paid for its reproduction. "But," says some one, "do you mean to charge the authors and the lecturers who have



DOWAGER EMPRESS OF RUSSIA AND HER DAUGHTER.

written and spoken against Russia with falsehood?" By no means. You can find in any city or nation evils innumerable if you wish to discourse about them. I said at St. Petersburg to the most eminent lady of Russia outside of the imperial family: "Are those stories of cruelty and outrage that I have heard and read about, true?" She replied, "No doubt some of them are true, but do you not in America ever have officers of the law cruel and outrageous in their treatment of offenders? Do you not have instances where the police have clubbed innocent persons? Have you no instances where people in brief authority act arrogantly?" I replied, "Yes, we do." Then she said, "Why does the world hold our government responsible for exceptional outrages? As soon as an official is found to be cruel, he immediately loses his place." Then I bethought myself: Do the people in America hold the government at Washington responsible for the Homestead riots at Pittsburg, or for railroad insurrections, or for the torch of the villain that consumes a block of houses, or for the ruffians who arrest a rail train, making the passengers hold

up their arms until the pockets are picked? Why, then, hold the Emperor of Russia, who is as impressive and genial a man as I have ever looked at or talked with, responsible for the wrongs enacted in a nation with a population twice as large in numbers as the millions of America! Suppose one monarch in Europe ruled over England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria, Norway and Sweden. Would it be fair to hold the monarch responsible for all that occurred in that mighty dominion? Now, you must remember that Alexander the Third reigns over wider dominion than all those empires put together.



A WINTER DAY IN ST. PETERSBURG—THE CZAR AND CZARINA SLEIGHING.

As a nation is only a man or a woman on a big scale, let me ask, would you individually prefer to be judged by your faults or your virtues? All people, except ourselves, have faults. The pessimist attempting to write your biography would take you in your weaker moods, and the picture of you on the first page of your biography would be as you looked after some meanness had been practiced on you and you were tearing mad. Now, as I am an optimist, I give you fair warning that if I ever write your biography, I will take you as

you looked the day your dividends came in twenty per cent larger than you ever anticipated, or the morning on your way to business after your first child was born, or the morning after your conversion when heaven had rolled in on your soul. The most accursed homunculi of all the earth are the pessimists, who, whether they judge individual or national character, and whether they wield tongue or pen, are filled with anathematization, and who have more to say about the freckles on the cheeks of beauty than of the sunrises and sunsets that flush it. I would like to read the funeral service over the last pessimist, but I would omit that part which makes reference to a Resurrection as being entirely irrelevant.

It is most important that this country have right ideas concerning Russia, for, among all the nations this side of heaven, Russia is America's best friend. There has not been an hour in the last seventy-five years that the shipwreck of free institutions in America would not have called forth from all the despotisms of Europe and Asia a shout of gladness wide as earth and deep as perdition. But whoever else failed us, Russia never did, and whoever else was doubtful,



PREFECT OF ST. PETERSBURG.

Russia never was. Russia, then an old government, smiled on the cradle of our government while yet in its earliest infancy. Empress Catherine of Russia in 1776 or thereabouts offered kindly interference that our thirteen colonies might not go down under the cruelties of war. Again, in 1813, Russia stretched forth toward us a merciful hand. When our dreadful Civil War was raging and the two thunder clouds of Northern and Southern valor clashed, Russia practically said to the nations of Europe: "Keep your

hands off and let the brave men of the North and South settle their own troubles." I rehearsed some of those scenes to the Emperor last July, saying: "You were probably too young to remember the position your father took at that time," but with radiant smile he responded: "Oh, yes, I remember, I remember," and there was an accentuation of the words which demonstrated to me that these occurrences had often been talked of in the imperial household. I stood on the New York Battery, during the war, as I suppose many of my readers did, looking off through a magnifying glass upon a fleet of Russian ships.



ARCH OF TRIUMPH, MOSCOW.

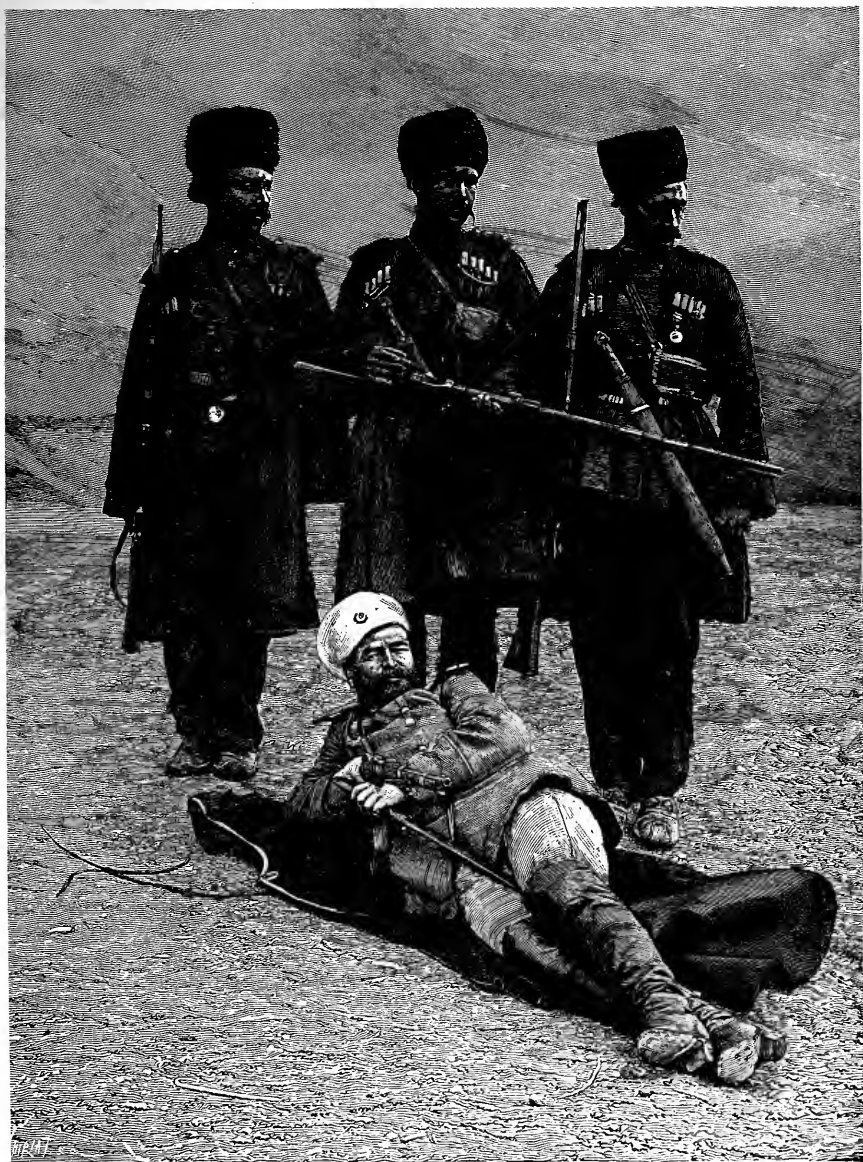
"What are they doing there?" I asked, and so everyone asked: "What business has the Russian warships in our New York Harbor?" Word came that another fleet of Russian ships was in San Francisco Harbor. "What does this mean?" our rulers asked, but did not get immediate answer. In these two American harbors, the Russian fleets seemed sound asleep. Their great mouths of iron spoke not a word, and the Russian flag, whether floating in the air or drooping by the flagstaff, made no answer to our inquisitiveness. William H. Seward, Secretary of State, asked the Russian Minister at Washington, the meaning of those Russian ships in American waters, and got no satisfactory response. Admiral Farragut said

to a Russian officer after dining in the home of the eminent politician Thurlow Weed that maker and unmaker of Presidents: "What are you doing here with those Russian vessels of war?" Not until the war was over was it found out that in case of foreign intervention all the guns and the last gun of these two fleets in New York and San Francisco harbors were to open in full diapason upon any foreign ship that should dare to interfere with the right of Americans, North and South, to settle their own controversy. But for the fleets and their presence in American waters, there can be no doubt that two of the mightiest nations of Europe would have mingled in our fight. But for those two fleets, the American government would have been to-day only a name in history. I declare before God and the nation that I believe Russia saved the United States of America. Last July I stood before a great



DR. TALMAGE LEAVING THE CITY HALL, ST. PETERSBURG.

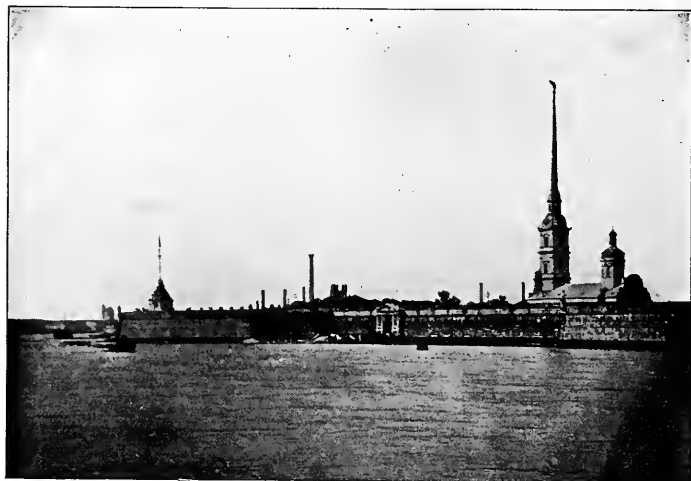
throng of Russians in the embarrassing position of speaking to an audience three-fourths of which could not understand my language any more than I could understand theirs. But there were two names that they thoroughly understood as well as you understand them, and the utterance of these two names brought forth an acclamation that made the City Hall of St. Petersburg quake from foundation stone to tower, and those two names were "George Washington" and "Abraham Lincoln." Now, is it not important that we should feel right toward that mighty and God-given friend of more than one hundred years? Yea, because it is a nation of more possibilities than any other, except our own, should we cultivate its friendship. There is a vast realm of friendship as yet unoccupied. If the population of the rest of Europe were poured into Russia, it would be only partially occupied. After a



RUSSIAN MILITARY TYPES.

while, America will be so well populated that the tides of emigration will go the other way, and by railroads from Russia at Behring Straits—where Asia comes within thirty-six miles of joining America—millions of people will pour down through Russia and Siberia, and on down through all the regions waiting for the civilization of the next century to come and culture great harvests and build mighty cities. What the United States now are on the Western Hemisphere, Russia will be on the Eastern Hemisphere. Not only because of what Russia has been to our Republic but because of what she will be, let us cease the defamation of all that pertains to that great empire. If Russia can afford to be the friend of America, America can afford to be the friend of Russia. And now I proceed to what I told the Emperor and the Empress and all the imperial family at the Palace of Peterhof I would do if I ever got back to America, and that is to answer some of the calumnies which have been announced and reiterated and stereotyped against Russia.

Calumny the first: The Emperor and all the imperial family are in perpetual dread of assassination. They are practically prisoners in the Winter Palace, and trenches with



FORTRESS OF STS. PETER AND PAUL, ST. PETERSBURG.

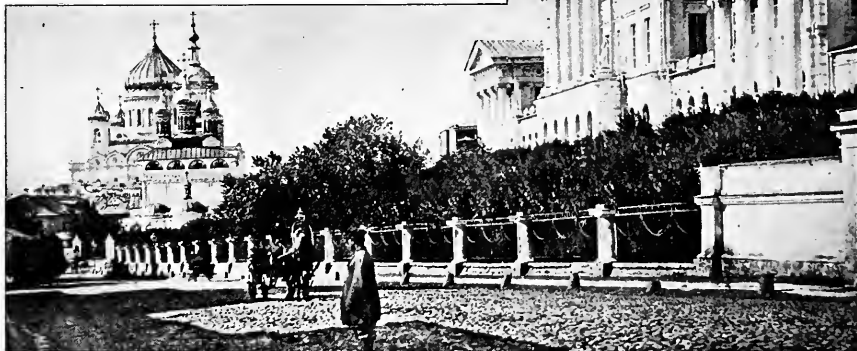
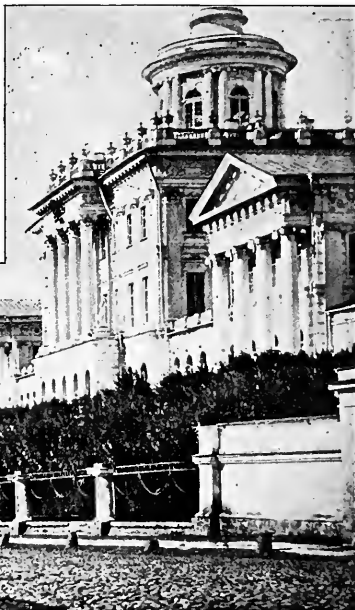
dynamite have been found dug around the Winter Palace. They dare not venture forth, except preceded and followed and surrounded by a most elaborate military guard. My answer to this is that I never saw a face more free from worryment than the Emperor's face. The Winter Palace, around which the trenches are said to have been

charged with dynamite and in which the imperial family are said to be prisoners, has never been the residence of the imperial family one moment since the present Emperor has been on the throne. That Winter Palace has been changed into a museum and a picture gallery and a place of great levees. He spends his summer in the Palace at Peterhof, ten miles from St. Petersburg; his autumns at the palace at Gatschina, and his winters in the Palace at St. Petersburg, but in quite a different part of the city to that occupied by the Winter Palace. He rides through the streets unattended, except by the Empress at his side and the driver on the box. Not one of my readers is more free from fear of harm than he is. His subjects not only admire him but almost worship him. There are cranks in Russia, but have we not had our Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth? "But," says some one, "did not the Russians kill the father of Alexander III.?" Yes, but in the time that Russia



has had one assassination of Emperor, America has had two Presidents assassinated. "But is not the Emperor an autocrat?" By which you mean, has he not power without restriction? Yes, but it all depends upon what use a man makes of his power.

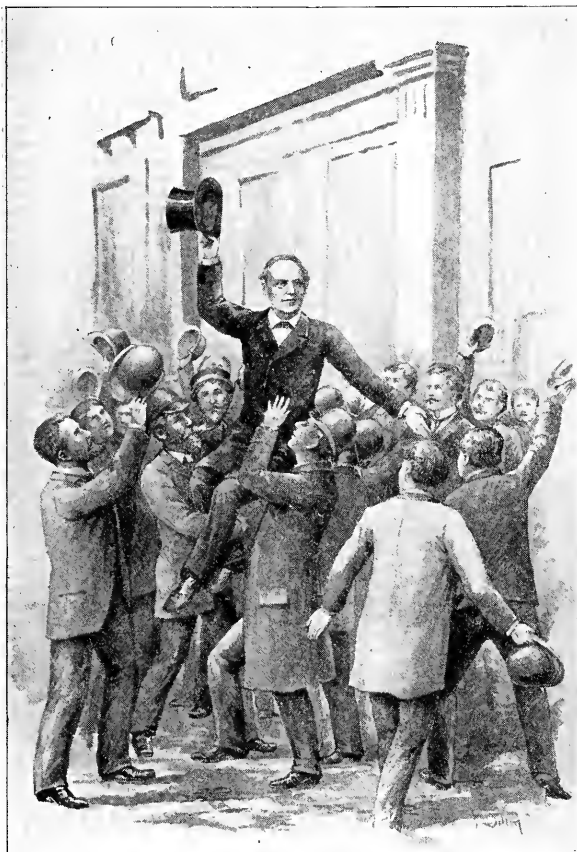
Are you an autocrat in your factory, or an autocrat in your store, or an autocrat in your style of business? It all depends on what use you make of your power, whether to bless or to oppress, and from the time of Peter the Great—that Russian who was the wonder of all time, the Emperor who became incognito a ship carpenter that he might help ship carpenters, and a mechanic that he might help mechanics, and put on poor men's garb that he might sympathize with poor men, and who in his last words said: "My Lord, I am dying. Oh, help my unbelief." I say from that time the throne of Russia has, for the most part, been occupied by rulers as beneficent and kind and sympathetic as they were powerful. To go no further back than Nicholas, the great-grandfather of the present Emperor: Nicholas had for the dominant idea of his administration the emancipation of the serfs. When it was found that he premeditated the freedom of the serfs, he received the following letter of threat from a deputation of noblemen: "Your Imperial Majesty: We learn that the Council and Senate of the Empire have



PUBLIC MUSEUM, MOSCOW.

before them for deliberation, with your sanction, the plan to abolish serfdom throughout the Russian Empire. We are perfectly willing to abide by your Majesty's decision in this matter, and to loyally support your will, but there are in Russia a large number of small owners of serfs, who are dependent for actual subsistence on the labor of those serfs and who consequently will be left wholly penniless and without any resource by the operation of emancipation. They will then undoubtedly resort to desperate measures, and in the extremity of their despair, will put the life of your Majesty in jeopardy." The Emperor replied in words that will last as long as history: "Gentlemen, if I should die because of my devotion to such a cause, I am willing to meet my fate." When, under an attack of pneumonia from exposure in severe weather in the service of his

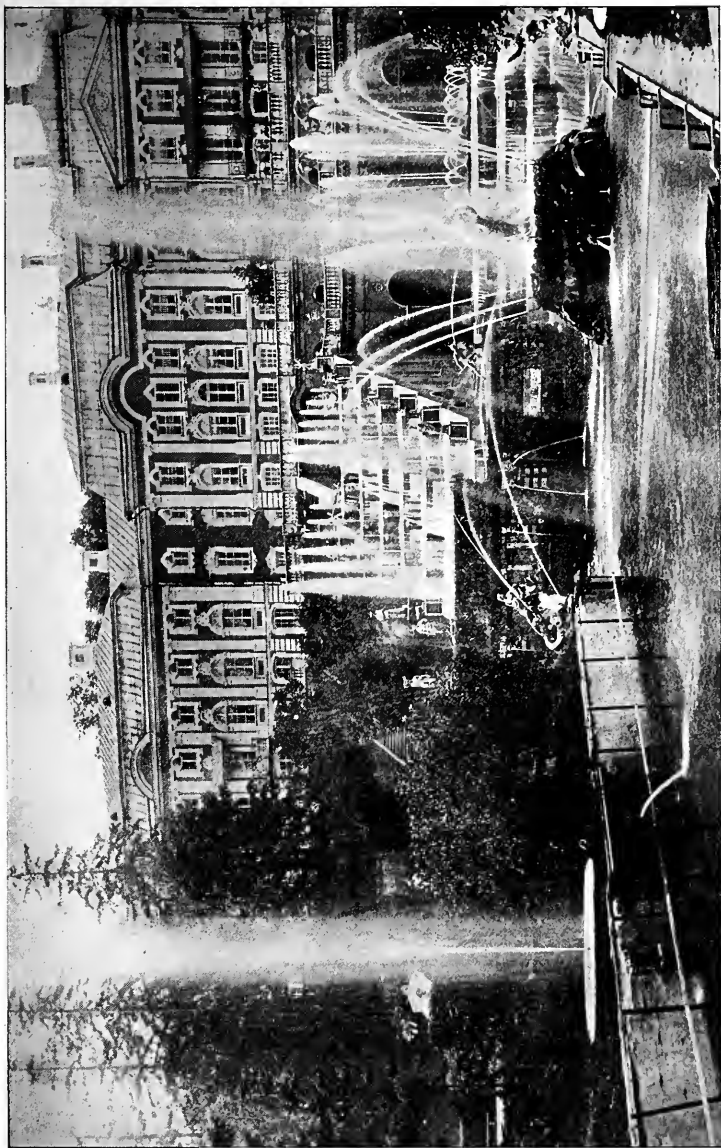
people, that Emperor put down his head on the pillow of dust, although he had not achieved the favorite idea of his reign, Russia lost as good a monarch as ever was crowned. Then came Alexander the Second, the father of the present Emperor. Amid the mightiest opposition, and innumerable protests, he with one stroke of his pen, emancipated twenty million serfs, practically saying, "Go free. Be your own masters, and this is for you and your children forever." What a marvelous character of kindness was Alexander the Second,



THE WAY I WAS RECEIVED AT ST. PETERSBURG.

the father of the present Emperor, so that the present Emperor, Alexander the Third, inherits his benignity. Alexander the Second hearing that a nobleman had formed a conspiracy against his life, had him arrested. Then the eyes of the criminal were bandaged, and he was put in a carriage, and for some time traveled on, only stopping for food. After a while the bandage was removed, and supposing that he must by that time be almost in Siberia, found that he was at the door of his own home. But this punishment was sufficient. The same Emperor having heard that a poet had written a poem defamatory of his Empress, ordered the poet into his presence. Expecting great severity, the poet entered the palace, and found the Emperor and Empress and others together. "Good morning," said the Emperor to the offender. "I hear you have written a most beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you may read it to us and we may have the pleasure of hearing it." The man cried out:

"Send me to Siberia or do anything with me, but do not make me read this poem in your presence." He was compelled to read the defamatory poem, and then the Empress, against whom it was aimed, said: "I do not think he will write any more verses about us again. Let him go." And so he was freed. And now comes in Alexander the



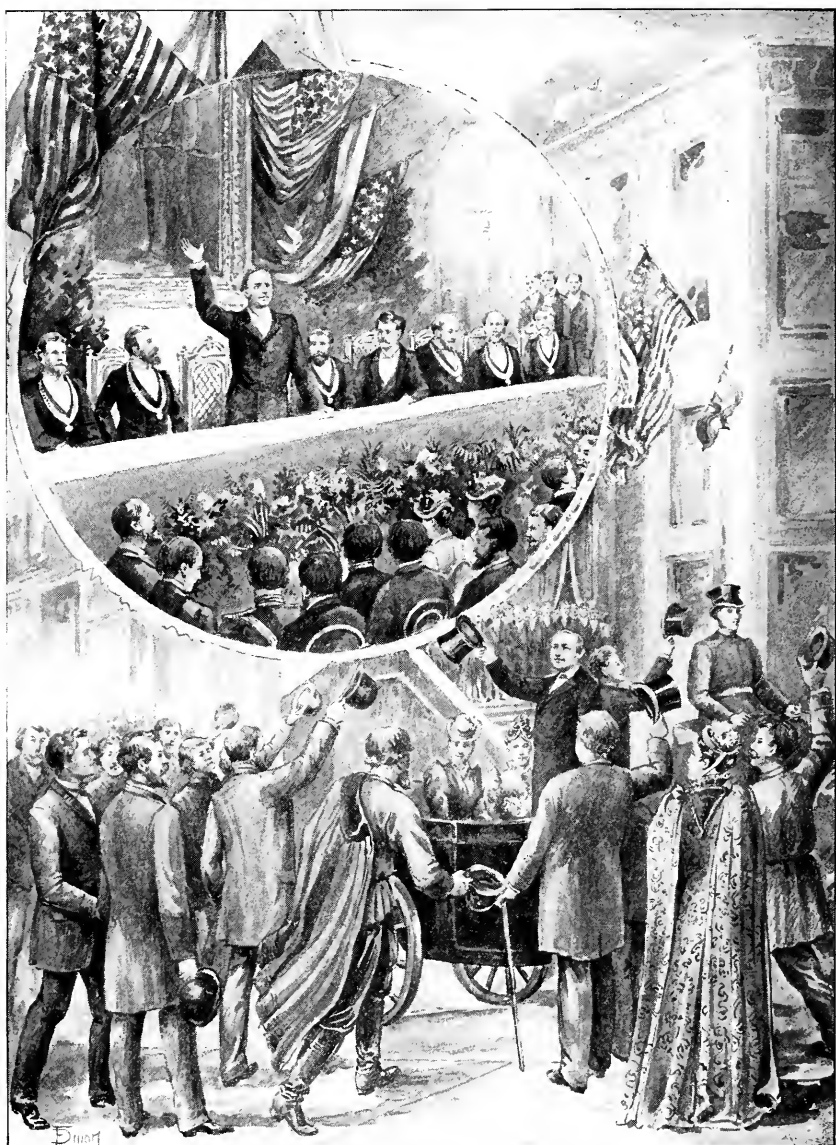
PETERHOF PALACE, WHERE I HAD A FRIENDLY TALK WITH THE CZAR, ALEXANDER III.

Peterhof is one of the state residences, nine miles from St. Petersburg, and nearly opposite the fortress of Cronstadt, which commands the water approach to the city. The most beautiful grounds and imperial palace are at Peterhof, not only the finest in Russia but probably the most magnificent in the world. The fountains are especially grand, the most splendid of which is called the Golden Stairway, which consists of twenty-four steps, each twenty feet long, one foot broad and one foot high, covered with sheets of pure gold, over which the water pours in bewildering beauty of color. This famous fountain is at the court entrance of the Palace, and leads down to the garden proper, as shown in the illustration.





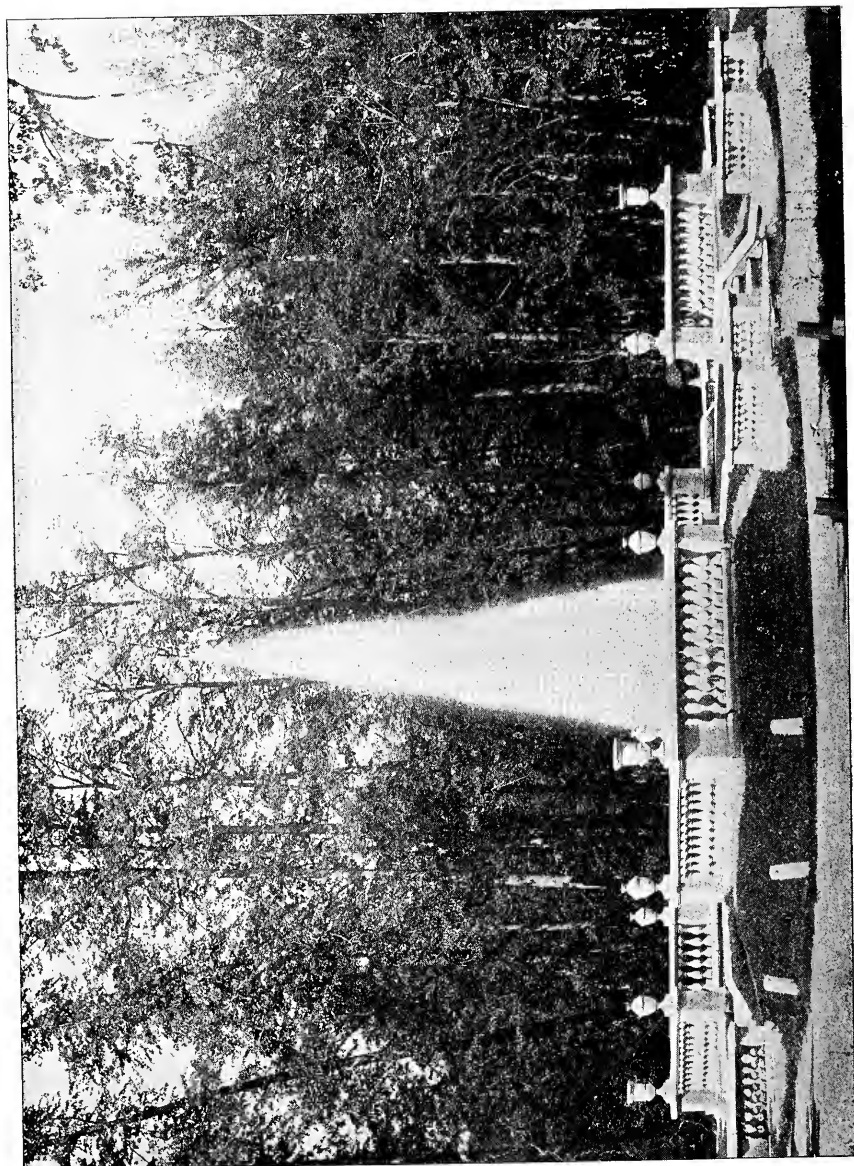
MY RECEPTION AND INTERVIEW WITH THE CZAR OF RUSSIA, ALEXANDER III.





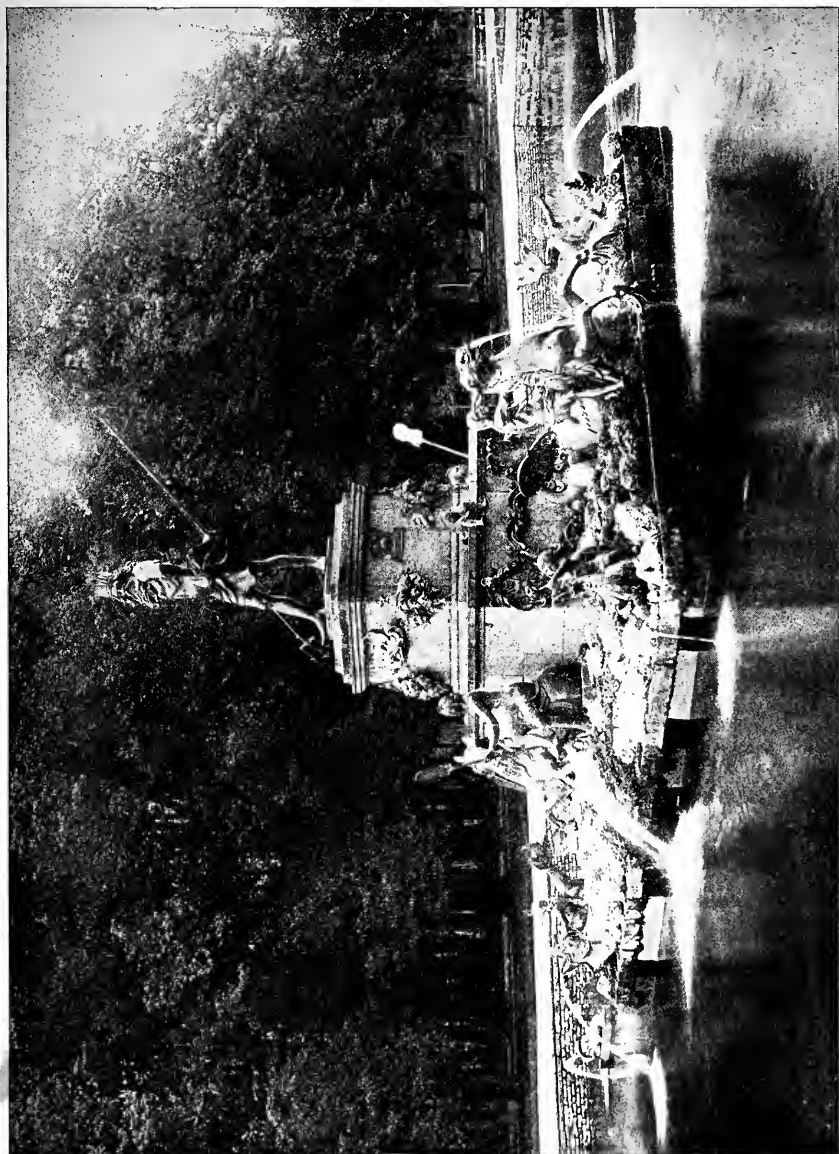
THE BATHS, PETERHOF.





FOUNTAIN IN THE GARDEN OF PETERHOF.





BASIN OF NEPTUNE, PETERHOF GARDEN.



THE GREAT BELL, MOSCOW.

The great bell of Moscow, called the Czar Kolokol, is the largest that was ever cast, weighing 400,000 pounds and standing twenty-one feet high. The bell was cast in 1730 and hung in the tower Ivan Veliki, within the Kremlin walls, with forty-three other bells of various sizes. Seven years later the tower burned and the king of bells fell with such force that it sunk deep into the earth and a large piece was broken from its side. For one hundred years it lay neglected, half embedded in the ground, when Nicholas I. caused it to be raised and mounted upon a pedestal, where it still remains. The value of the bell at the price for old metal is \$200,000.

Third, doing the best things possible for the nation which he loved and which as ardently loved him. But what an undertaking to rule one hundred and twelve million people, made up of one hundred tribes and races and speaking forty different languages. But, notwithstanding all this, things there move on marvelously well, and I do not believe that out of five hundred thousand Russians you would find more than one person that dislikes the Emperor, and so that calumny of dread of assassination drops so flat it can fall no flatter.

Calumny the second: If you go to Russia, you are under severest espionage, stopped here and questioned there, and in danger of arrest. But my opinion is that if a man is



CONVOY OF CONDEMNED, RUSSIA.

disturbed in Russia it is because he ought to be disturbed. Russia is the only country in Europe in which my baggage was not examined. I carried in my hand, tied together with a cord so that their titles could be seen, a pile of eight or ten books, all of them from lid to lid cursing Russia, but I had no trouble in taking with me the books. There is ten times more difficulty in getting your baggage through the American Custom House than through the Russian. I speak not for myself, for friends intercede for me on American

wharves, and I am not detained. Depend upon it if hereafter a man believes he is uncomfortably watched by the police of St. Petersburg or Moscow, it is because there is something suspicious about him, and you yourself had better, when he is around, look after your silver spoons. I promise you, an honest man or an honest woman, that when you go there as many of you will, for European travel is destined to change its course from Southern Europe to those Northern regions, you will have no more molestation or supervisal than in Brooklyn or in New York or the quietest Long Island village.

Calumny the third: Russia and its ruler are so opposed to any other religion except the Greek religion, that they will not allow any other religion, that nothing but persecution and imprisonment and outrage intolerable await the disciples of any other religion. But what are the facts? I had a long ride in St. Petersburg and its suburbs with the Prefect, a brilliant, efficient and lovely man, who is the highest official in the city of St. Petersburg, and whose chief business is to attend the Emperor. I said to him: "I suppose your religion

is that of the Greek Church?"

"No," said he, "I am a Lutheran."

"What is your religion?" I said

to one of the highest and most influential officials at St. Petersburg.

He said: "I am of the Church of England."

Myself, an American,

of still another denomination of Christians,

and never having been inside a Greek Church in my life

until I went to



WINTER PALACE, RUSSIA.

Russia, could not have received more consideration had I been baptized in the Greek Church and all my life worshiped at her altars. I had it demonstrated to me very plainly that a man's religion in Russia has nothing to do with his preferment for either office or social position. The only questions taken into such consideration are honesty, fidelity, morality and adaptation. I had not been in St. Petersburg an hour before I received an invitation to preach the Gospel of Christ as I believe it. Besides all this, have you forgotten that the Crimean War, which shook the earth, grew out of Russia's interference in behalf of the persecuted Christians of all nations of Turkey? "But," says some one, "have there not been persecutions of other religions in Russia?" No doubt, just as in other times in New England we burned witches and as we killed Quakers and as the Jews in America have been outrageously treated ever since I can remember, and the Chinese in our land have been pelted and their stores torn down, and their way from the steamer wharf to their destined quarters tracked with their own blood. The devil of persecution is in every land.

and in all ages. Some of us in the different denominations of Christians in America have felt the thrust of persecution, because we thought differently or did things differently from those who would, if they had the power, put us in a furnace eight times heated, one more degree of caloric than Nebuchadnezzar's. Persecutions in all lands, but the Emperor of Russia sanctions none of them. I had a most satisfactory talk with the Emperor about the religions of the world, and he thinks and feels as you and I do, that religion is something between a man and his God, and no one has a right to interfere with it. You may go right up to St. Petersburg and Moscow with your Episcopal liturgy or your Presbyterian catechism or your Congregationalist's Liberalism or your Immersionist's Baptistry, or any other religion, and if you mind your own affairs and let others mind theirs, you will not be molested.

Calumny the fourth: Siberia is a den of horrors, and to-day people are driven there like dumb cattle; no trial is afforded to the suspected ones, they are put into quicksilver mines, where they are whipped and starved and some day find themselves going around without any head. Some of them do not get so far as Siberia. Women, after being tied to stakes in the streets, are disrobed, and whipped to death in the presence of howling mobs. Offenders hear their own flesh siss under the hot irons.

But what are the facts? There are no kinder people on earth than the Russians, and to most of them cruelty is an impossibility. I hold in my hand a card. You see on it that red

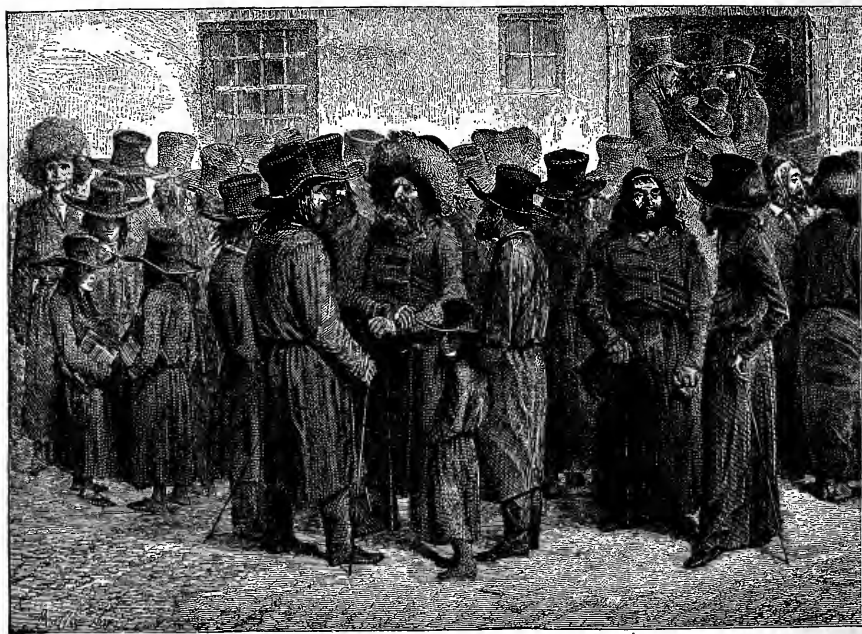
circle. That is the government seal on a card giving me permission to see all the prisons in St. Petersburg, as I had expressed a wish in that direction. As the messenger handed this card to me, he told me that a carriage was at the door for my disposal in visiting the prisons. It so happened, however, that I was crowded with engagements and could not make the visitation. But do you suppose such cheerful permission and a carriage to boot would have been offered me if the prisons of Russia are such hells on earth as they have been described to be? I asked an eminent and distinguished American: "Have you visited the prisons of St. Petersburg, and how do they differ from American prisons?" He replied: "I have visited them and they are as well ventilated and as well conditioned in every respect as the majority of the prisons in America." Are women whipped in the street? No; that statement comes from the manufactory of fabrication, a manufactory that runs night and



ST. ISAAC CATHEDRAL, ST. PETERSBURG.

day, so the supply may meet the demand. But how about Siberia? My answer is Siberia is the prison of Russia, a prison more than twice the size of the United States. John Howard, who did more for the improvement of prisoners and the reformation of criminals than any man that ever lived, his name a synonym for mercy throughout Christendom, declared by voice and pen that the system of transportation of criminals from Russia to Siberia was an admirable plan, advocating open-air punishment rather than endungeonment, and also because it was taking all offenders hundreds of miles away from their evil companions. John Howard, after witnessing the plan of deportation of criminals from Russia to Siberia, commended it to England.

If a man commits murder in Russia, he is not electrocuted as we electrocute him, or choked to death by a halter as we choke him to death. Murderers and desperate villains



JEW MERCHANTS.

are sent to the hardest parts of Siberia, but no man is sent to Siberia or doomed to any kind of punishment in Russia until he has a fair trial. So far as their being hustled off in the night and not knowing why they are exiled or punished is concerned, all the criminals in Russia have an open trial before a jury just as we have in America, except in revolutionary or riotous times, and you know in America at such times the writ of habeas corpus is suspended. There are in Russia grand juries and petit juries and the right to challenge the jurors, and the prisoner confronts his accuser, and mark this, as in no other country, after a prisoner has been condemned by juries and judges he may appeal to the Senate and after

that to the Emperor who is conviolent and murderous are sent the more moderate criminals to and those who have only a little positively genial for climate, for know, that Siberia is so large and frigidity to torridity, from almost that of Italy. Run your finger will find that the lower part of of latitnde, and the richest part degree of latitude. So that Siberia to the palm-leaf fans at the that ninety per cent of the Rus-beria go into a climate milder with birds and embroidered with the botanists. Much of the soil for a plow to liberate them. in the vast majority of cases it a new start under the best possi-is allowed to take his or her fam-other country grants. In the



stantly pardoning. As I said, the to the hardest part of Siberia, but more propitious parts of Siberia, criminality to parts of Siberia you ought to know, if you do not wide and long that it reaches from Arctic blast to climate as mild as along the map of the world and you Siberia is on the forty-fifth degree of Italy is on the same forty-fifth reaches from the furs at the North South. It has been demonstrated sian criminals colonized into Si-than New York—a land songful flora enough manifold to confound is a rich loam and harvests wait When a criminal is sent to Siberia gives him an opportunity to make ble circumstances. The criminal ily along, and that is a mercy no quicksilver mines of Siberia, the



TOWER OF SOUKAREFF, MOSCOW.

hardest place of expatriation, only one-fourth of the miners are criminals. The other three-fourths go there because they choose it as a place to earn their living.

After being in Siberia a while, the condemned go to earning a livelihood, and they come to own their own farms, and orchards and vineyards, many of these people coming to wealth, and thousands of them under no inducement would leave these parts of Siberia which are paradises for salubrity and luxuriance. Now, which do you think is the best style of a prison—Siberia or many of our American prisons? When a man commits a big crime in our country, the judge looks into the frightened face of the culprit, and says: "You have been found guilty; I sentence you to the penitentiary for ten years." He goes to prison. He is shut up in between four walls. No sunlight. No fresh air. No bath-room. Before he has served his ten years, he dies of consumption, or is so enervated that for the rest of his life he sits with folded hands a wheezing invalid. In preference to the shut-in life of the average American prisoner, give me Siberia. Besides that, when offenders come



HOUSE OF PETER THE GREAT, ON AN ISLAND IN THE NEVA RIVER, ST. PETERSBURG.

out of prison in America what chance have they? Ask the poorly supported societies, formed to get these people places for work. Ask me, to whom the newly liberated come from all the prisons, imploring what they shall do. No one will commend them. The pallor of incarceration is on their cheek. Who wants to employ in factory or store a man or woman, who, in answer to the question,

"Where did you live last?" should make the reply: "State's prison at Auburn or Moyamensing?" Now, in Siberia they have a better chance. They are never spoken of as criminals, but as unfortunates, and they are allowed every opportunity of retrieving their lost reputation and lost fortunes. I talked with the president of the National Society of Russia for the Education and Moralization of the Children of Siberian Convicts. The president of that society, appointed by the Emperor, is a lady of great accomplishments, and much sympathy, which illumines her face and makes tearful her eyes and tremulous her voice. The evening I passed at her house in St. Petersburg was one of the memorable events of my lifetime. I will not attempt to pronounce the name of that noble woman, appointed by the Emperor as the president of the National Society of Russia for the Education and Moralization of the Children of Convicts. Please to name any such national society in our country, supported by government, for taking care of the children of convicts. You know, if you know anything, that there is no chance in this country for a man



who has been imprisoned, or for his children. God pity them and hasten the time when we shall, by some national institution established by the Congress of the United States, imitate the mercy of the Russian Government toward the innocent children of imprisoned offenders. He who charges cruelty on the imperial family and the nobility of Russia belies men and women as gracious and benignant as ever breathed oxygen.

I sat at the table of an American in St. Petersburg and beside a baroness who had almost impoverished her estates by contribution to the suffering districts of the drought. In addition to her charities she went down to the afflicted districts and toiled for their relief until she was down with the typhus fever. After recovering from that, she toiled on among the sufferers until she was down with the small-pox. She was at St. Petersburg trying to recover her health, and was making preparation to return to the afflicted districts. She committed to me a literary errand, by which through her translation of the writings of eminent Russians, she would furnish free of charge to some American publishing house, books the entire proceeds of the sale of which would go to the relief of suffering in the drought regions. The Emperor himself gave seventy-five million dollars for the relief of



GENERAL VIEW OF THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

The Kremlin is the citadel of Moscow, situated in the centre of the city and enclosing, by a stone wall 7280 feet in circumference, several of the grandest buildings in the metropolis, including churches, monasteries, arsenals and museums. In the cathedral called Archangel Michael are the tombs of all the Czars down to the time of Peter the Great. The Kremlin is entered by five gateways, the most important of which is the Redeemer's Gate, through which Napoleon's army marched when it took possession of Moscow in 1812.

those suffering from the failure of crops and that is a charity that challenges all history for an equal.

The merciful character of the present Emperor was well illustrated in the following occurrence: The man who supervised the assassination of the grand-father of the present Emperor, standing in the snow that awful day, when the dynamite shattered to pieces the legs of Alexander the Second,—I say the man who supervised all this fled from St. Petersburg and quit Russia. But after a while the man repented of his crime, and wrote to the Emperor asking forgiveness for the murder of his father and promising to be a good citizen, and asking if he might come back to Russia. The Emperor pardoned the murderer of his father and the forgiven assassin is now living in Russia, unless recently deceased. When I talked to the Empress concerning the sympathy felt in America for the sufferings of the drought-struck regions of Russia, she evinced an absorbing interest and a compassion and an emotion of manner and speech such as we men can hardly realize, because it seems that God has reserved for woman as her great adornment, the coronet, the tear-jeweled coronet of tenderness and commiseration. If you say that it was a man, a Divine Man that

came to save the world, I say, "Yes," but it was a woman that gave the man. Witness all the Madonnas, Italian, German, English and Russian, that bloom in the picture gallery of Christendom. Son of Mary, have mercy on us!

But how about the knout, the cruel Russian knout, that comes down on the bare back of agonized criminals? Why, Russia abolished the knout before it was abolished from

our American navy. But how about the political prisoners hustled off to Siberia? According to the testimony of the most celebrated literary enemy of Russia, only four hundred and forty-three political prisoners were sent to Siberia in twenty years. How many political prisoners did we put in prison pens during the four years of Civil War? Well, I guess at least one hundred thousand. America's one hundred thousand political prisoners versus Russia's four hundred and forty-three political prisoners. Nearly all these four hundred and forty-three of twenty years were noblemen, or people desperately opposed to the emancipation of the serfs. And none of the political prisoners are sent to the famous Kara mines. For the most part, you are dependent for information upon the testimony of prisoners who are sent to Siberia. They all say they were innocent. Prisoners always are innocent. Ask all the prisoners of America to-day: "Guilty or Not Guilty," and nineteen out of twenty will



GREAT VOTIVE CHURCH, MOSCOW, IN WHICH THE CORONATION CEREMONIES ARE PERFORMED.

plead, "Not Guilty." Ask them how they like their prison and how they like sheriffs and how they like the Government of the United States, and you will find these prisoners admire the authority that arrested them and punished them just about as much as the political prisoners of Russia like Siberia.

But you ask, how will this Russophobia, with which so many have been bitten and poisoned, be cured? By the God of Justice blessing such books and pamphlets as are now coming out from Professor de Arnaud of Washington, Mr. Horace Cutter of San Francisco, Mr. Morfill of England, and by the opening of our American gates to the writings of some twenty-four of the Russian authors and authoresses, in some respects as brilliant as the three or four Russian authors already known—the translation of those twenty-four authors, which I am authorized from Russia to offer free of charge to any responsible American publishing house that will do them justice. Let these Russians tell their own story, for they are the only ones fully competent to do the work, as none but Americans can fully tell the story of America, and none but Germans can fully tell the story of Germany, and none but Englishmen can fully tell the story of England, and none but Frenchmen can fully tell the story of France.



PALACE AND TREASURY AT MOSCOW.

Meanwhile, let the international defamation come to an end. But I have been asked to say something concerning my reception by the imperial family last summer. Stepping from the Moscow train on returning to St. Petersburg, an invitation was put in my hand inviting me to the palace on the following Friday. I had already seen the Crown Prince in his palace, a young man of twenty-four years, educated, clear-eyed, affable, handsome, and on him all the signs of good habits. I am sure he will be fitted for the throne when in the roll of years he shall be called to mount it. But this invitation from the Emperor I had not expected. On the day appointed I took the train for Peterhof, about nine or ten miles from St. Petersburg. A messenger the day before called upon me at the hotel and gave me information as to what train to take. He met me at the train. After a ride through a beautiful region of country I arrived at the station near the imperial grounds. The royal carriage

was waiting, and the two decorated representatives of the place took me to a building where a suite of three rooms was appointed me where I rested and lunched and examined the flowers and walked under the trees. After an hour and a half I was told that the carriage was waiting, and after a ride among fountains and statuary and arbors and roads winding through parks of trees from all lands, and flower-beds, circular and stellar, and spread out in

a very carnage of color, I dismounted at the palace of the Emperor. Having entered, I was taken to a waiting-room, where I had a long conversation with an aged prince who has for many years waited upon the imperial family. He asked me many questions about America, especially about the coming Chicago World's Fair, which he regretted not being able to visit. After a while word came that the Emperor was ready to receive me. I was led up by a somewhat labyrinthine way, among lines of servants, and to what seemed to be the third story of the palace, where I was again halted. An official entered the Emperor's room and returned, leaving the door open, and requesting me to enter. I found the Emperor standing mid-floor,



GOLD ENAMELED TEA SERVICE

Presented by Alexander III, Emperor of Russia, to T. DeWitt Talmage, through Prince Cantacuzine, Russian Minister to United States, in Philadelphia Harbor, on Russian warship, June, 1892.

and beside a desk on which he had been writing, a desk loaded with papers. The Emperor greeted me with much heartiness. And at first glance, seeing him to be a splendid gentleman, with no airs of pretension and as artless as any man I ever saw, it seemed to me that we were old friends at the start. "Sit down," he said. "Sit down," pointing to a chair on one side of a table, while he took the chair on the other. He is the picture of good

health, and everything in his looks indicate temperate living. I could easily understand how, when he gets among the children, his own and his nephews and nieces, he challenges them to pull him down, and a half dozen tugging at him, fail to make him budge and then the youngsters chase him under the trees and his nephews and nieces shout at him, "Uncle Sasha! Uncle Sasha!" he can be the liveliest one of all the romping group. The photographs of the Czar do not give half the kindliness or vivacity of his countenance. If I were asked in a few words to give the impression I got of the character of the Emperor, from his manner and conversation I would say: "He is a strong man any way you take him." At the very opening of the conversation I spoke of his rugged and robust physique,



TEMPLE OF OUR SAVIOUR, MOSCOW.

and asked him how he got and kept that brawn and muscle and wondrous vitality. He rides. He walks. He hews with an axe. He races with his boys. He takes a cheerful view of life. He worships God. He lives a moral life. He easily digests his food. He fears nothing. At forty-seven, he has the appearance of being thirty-five. His autograph, which he gave me, looks like a battlefield, but of ink instead of blood. Beside all that, he has a happy home and his domestic life is beyond criticism. He has a mellow voice, animated manner, radiant countenance. He is about six feet two inches in stature

and well proportioned. He said to me, the Empress will see you, but it will be in another room. So shaking hands twice and with an intermingling of God bless you we parted, and following a chamberlain I descended to the first floor and waited a few moments in an outer room, and then entered the reception-room of the Empress.

Oh, she is a June morning! She stood mid-floor in her drawing-room when I entered. She is every inch an Empress. Majesty and grace and loveliness are hers. Her pictures do not give her best expression. When I said to her: "There will be no great war in our time, because the weapons of war have been fashioned for such wholesale destruction that the rulers of the earth will prefer arbitration to massacre," she replied: "Oh, I hope so," and then we discoursed of international brotherhood, and she gave her exalted idea of the United States, and in accurate, though deliberate, English, had something charming to say on many things. She said: "You must see my children!" and opening the door she



AUTOGRAPH OF ALEXANDER III., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.



AUTOGRAPH OF THE DOWAGER-EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

The above are the autographs of the Emperor and Dowager-Empress of Russia, given to me in the Palace at Peterhof.

introduced them with enthusiasm of affection, saying: "This, my daughter, is seventeen years of age. One of the boys is at sea. Here is another son and here another daughter. A jollier group never burst forth from the doors of a school-room. The older daughter is affianced to a foreign dignitary, and is fair and intelligent, and seemed to be a girl of broad, common sense, and will be a queen in any house to which she is taken. The youngest girl came into the room almost on a skip, a bundle of fun, laughing and sunshiny, and could hardly stand still long enough to shake hands. Standing back by the door, till I drew him forward, was a prince of about eight years, collar cut sailor shape, a splendid boy, high forehead, but all boy, and had evidently come in from flying kite or playing ball. After giving me some flowers for my wife, and we had wished for each other all happiness in the here and the hereafter, I left the room, impressed as much with the idea of a Christian home as with the grandeurs of a palace. After dining I departed. Nothing more in

the shape of courtesy could have been shown me than was demonstrated that day. The Emperor's carriage and its attendants took me to the railroad station, and his messenger accompanied me to the doorburg. If all the rulers of spirit which belongs to those be long before the bells of and I think the bells will joy of those coming times. the full sweetness and have heard the bells of them on the evening of After examining at the dred cannons which snow after Napoleon retreated from Moscow, each cannon deep cut with the letter "N," I ascended a tower about three hundred feet high, just before sunset, and on each platform there were bells,

of my hotel in St. Petersburg the earth were of the same I met that day it would not the millennium would ring, have much to do with the But you can hardly know power of bells unless you Moscow ring as I heard my visit to that great city. Kremlin some nine hundred were picked out of the



CATHEDRAL, OF OSLAUKINO, MOSCOW.

large and small, and I climbed up among the bells, and then as I reached the top, all the bells underneath me began to ring, and they were joined by the bells of fourteen hundred towers and domes and turrets. Some of the bells sent out a faint tinkle of sound, a sweet

tintinnabulation that seemed to bubble in the air, and others thundered forth boom after boom, boom after boom, until it seemed to shake the earth and fill the heavens—sounds so weird, so sweet, so awful, so grand, so charming, so tremendous, so soft, so rippling, so reverberating—and they seemed to wreath and whirl, and rise, and sink, and burst, and roll, and mount and die. When Napoleon saw Moscow burn, it could not have been more brilliant than when I saw all the fourteen hundred turrets aflame with the sunset, roofs of gold and walls of malachite, and pillars of porphyry and balustrades of mosaic, and visions of lapis lazuli, and architecture of all colors mingling the brown of autumnal forests and the blue of summer heavens, and the conflagration of morning skies, and the green of rich meadows and the foam of tossing seas. The mingling of so many colors with so many sounds was an entrancement almost too much for human nerves or human eyes or human ears. But all that was tame compared with the day of millennial glory that is coming to our world when the bells of joy shall sound, not in the sunset, but in the sunrise, ringing out “peace on earth good will to men.” From the domes of all the churches, from the domes of all the palaces, from the domes of all the capitols; from the domes of all the cities, from the domes of all the nations—Bells! Bells! Bells!

Alas! Since writing the above Alexander the Third has died, and the world has been filled with lamentation. The beautiful Empress is broken-hearted, and the children are fatherless. Nicholas the Second has mounted the throne, and I am expecting from what I saw of him that he will follow in the footsteps of his excellent father.





## CHAPTER XLIV.

### GOSPEL OF BREAD.

**T**WENTY-FIVE million people a-hungered in Russia by reason of three years of drought had called forth the sympathies of the world, and the religious paper with which I am connected had at the call of its publisher sent about \$35,000 worth of breadstuffs by the ship *Leo* which I saw come to the docks about three miles down the river from St. Petersburg. On a beautiful yacht we left the wharf of St. Petersburg about eleven o'clock in the morning, and having on board the mayor of the city, a representative of royalty, counts and countesses, our distinguished Consul General Dr.



DR. TALMAGE, ON GANG-PLANK OF SHIP *LEO*, RESPONDING TO A SPEECH BY THE MAYOR AND REPRESENTATIVES OF ROYALTY, ST. PETERSBURG.

Crawford, and chief citizens interested in the international charity, and we soon reached the wharf toward which the steamer *Leo* was swinging up. The gang-plank of the ship thrown out, the mayor of the city took his place upon it and made an address appreciative of American generosity. He was followed by the representative of royalty on the same theme. It never occurred to me that I would be expected to respond until the eyes of all those present were turned toward me. It was in many respects the most trying moment of my

public life. While I was doing as well as I could, I saw a scene never to be forgotten. It was the imperial freight train rolling down to the wharf to receive the breadstuffs from the steamer *Leo*, and carry them to the starving. On each car was a flag, the Russian and the American flags alternating. At that procession of flags all eyes were filled with tears. Hundreds of working people stood on the banks of the river to transfer, free of charge, the American donation of bread to the rail train. When a few days after I saw the Czarewitch, or Crown Prince, now Emperor Nicholas the Second, he referred to that scene, and the part I had taken in it. A few days after I had not long to remain in the ante-room of the Crown Prince at his palace. A chamberlain came out before my entrance to ask in what language I would prefer to converse, and I responded, "English." As the door opened I found myself in the presence of a man as artless as any clerk of a dry goods store, or any blacksmith at his anvil. The Crown Prince had nothing in his bearing to indicate that he would ever inherit a throne. His photograph, which he sent me some months after my arrival at home, I believe is to be put, together with his autograph, upon a page of this book. Amiability, kindness and sympathy are in the features. But stamped upon all of them is strength and firmness and determination. He looks more like his mother than his father. He has not now the robustness his father had before the railroad accident, nor is he by some inches as great in stature. His marriage to Princess Alex was exactly to the wishes of his father and mother, and was a case not of international plotting, or for political reasons, but a case of old-fashioned love. I prophesy for Nicholas the Second a long and happy reign!

Of course I can never forget my Russian experiences, and to remind me of them I have only to look at the exquisite presentation made me after I got home, by Emperor Alexander the Third. Prince Cantacusine, the Russian Minister Plenipotentiary at Washington, telegraphed me that he had a presentation to make me from the Emperor and it must be done on Russian soil, and so he asked me to come on board a Russian warship lying in Philadelphia harbor. On that vessel the Prince gave me a complete gold enameled tea service accompanied by a message of love which I cannot now think of without deep emotion since Emperor Alexander has disappeared from the palaces of earth to take his place, as I believe, in the palaces of heaven.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### GREAT BRITAIN.

**L**ET me forewarn my readers that I look at things from a partial standpoint, and that at any moment my heart may run away with my head. Whatever other kind of ink I use in these sketches I will not use blue. If I cannot find anything but blue ink I will not write at all. Rather than that, I would even prefer red ink, for that is the color of the morning. I would not be offended if I am charged with writing with ink verdant or green, for that is a very respectable color, being the same as the palm-leaf, and the rushes, and some parts of the deep sea. I shall paint with the cheeriest color I can find in the studio. If I find a tear I will hold it up till in the light it becomes a globule of melted sunshine.

England and Scotland have always treated me so magnificently that I am in a mood to be pleased with everything.

Shaking hands every day with thousands of people in halls and churches, and at railway stations, till my right hand is disabled and fit only for a sling, because of the stout



BUCKINGHAM PALACE, FRONT VIEW.

grips, accompanied by emphatic "God bless you," I am swamped for the work of harsh criticism. I tell you at the start, I like England, her landscapes, her cities, her government, her common people, and her aristocracy. I here part forever with all the cynical and saturnine. I do not want to live on the same street with them in heaven. They will always be singing out of tune, and searching for fractures in the amethyst, and finding fault with the country. Give them a world to themselves where they can have an eternity of pouting, a sky full of drizzle-drozzle, an owl in each tree to hoot away the hours, and a kennel of snarling rat terriers to nip the robe of every angelic intruder.

After another long voyage we swing into the English harbor. It is night, and rockets, shot up from the stern of the ship, invite the pilot-boat and the steam tug to come out to meet us. The sea has its "back up," and the pilot-boat makes a dash for our steamer, and misses it; another dash, and misses it again. Then we see the blue and red lights of the tug-boat coming out, as much as to say—"I will show you how to catch a steamer!" aims at it, but crosses in front of our prow; aims at it again, but falls behind our stern. We stand on deck in the sopping rain to watch this aquatic game, until wearied we retire to our room for slumber. As we are falling to sleep, there is a sudden charge of stout men into our private apartment.

What is the matter now?

Have the old-time pirates resuscitated their business, and are we to be seized and made to walk the plank? By the dim light from the hall I see the three men by mistake putting out their hands toward the berth in which sleeps the better half of us. As I look down from the upper berth I hear loud voices saying, "Welcome to Eng-

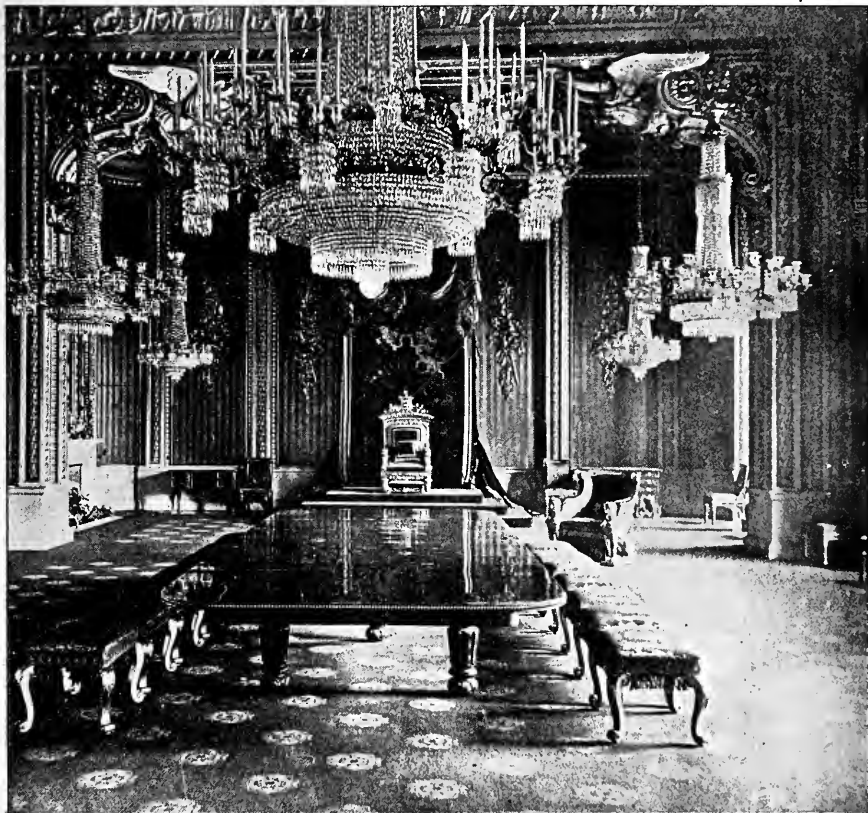


BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SIDE VIEW.

land." By delegation London, Leeds and Dublin have looked in upon us. I respond in my shirt-sleeves, but I am so surprised at the sudden incursion that the response is not worthy of the occasion, and amounts only to a sudden ejaculation of "Where did you come from?"

That scene was only a forerunner of the cordiality and generosity of these people of Great Britain toward strangers. Like Americans they have been much lied about. They are warm-hearted and genial to the last degree. Their homes, their carriages, their hearts, are all wide open. We have not found what Americans call the "grouty Englishman." His digestion is better than that of the American, and hence he can afford to be better natured. If a man has to wrestle with a lamb chop three hours after swallowing it, his good humor is exhausted. The contest in his body leaves him no strength for the battle with the world. Foreign wars are not so destructive as internal. When things sour on a man's stomach they make him sour with all the world. Some of us need not more a "new heart" according to the gospel than a "new liver" according to physiology.

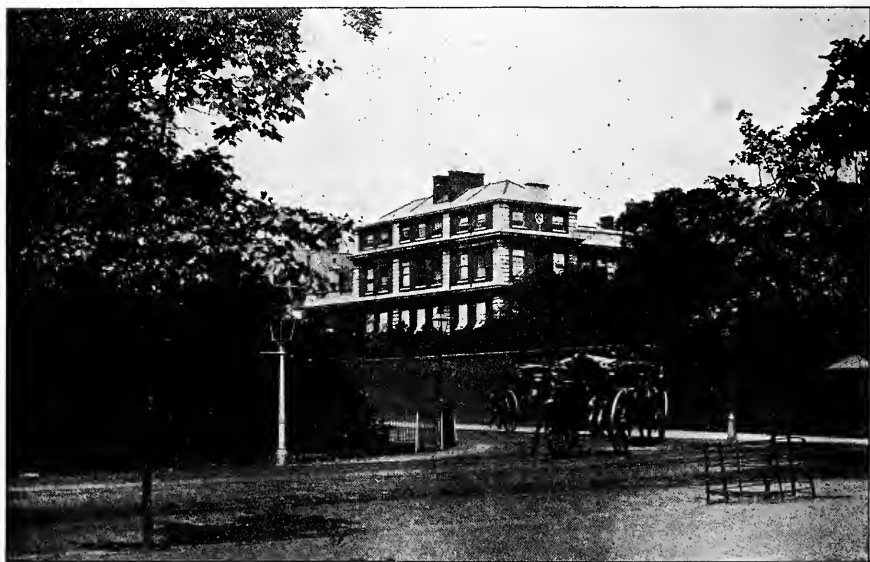
This season of all others tests an Englishman's spirits. It is unprecedented for rainy weather, and in some of the churches prayers had been offered for a cessation of moisture. It has rained some time every day, but this makes us appreciate the sun better when it does come out. The clouds, like a veil to a beautiful face, add to the attractiveness by only occasionally being withdrawn. When the sun in summer shines from morning till night with intense glare we always feel that he is rather overdoing the business. There is nothing



BUCKINGHAM PALACE THRONE ROOM.

more exquisite than a cloud when it is richly edged and irradiated. A cloudless sky is a bare wall. A sky hung with clouds in all stages of illumination is a Louvre and Luxembourg. Clouds are pictures drawn in water colors. Who knows but that Raphael and Rubens, gone up higher, may sometimes come out and help in the coloring of the canvas of the morning with brush of sunbeam, putting within sight of our eyes the constellated glories belonging to the other side of the Border.

Now, if in this shadowed weather, Englishmen can be so genial, I would like to know how they are in the usual summer brightness. It is a delusion that Englishmen delight to grumble. As near as I can judge, each community appoints some one to do the grumbling for it, and he becomes the champion grumbler. One pulpit will do all the grumbling for all the pulpits in the town; one newspaper all the grumbling for the journalists; one prominent citizen the grumbling for all the citizens. Such a one becomes the pet growler of the community. All the scandal-mongers carry to him forage. They feed him with all the disagreeable things of the community. His capacity for offal is awful. They rub him down with the ragged edge of a slander. Job describes this wild ass of the forest as snuffing up the east wind. Like others of his kind, he eats thistles. These champion growlers of English communities do all that kind of work, leaving others nothing to do



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, LONDON, RESIDENCE OF PRINCE OF WALES.

but to be agreeable. Delightful arrangement! Let us transfer it to America, and have the fault-finding in church and state done by committee. Take the most powerful "bear" out of Wall street and let him do the croaking for all the brokers. Take some ecclesiastic, who has swallowed his religion crosswise and got it stranglingly fast in his wind-pipe, to hunt down all the heresy, real or fancied. Get some one newspaper to do all the work of mauling reputations, exposing domestic infelicities and reporting divorce cases. Let one female "gad about," gathering all the gossip, put it up in bottles properly labeled and peddle it about from house to house in small vials for those who could stand only a little, or in large bottles, as it may be required. Let her be known as the championess of tittle-tattle. So men and women might delegate to one or more the disagreeables of the world. And, as at different times America and England have disputed with each other for supremacy

with oar, and bat, and rifle, let the champion American growler go forth to dispute with the champion English growler for the belt of the world. Let the day chosen for the contest be a commingling of Scotch mist and English cloudiness and American drizzle. Let them go at each other with threats and annoyances and recriminations. Let all fault-finders the world over stand round the ring watching the fate of the two nations. The Englishman might draw the first blood, but the American will prove a full match for him at the last. The struggle may be long and fearful, and the excitement surpass that of Creedmore shooting and Ascot and Derby races, but I think neither would gain the victory. Indeed, I would like to see them both go down together in the contest and both slain. Then would perish from the earth the bickerings and the suspicions, the snarlings and the backbitings of the world. Bury the two champions in the same grave, their clubs with them, covering them with a bank of nettles. Read for their funeral service the report of the stock market just after some great failure. Plant at the head of it a little nightshade, and at the foot of it a little *nux vomica*.

For epitaph: "Here lies Complaint and Hypercriticism; Born in the year one; Died in the year 1895. May the resurrection trumpet, that blows others up into the light, blow these despicable miscreants deeper down into oblivion."

Speaking of championship reminds me that I was invited last week to distribute the English prizes to the best rower. I regretted I could not be present.

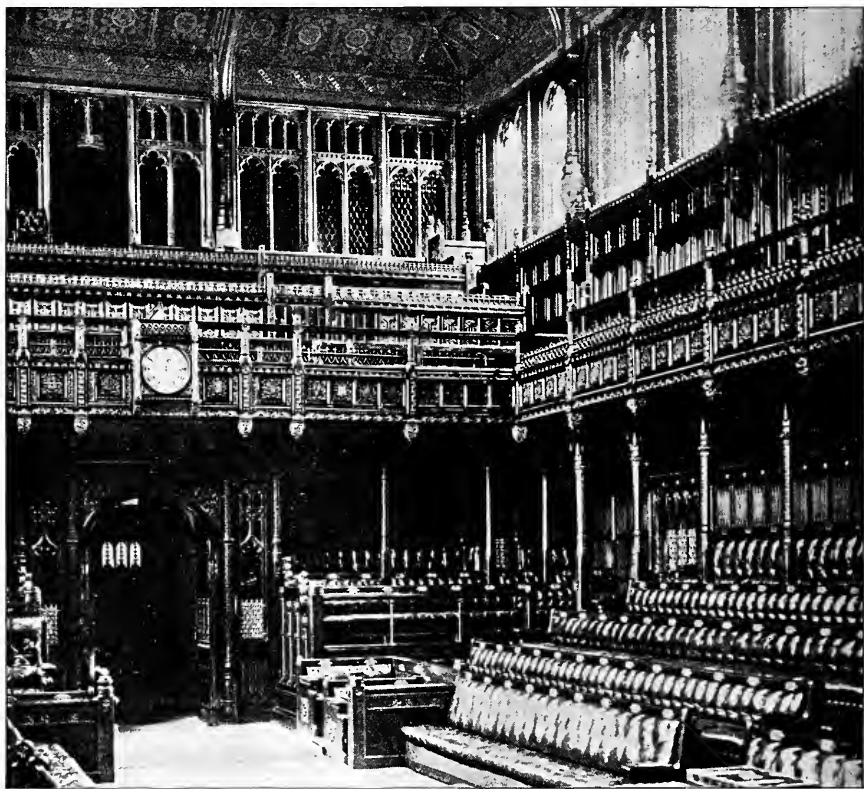
I honor muscle. As the world's heart improves its arm will grow stronger. In the millennium, what oar we will paddle, what crickets we will play, what wrestlers we will throw! We are told in that day there are to be "bells on the horses," and that means music and innocent gayety, and sleigh rides and swift teams, and liveliness, and good cheer, and tintinnabulation. That there is betting at these athletic contests we deplore, but we cannot stop healthful amusements because people abuse them. There are men who bet on everything. Every time the log was thrown from the stern of our ship, there were wagers lost and won. Passengers bet about which foot in the morning the captain would first put out of the door of his office, the right or the left foot. Betting about the kind of soup we should have for dinner. Betting about the hour of our arrival. But all this betting is no reason why we should not take steamers across the ocean.

For the cause of civilization, we will capture the world's oars, and bats, and chess-boards, and rifles. We want sanctified brawn. When the animals passed Adam in Eden to get their names, they did not dare even to growl at that first athlete. Had he been like unto a modern specimen of weak delicacy, instead of his naming them, they might have swallowed him up, giving him their own name of lion or bear. We want more Samsons; not to carry off gates, but to hang new ones; not to set foxes' tails on fire, but to put the torch to the world's shams; not to pull down pillars, but to build temples of righteousness; not to slay Philistines with the jaw bone of an ass, but to kill the ass of the world's stupidity and inanition. While the schools go on to build the head of the coming man, and the church goes on to build his heart, let our out-door recreations go on to build his body. If that be the coming man, the sooner he comes the better.

\* \* \*

We all know something of how England looks on the upper side, but we always had a desire to get under it and look up. So we accepted an invitation to plunge into one of her coal mines near Sheffield. With the ladies of our party we are at the top of the Nunnery Colliery. We have no pleasant anticipations of the descent into the great depths of

the earth. We put on caps and overcoats as protection from the blackness of the coal. Each one is armed with a small lantern. After taking a long breath, in case we should not very soon get another opportunity, we step into what might be called a rough elevator, but which is called "a cage." We stand in the centre and throw our arms over a bar and hold fast. The sides of the cage are not tightly inclosed; and the only door at the entrance on either side is the body of the guide, who stands there to keep the passengers in their



CORNER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, LONDON.

place in case of panic. We are to drop six hundred and sixty feet. About the capacity of the machinery to drop us we have no doubt, but the question is about the sudden halt at the bottom of the mine. With steam-power we are lowered, only one rope of steel at the top of the cage deciding whether the three of my party and our two guides shall stop at the foot of the shaft or go on to a landing place in the next world.

"All right?" asked the man standing on the outside of the cage, with upward inflection of voice. "All right," answered one of the guides, with downward inflection.



We had suggested to an attendant that we were in no hurry to get to the bottom, and that there were several trains of cars that could take us in time to our next engagement, and therefore we might as well be dropped a little more deliberately than usual. But all that had no effect. The signal given, down we went. We had the sensation of being parted about the waistband. We had fallen from hay-mows in boyhood and from apple-trees, and had been swung higher than we wanted to swing, but this was a compression of all those disagreeable feelings into one wrench of the ribs from the hip bone. We were told it was only a minute, but it must have been a minute stretched six hundred and sixty feet long. Arriving at the bottom we stepped into an arched room and stopped a few minutes to get our eyes and lungs used to the darkness and the atmosphere. Then one guide ahead and one guide behind, and by the dim light of our lanterns we started through the long black corridors. Past us rushed trains of cars laden with coal. Further and further we went into the darkness that seemed the more appalling as it parted for a little at the touch of our lights. Beams of wood keep up the roofs of coal, while the sides look as if any moment large masses might roll down.

This mine, after being worked twelve years, shows no signs of exhaustion. Seven hundred men are still plunging their crowbars and pick-axes. This is what does so much to make England great. This is a chilly world, and all nations must have coal. The Duke of Norfolk owns these mines, but all England feels the advantage of this indescribable weather hidden in the cellars of the earth.

Talking with the miners, they all seem cheerful and unharmed by the eternal shadows in which so much of their lives are spent. They pass eight hours in the mine, and then have sixteen hours out. A stout, tall miner by the name of Henry Walters, told us that he had been working in the mines forty-five years. There are few men toiling above ground who look as healthy as this man, for near half a century toiling under ground. But it is a hard life anyhow you make it. Standing down here amid the foundations of the earth, the memories of colliery accidents at Blantyre, and Risca, and Hartley, come shuddering and groaning through the wilderness of underground night. It will take the stoutest and most resounding blast of archangelic trumpet to fetch up the bodies of the miners from such entombment. For four shillings a day, which of us would like this banishment from the sunshine? A sepulchre is not inviting, whether built out of coal or limestone. Sitting and-walking all day long in the light that bathes the streets and fields, or streams through our windows, do we realize sympathetically how many thousands of men spend their lives in the midnight, hewing more midnight from the sides of the caverns? But how suggestive that out of these chunks of darkness that tumble to the miners' feet we secure warmth and light for our homes, and momentum for our steamships. The brightest light of this world we chip out of its darkness. Out of our own trials we get warmth of sympathy for others. Our past troubles are the black fuel which we heave into the furnace of future enterprises. As the miners cut the wealth of England out of the caverns, so we may hew out of the midnight caverns of misfortune the brightest treasures of character and usefulness.

But we must say good-bye to these underground workers. We get into the "cage," and prepare for ascent. The guides warn us that as we near the top, and the speed of the "cage" is slackened, the sensation will be somewhat distressing. Sure enough! We get aboard, throw our arms over the iron bar with a stout hug: the signal of "all ready" being given, we fly upward. Coming near the top, at the slackening speed, it seems as if the rope must have broken, and that we are dropping to the bottom of the mine. A few slight "ohs," and the delusion passes, and we are in the sunlight. Bless God for this

heavenly mixture! There is nothing like it. No artifice can successfully imitate it. You need to spend a few hours deep down in an English mine to appreciate it. In the contrast it seems more mellow, more golden, more entrancing. You take off your hat and bathe in it. You feel that the world needs more of it. Sunshine for the body. Sunshine for the mind. Sunshine for the soul. Sunshine of earth. Sunshine of heaven. In the words of the old philosopher, "Stand out of my sunshine!" Look here! What do we want any more of these miners' lamps? They might as well be extinguished. Their faint flicker is absurd in the face of the noonday. They were useful to show us where to tread among the seams of coal. They were good to light up the genial faces of the miners while we talked to them about their wages and their families.

Lamps are valuable in a mine. But blow them out, now that we stand under the chandelier which at twelve o'clock, frescoed dome of these blue English heavens. So all the tallow merged when the old belfry of the lestial noon. Departure from this



ST. PAUL'S, FROM BANKSIDE.

world for the good will be only getting out of the hard working mine of earthly fatigues into the everlasting radiance of Edenic midsummer. Come now! Stop moralizing and drop that lantern of the collieries.

\* \* \*

We will take off our hats in the presence of this old ruin of Kirkstall Abbey near Leeds. But what is the use of these Kirkstalls and Melroses and this everlasting round of abbeys and monasteries and ruined churches? Why are they of any more importance than any other heap of stones or bricks? Yoke the ox-team and plow them under. Take iconoclastic hammer, and say dust to dust. Graze the sheep and cattle among the dishonored fragments or among the demolished abbey at Meaux. Caricature Walter Scott's paroxysm of admiration for moonlight on crumbling arch.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, LONDON.

No! no! there is nothing that impresses us like these old ruined abbeys, and many of the occupied churches of to-day are not of so much use. What a perpetual and tremendous attestation of the better aspirations of the human race! They consider no arch too lofty, no tracery too exquisite, no architecture too ponderous, or airy, or elaborate, or expensive, to express the meaning of the soul. In letters of eternal granite they wrote it, and in windows of undying masterpiece they pictured their longing for God and heaven.

As we sit down at Kirkstall among the fragments of this ecclesiastical wreck, floated to us from the past centuries, we are overpowered with historical reminiscence, and the abbots of seven and eight hundred years ago come and sit down beside us. The summer air breathing through the deserted sacristy, and interlaced scrolls, and silent nave and choir, and clustered piers, makes us dreamy, and perhaps we see more than we could see if wide awake. The columns bearing the wounds of centuries, as we look at them, heal into the health of their original proportion. By supernatural pulley the stones rise to their old places. The water of baptism sparkles again in the restored font. The color of the sunlight changing, I look up and see the pictured glass of the thirteenth century. Feeling something cool under my foot, lo, it is the ornamented tile restored from ages vanished.

I hear a shuffling, and all the aisles are full of the feet of the living of six hundred years ago, in old style of apparel, and the living of eight hundred years ago, and the living of five hundred years ago. And I hear a rumbling of voices, and lo, the monks of all the past are reciting their service. Here are Leonard Windress, and William Lufton, and John Shaw, and Richard Batson. And this is Archbishop Cranmer, come more to look after his property than to join in the religious ceremonies. And those two persons in the south transept are Queen Elizabeth, and Peter Asheton, a gentleman to whom she is making over the Abbey. See these pale and nervous souls kneeling in the penitential cell crying over sins committed eight hundred years ago. On the buttress of that tower the two letters "W" and "M" seem to call back William Marshall, the old abbot who ordered the inscription, and while we are talking with him and deprecate the folly of a man inscribing his own name on a temple reared to the Almighty, a chime of bells, probably hung there in the fifteenth century, but long ago lost, yet rehung to-day by invisible hands, ring out first a "Wedding March" for all the marriages solemnized in that consecrated place, and then strike a dirge for all its burials; and, last of all, rousing themselves to sound the jubilee of all nations, calling to York Minster and St. Paul, and Salisbury, and all the dead abbeys of the past, and all the living cathedrals of the present, to celebrate the millennium of the world's deliverance, and all the chapels, and sacristies, and choristers, and penitential cells respond *Amen! AMEN!* And then a shaft of light broke through the arched window horizontally, and a shaft of light dropped perpendicularly, and crossed each other, but I noticed that the perpendicular shaft was longer than the horizontal shaft, and lo! and behold! I saw that the old Monastery of Kirkstall was in attitude of worship *crossing itself*.

My guide-book at this point dropped from my hand and woke me, and I found a young artist on a ladder copying the sculptured adornments over the west doorway. "What!" I said to myself, "must the nineteenth century copy the twelfth?"

Even so. The highest and most enterprising art of our day cannot crowd past the windows and doors of eight hundred years ago. The ages move in a circle, and it may take the world two thousand years before it can again do the ribbons and skeins of granite in York Minster or Kirkstall Monastery. While that artist hangs to the ladder, taking on his sketch-book the tracery of the doorway, he makes us think of the artist murderer who used to stand in that very place doing the same things—sketching the doorway and stealing the

heart of a maiden. He was more desperado than artist. By night, with a gang of outlaws, he played the highwayman. A citizen with a large sum of money, passing near the abbey, was robbed and murdered. Mary Clarkson, the maiden, was in the abbey one night, having wandered there with troubled mind. While there she saw a group of men carrying a corpse, which they came and buried in one part of the ruined abbey. The hat of one of them blew off and rolled to Mary Clarkson's feet, where she sat unobserved. It was found the next day to be the hat of her lover, whom she had as yet not suspected of evil. William Bedford was approaching the town to claim his bride; but the true character of the villain having been discovered, the constables seized him, and Mary Clarkson, urged by her own sense of what was right, appeared to testify against him. The story of the corpse carried



FLEET STREET AND ST. PAUL'S, LONDON.

to Kirkstall Abbey, and the identification by Mary of the hat, brought to the gallows the artist desperado. So, under one ancient, crumbling, transcendent doorway, meet devotion and crime, sin and virtue, the heavenly and the diabolical.

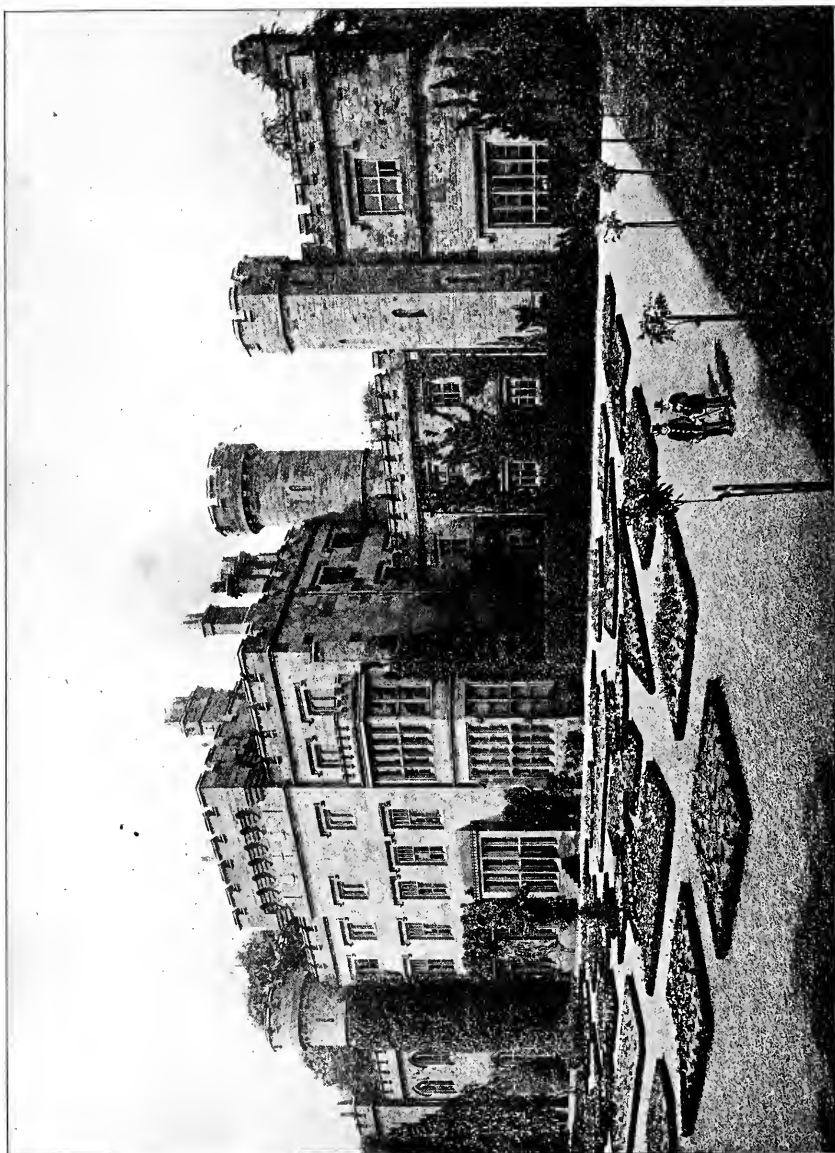
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WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE.

"Pray come to Hawarden to-morrow.

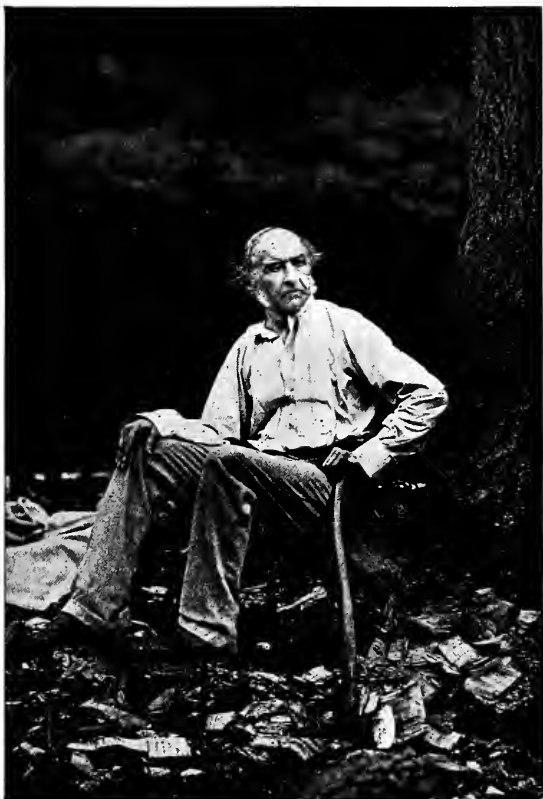
GLADSTONE."

That was the telegram handed me in the Grand Hotel, London. I was on my way home to America. Two or three days before taking steamer for New York, the above delightful invitation came from Mr. Gladstone. I had seen him a few years before in church at the baptism of his grandchild, but had no communication with him,



HAWARDEN CASTLE, NEAR FLINTSHIRE, NORTH WALES, RESIDENCE OF HON. WM. E. GLADSTONE.

although our eyes had met, and in the crowded church I moved over to where I thought I would meet him, and my wife said that he moved over to where I had stood and looked around for me, for we all saw he wondered who I was, as he intimated when I saw him, two or three years afterward. Now, Hawarden, or Harden, as they pronounce it in England, is five or six miles from Chester, and so I took it on my way from London to the steamer. I was met by a servant at the door of Mr. Gladstone's castle and admitted into a room, where I waited not more than five minutes, when Mr. Gladstone entered with lithe and elastic step and a cordiality of manner that evidenced itself in both hands put out in welcoming grasp. He immediately spoke of the wide publication of my sermons in Great Britain and other lands, and asked me more questions about them than I could easily answer. He soon proposed a walk through his estate, and, calling his dog to follow, we started not so much for a walk as a run. He is the only man I ever walked with that walked fast enough. We ran up and down the hills of his splendid park while he showed me here and there the smooth stumps of the trees he had cut down, and pointed out one where an English lord visiting him had cut down a tree, but the exertion was too much for him, and he died of heart disease. Mr. Gladstone remarked, "No man who has heart disease ought to use the axe. Now that stump is the place where my friend used the axe and died." While talking



GLADSTONE IN HAWARDEN WOOD.

of trees he told with great glee of a fabulous story concerning a tree in California, how two men were cutting on the opposite sides of it for many days, each one not knowing that any one else was in the forest, until, their work nearly done, they met at the heart of the tree. Kindred to that, he said, was the story of the fish in one of our American lakes so large that when a fish was taken out of the water the lake was perceptibly lowered. Ever and anon Mr. Gladstone would

call his dog by name, and, picking up a stick, would spit upon it and hurl it far away, and as the dog would run and fetch it, Mr. Gladstone would say, "Look at that dog's eye. Is he not a fine fellow?" But for the most of the time Mr. Gladstone was engaged in remarks on important political or religious topics. In the velocity and variety of his questions I never heard his like. He has great interest in trees, some of them four and five hundred years old, and he would stop here and there to give me the lineage, the history, and characteristics of a tree. Here and there were old and decrepit trees bandaged, their arms in splints. "Look at that sycamore," said he. "Did you find in the Holy Land a sycamore more thrifty than that?" He said, "Because I wield the axe I am sometimes represented as destroying trees; I only destroy the bad to help the good."

He spoke with evident pleasure of the fact that he had at different times thrown open his park to the people, and continued, "They never abused the opportunity."

He asked with a good deal of emphasis, "Is there not danger in America from the increase of divorce. I hear that in your South Carolina there is no divorce at all. That, I believe, is the right idea. Remarriage ought to be forbidden for divorced persons. If there were no possibility of remarriage there would be no divorce."

While on positively religious subjects he said, "I read something in Augustine when I was a boy which struck me with great force, and I still feel its force, namely, the assertion 'When the human race rebelled against God the lower nature of man as a consequence rebelled against the higher nature.' " I asked him if the passage of the years confirmed or weakened his faith in Christianity. At the putting of this question, although we were going at great speed, he halted on the hillside and looking me in the eyes with earnestness and solemnity that made me quake as he replied, "Dr. Talmage, my only hope for the world is in the bringing of the human mind into contact with the divine revelation. Nearly all the men at the top in our country are believers in the Christian religion. The four leading physicians of England are devout Christian men." Then he called their names and among them the name of his own family physician. He went on to say, "I have been forty-seven years in the Cabinet of my country, and during those times I have been associated with sixty of the chief intellects of the century, and I can think of but five of the sixty who were not professors of the Christian religion, and those five were all respecters of it. Talk about the questions of the day! There is only one question, and that is how to apply the Gospel to all circumstances and conditions. It can and will correct all that is wrong. I am, after a long and busy life, more than ever confirmed in my faith in Christianity."

"Have you any of the terrible agnosticism in America? I am glad that none of my children are afflicted with it."

So the conversation went on. Before reaching the castle Mr. Gladstone made a remark which led me to ask him if he did not think that sometimes people had a poor religion or no religion at all in their heads and yet had a good religion in their hearts, and he replied: "I have no doubt of it, and I can give you an illustration. Lord Napier was buried yesterday at St. Paul's Cathedral." I said, "Yes, I was present at the obsequies." "Well," said Mr. Gladstone, "after the war in Africa was over Lord Napier was here for a few days at the invitation of Mrs. Gladstone and myself and we were walking in this very place where we are now walking and Lord Napier gave me this remarkable incident. He said: 'When we were about to leave Africa we had a soldier with a broken leg and we did not know what to do with him. He was too sick to take along with us, and we did not like to leave





RIGHT HON. WM. E. GLADSTONE.

him among barbarians. So I said: "Fetch him along anyhow; better have him die on the way than leave him among these savages." We took him part of the way, but the poor man was so very ill we could not take him any further. So I went to a woman, who, though a barbarian, was distinguished for her kindness, and I said to her: "We have with us a soldier with a broken leg and we must leave him, and will you take care of him," and I offered her ten times as much money as you would have supposed, hoping by excess of pay to secure for him great kindness. And what do you suppose she said to me? She said: "No! I will not take care of this sick soldier for the money you offer me. I have no need of the money. My father and mother have a comfortable tent, and I have a good tent, and why should I take the money. I will not take care of the soldier for the money, but if you will leave him here I will take care of him *for the sake of the love of God.*" "Mr. Gladstone said to me: "Do you not think that was religion?" I said: "Yes! that is good enough religion for me."

Speaking of his new crusade for home rule, he said: "It seems the dispensation of God that I should be in this battle. It is not to my taste. I never had any option in the matter. I dislike contest, but I could not decline this controversy without disgrace. When Ireland showed herself ready to adopt a righteous constitution, and do her full duty, I hesitated not an hour." When I rallied him on his speech two nights before at Chester, when he said the increase of the American Navy might make imperative the increase of the British Navy, he said: "Oh, Americans like to hear the plain truth. The fact is that the tie between these two nations will become closer and closer."

When I protested that on that cold day he had not wrapped himself in thicker apparel, he having nothing on him more than would be proper for a warm room, except a thin cape reaching to the elbows, he replied, "I need nothing more on me. I must keep my legs free."

By this time we had reached the back door of his castle, and we entered, and he called his servant to bring me tea and a bountiful supply for an appetite sharpened by that which had been not so much a walk as a run through Harwarden. After refreshment he took me into his library containing such wealth of books as few individuals have ever known, and arranged by a method invented by himself. He showed me literary works which were presented him by Americans, and a portfolio of pictures presented by an American. He said, "Outside of America there is no one who is bound to love it more than I do. You see I cannot move outside of the evidences of her kindness." He then gave me some books and pamphlets by himself, and his translation of "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," into the Greek language. Mrs. Gladstone had been obliged to leave the house for some engagement before our return, but she left her regards and through her servant asked me to leave my autograph. Mr. Gladstone rummaged the rooms for a photograph of her, and, not finding it, took me to a room containing a beautiful piece of sculpture representing Mrs. Gladstone at about twenty-two years of age. He said, "She is only two years younger than I, but in complete health and vigor."

The time for my departure arrived. I must the next day take steamer for America. When I expressed to Mr. Gladstone the wish that he might come to America and told him the reception he would receive from all classes, he said, "I am too old now." To my remark, "You have often crossed the English Channel, and that is worse than the Atlantic," he replied, "Oh, I am not afraid of the ocean." He followed me to the

door bareheaded, his white hair flowing in the wind, I opposing his coming lest he take cold. Standing there on the doorstep he said, in substance, "Tell your country of my high appreciation of your great nation, and that I am wishing for it every increasing prosperity, and that I watch every turn in its history with a heart of warmest admiration;" his expressions of kindness not closing until we were compelled to say "Good-bye."

So we parted. Whatever may be the difference of opinion with regard to Mr. Gladstone's politics, all the world must admit him to be not only one of the most wonderful men of this century, but of all time.

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JOHN RUSKIN.

The sentence contains more happiness than I can easily make people understand when I say that I saw John Ruskin. I wanted to see him more than any other man, crowned or uncrowned. He has done more for elevated literature than any man of the century. When I was in England at other times Mr. Ruskin was always absent or sick, but this time I found him. I was visiting the Lake districts of England, the enchanted ground trodden by Wordsworth and Walter Scott and Coleridge and Mrs. Hemans.

I visited the house where Christopher North (Professor Wilson) spent his summers. I went into the room where De Quincy ate opium and wrote for all the world. I talked with people who remembered Wordsworth and saw Christopher North row across Windemere and take herculean exercise among the hills. But one afternoon I took a ride that will be forever memorable. I said, "Drive out to Mr. Ruskin's place," which was some eight miles away. The landlord from whom I got the conveyance said, "You will not be able to see Mr. Ruskin. No one sees him or has seen him for years." Well, I have a way of keeping on when I start. After an hour and a half of a delightful ride, we entered the gates of Mr. Ruskin's home. The door of the vine-covered, picturesque house was open and I stood in the hallway. Handing my card to a servant I said I wished to see Mr. Ruskin. The reply was, "Mr. Ruskin is not in, and he never sees any one." Disappointed, I turned back, took the carriage and went down the road. I said to the driver, "Do you know Mr. Ruskin when you see him?" "Yes,"



JOHN RUSKIN, AS I SAW HIM.

said he, "but I have not seen him for years." We rode on a few moments when the driver cried out to me, "There he comes now." In a minute we had arrived to where Mr. Ruskin was walking toward us. I alighted and he greeted me with a quiet manner and a genial smile. He looked like a great man worn out. Beard full and tangled. Soft hat drawn down over his forehead. Signs of physical weakness with determination not to show it. His valet walked beside him ready to help or direct his steps. He deprecated any remarks appreciatory of his wondrous services. He had the appearance of one whose work is completely done and is waiting for the time to start homeward. He is in appearance more like myself than any person I ever saw, and if I should live to his age the likeness will be complete. I could easily understand how the first time I saw Dr. John Brown, the Edinboro assaist, he greeted me with the exclamation, "There comes my friend John Ruskin."

Recent reports of Mr. Ruskin's physical decadence have probably been written by people who have not seen him, and have guessed the worst. But I do not think he will ever write another paragraph, or receive another call, until there comes to him the call of world-transference. He is not so old by ten years as some eminent Englishmen who are still in active life, their tongue and pen as powerful in the eighties as in the forties. Yet he has written a whole library and endured his full share of misrepresentation. But he is through, magnificently through. He will continue to saunter along the English lanes very slowly, his valet by his side, for a year or two and then will fold his hands for the last sleep. Then the whole world will wake up to speak words of gratitude and praise which it denied him all through the years in which he was laboriously writing "Modern Painters," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "The Stones of Venice," and "The Ethics of the Dust." We cannot imagine what the world's literature would have been if Thomas Carlyle and John Ruskin had never entered it. The day or night a man intelligently meets Mr. Ruskin's works starts a new era in his history. The selections from his writings which I picked up in Wynkoop's store, Syracuse, N. Y., in the early years of my ministry I shall never forget. I read that book under the trees, the best place to read it. He was the first competent interpreter of the language of leaves, of clouds, of rivers, of lakes, of seas. He did for the hitherto untranslated hieroglyphics of the natural world what Champollion did for Egyptian hieroglyphics. Blessed the day when I read the first chapter of John Ruskin's books! Blessed the beautiful day when he took my hand and put upon me his benediction!

## CHAPTER XLVI.

### SCOTLAND.

**S** EVEN o'clock in the morning, at a window looking out upon the River Tay, which is the Rhine of Scotland. When the Romans, many centuries ago, first caught sight of it they exclaimed: "*Ecce Tiber!*" Within sight of scenery which Walter Scott made immortal in his "*Fair Maid of Perth.*" The heather running up the hills to join the morning cloud of the same color, so that you can hardly tell which is heather, and which is cloud, beauty terrestrial and celestial, intertwined, interlocked, interspun, intermarried. The incense of a gentleman's garden burning toward heaven in the fires of the fresh risen sun. Ivy on the old walls; rockeries dashed with waterfall, and fringed with ferns; hawthorn hedges which halt the eye only long enough to admire before it leaps over. At the end of each path a stately yew, trimmed up to the point like a spear, standing sentinel. The kennels under the wall yawning with terriers and fox-hounds.

"Two dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,  
Unmatched for courage, breath and speed."

The glades, the farmsteads, the copses, the soft plush of the grass, which has reveled in two months of uninterrupted moisture. Seated in an arm-chair that an ancient king might in vain have wished for, writing on a table that fairly writhes with serpents and dragons and gorgons done in mahogany. What a time and place to take pen and paper for communication with my American readers!

Before I forget it I must tell you how I baptized a Scotch baby down in the centre of England. It was about ten o'clock at night, at the close of a service, and in the private parlor of a hotel, that a rap was heard at the door. Word came in that a young man was there desiring me to officiate at a baptism. We thought that there must be some mistake about it, and so delayed making our appearance.

About five minutes before the starting of the rail train we came to the door of the private parlor and confronted a young man in a high state of excitement. He said that he had come all the way from Scotland to have us baptize his child. We told him the thing was impossible for the train would go in five minutes. But this only made the man more intense. So we said, "Where is the baby? We have no time to wait." The young man rushed down stairs, and returned with the mother and child. As she unrolled the boy from her plaid there came to sight the prophecy of a genuine Roderick Dhu. We wanted an hour to baptize a boy like that.

Scotch all over! What cheek bones and what a fist. Give him plenty of porridge and the air of Lòch Vennachar, and what a man he will make—Chief of Clan Alpine! I asked the mother what she was going to call him, and she said "Douglass!" What a name! Suggestive of victory, defeat, warrior blades, and gates of Stirling Castle!

"Ere Douglasses to ruin driven  
Were exiled from their native Heaven!"

But it was no time to indulge in Scottish reminiscences. If that infant Highlander was to be baptized by us it must be within the next sixty seconds. We had the father and

the mother, and the baby and the minister, but no water! We hastily scanned all the vases and cups in the room. There was no liquid in all the place save the cocoa left over from our evening repast. That would not do. We have known people so stupid and dull and bilious all their lives you might imagine they had been baptized in cocoa. But we would have no part in such a ceremony.

"Get some water in a second!" we demanded. From the next room the anxious father



HOUSE OF JOHN KNOX, EDINBURGH.

returned in a moment, bringing a glass of it, clear, bright water, fit to christen a Douglass, opaline as though just dipped by Rob Roy from Loch Katrine. "Douglass!" we called him as the water flashed upon the lad's forehead quick and bright as the gleam of Fitz-James' blade at Inverlochy. We had no time for making out a formal certificate, but only the words, "Baptism, July 21st," the name of Douglass, and our own. As we darted for the

cars, the young man submerged us with thanks, and put in our hands as a baptismal gift, the "Life of Robert McCheyne," the glorious Scotchman who preached himself to death at thirty years of age, but whose brave and godly words are still resounding clear as a pibroch among the Scotch hills.

As we had but little time to pray at the baptism, we now ejaculate the wish that the subject unrolled that night from the smiling Scotch mother's plaid may have the courage of a John Knox, the romance of a Walter Scott, the naturalness of the Ettrick Shepherd, the self-sacrifice of a Hugh McKail, the physical strength of a Christopher North, and the goodness of a Robert McCheyne. In other words, may he be the quintessence of all great Scotchmen.

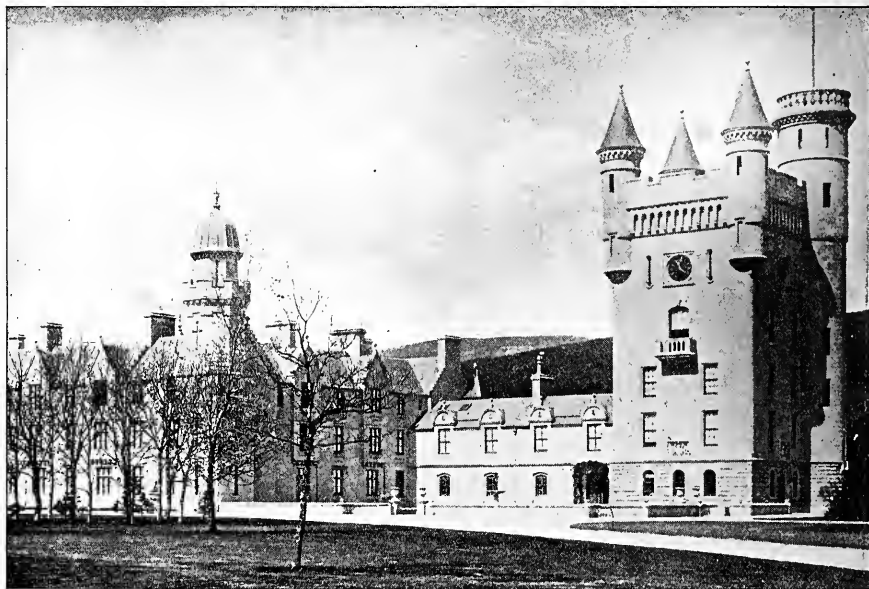
There is something about the Scotch character, whether I meet it in New York, or London, or Perth, that thrills me through and through. Perhaps it may be because I have such a strong tide of Scotch blood in my own arteries. Next to my own beloved country give me Scotland for residence and grave. The people are in such downright earnest. There is such a roar in their mirth, like a tempest in "The Trossacks." Take a Glasgow audience and a speaker must have his feet well planted on the platform or he will be overmastered by the sympathy of the populace. They are not ashamed to cry, with their



KNOX CHURCH, WHERE I PREACHED.

broad palms wiping away the tears, and they make no attempt at suppression of glee. They do not simper, or snicker, or chuckle. Throw a joke into a Scotchman's ear and it rolls down to the centre of his diaphragm and then spreads out both ways, toward foot and brow, until the emotion becomes volcanic, and from the longest hair on the crown of the head to the tip end of the nail on the big toe there is paroxysm of cachiunnation.

No half and half about the Scotch character. What he hates, he hates; what he likes, he likes. And he lets you know it right away. He goes in for Lord Salisbury or William E. Gladstone, and is altogether Liberal or Tory. His politics decided, his religion decided; get him right, and he is magnificently right; get him wrong, and he is awfully wrong. A Scotchman seldom changes. By the time he has fairly landed on his feet in this world he has made up his mind, and he keeps it made up. If he dislikes a fiddle in church, you cannot smuggle it in under the name of a bass viol. We like persistence. Life is so short that a man cannot afford very often to change his mind. If the Israelites in the wilderness had had a few Scotch leaders, instead of wandering about for forty years, they would, in three weeks, have got to the promised land, or somewhere else just as decided.



BALMORAL CASTLE, SCOTTISH RESIDENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA, FORTY-FOUR MILES FROM ABERDEEN.

But national characteristics are gradually giving way. The Tweed is drying up. The Atlantic Ocean under steam pressure is becoming a Fulton Ferry. When I asked John Bright if he was ever coming to America, he said: "No; America comes to me!" Besides that, American breadstuffs and American meat must have its effect on European character. All careful observers know that what men eat mightily affects their character. The missionary among the Indians, compelled to live on animal food, gets some of the nature of the aborigines, whether he will or not. The steamers coming to Glasgow bring great cargoes of American meat to Scotland. The meat of animals butchered in America is kept on steamers in a cool draught especially arranged for that purpose, and the meat market of Scotland is being revolutionized. The Scotchman eating American beef and American mutton and American venison becomes partially American.



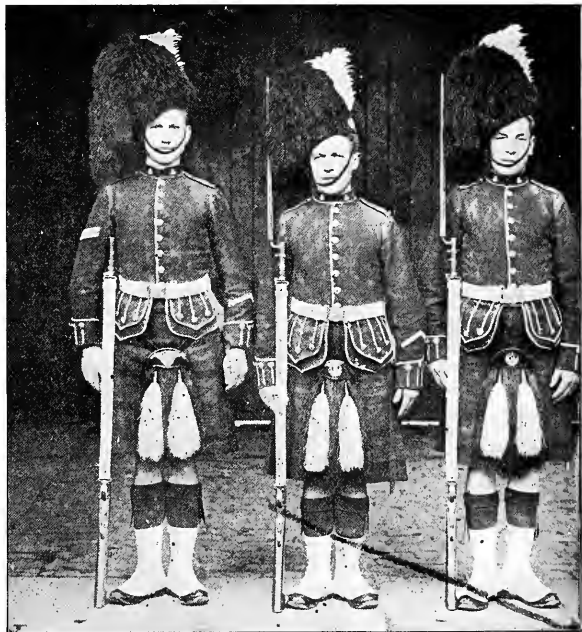
Englishmen on platforms and in the newspapers deplore the coming in of so much American breadstuffs. Because of the failure of English crops for two or three years this is becoming more and more so. The Englishman eating American wheat and American rye and American corn must become in part Americanized. And here is an element of safety which political economists would do dwell to recognize. The cereals and the meats of one nation becoming the food of other nations, it prophesies assimilation and brotherhood. It will be very difficult for American beef to fight American beef, and American mutton to fight American mutton, and American corn to fight American corn, and though it may be found on the opposite side of the Atlantic. The world is gradually sitting down at one table, and the bread will be made of Michigan wheat, and it will be cut with Sheffield knives. The rice will be brought from Carolina swamps, and cooked with Newcastle coal, and set on the table in Burslem pottery, while the air comes through the window upholstered with Nottingham lace. And Italy will provide the raisins, and Brazil the nuts, and all nations add their part to the universal festivity. What a time of accord when all the world breakfasts and dines and sups together.

What is that neighing of horses, and bleating of sheep, and barking of dogs now coming to my ears? It is the Highland Show. The best animals of Scotland are in convention a little distance away. Earls and marquises yesterday judged between them. Better keep your American cattle, horses, and sheep, and

dogs at home, unless you want them cast into the shade. What a spectacle! I suppose these are the kind of cattle and horses that made up the chief stock in Paradise before they had been abused of the wicked centuries.

Examine those which have won distinction and a ribbon. Rear Admiral, Knickerbocker, Prince Alfred and Harold, from Berwick-on-Tweed, among the shorthorns. Liddesdale and Lord Walter among the Galloways; The Monarch among the polled Angus cattle; Morning Star, King Carthus and Scottish Chief among the Ayrshires. This is the poetry of beef; the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," the "Paradise Regained" of cattledom.

Pass on to the horses, and see Couqueror, and Luck's All, and Star of the West.



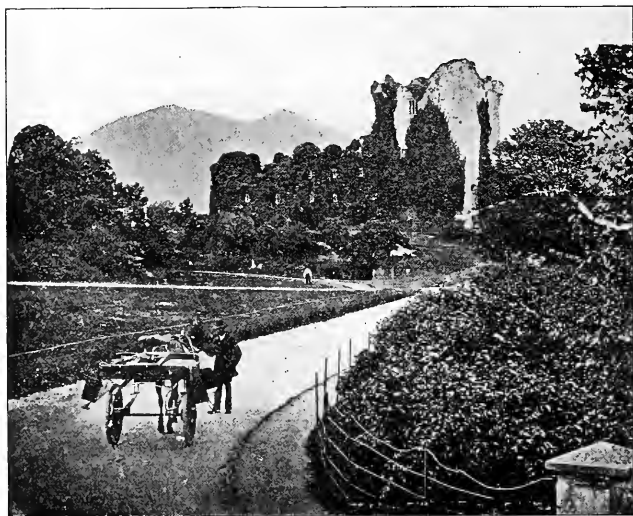
THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

St. John saw in vision white horses, and bay horses, and black horses, and one might think that some of these in the Highland Show had broken out of the pasture-fields of heaven. One of these might well have stood for Job's photograph, "his neck clothed with thunder." What hunters and roadsters.

Pass on to the sheep and see the wonderful specimens of Cheviots and Dinmonts, some of them so covered with wealthy fleece they can hardly see out, nature having "pulled the wool over their eyes."

Pass on and stir up these fowls, and hear them crow and cackle and cluck. Turkey gobblers, with unbounded resources of strut, and ducks, of unlimited quack, and bantams, full of small fight, and Cochins-Chinas, and Brahmapootras, and Hamburgs, and Dorkings, suggesting the grand possibilities of the world's farmyard.

And dogs! I cannot stop to describe the bewitching beauty of the English and Gordon



ROSS CASTLE, NEAR BALSARROCH, SCOTLAND, AND IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

setters, and Dalmatians and retrievers, and pointers, and Scotch terriers, Skye and rat, and that beautiful joke of a dog—the English pug—which I can never see without bursting into laughter, and the collies, now becoming the fashionable dogs of Europe, their heads patted by lords and ladies. How I would like to bring to America a whole kennel of them. St. John, in Revelations, put the dogs on the outside of the gate of heaven, saying: "Without are dogs!" If he could have seen these

of the Highland Show he would have invited them in. I think they might at least lie down under the king's table.

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We have sailed on the Rhine, the Thames, the Hudson, the St. John, but cut out of all the other days of our life for entrancement is this day when on the steamer *Star o' Gowrie*, we sail the Tay. Somewhat may depend on our especial mood. We went on board the Scotch river at Dundee. We had passed the night and previous day in one of those castles of beauty, a Scotch gentleman's home, a place that led us to ask the owner, as we stood in the doorway:

"Do you suppose heaven will be much brighter than this?"

He said, "Yes! for there will be no sorrow there."

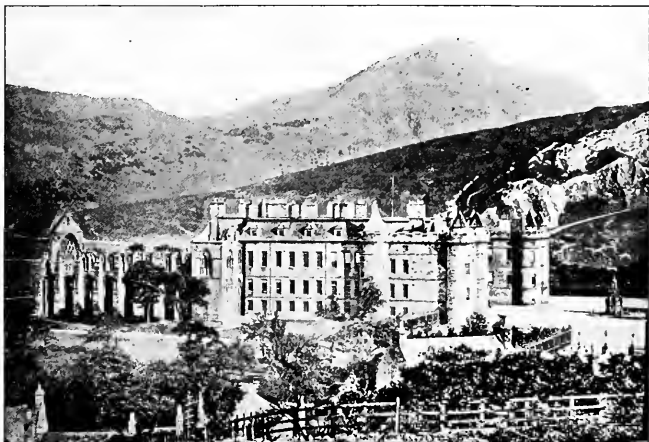
Then we thought can it be possible that sorrow ever looked out of these windows commanding such landscape, or ever set foot amid these royal flower-beds, or rode up this kingly carriage way? We had visited the church of Robert Murray McCheyne, stood in his pulpit, hoping to get some of his inspiration, halted by his grave, and thought how from that comparatively small church (there are twenty larger churches in New York and Brooklyn) there has gone out a celestial spell upon all Christendom. I said to some of those who knew him well:

"Was he really as good as the books say he was?"

The unanimous answer was, "Yes, yes." His was goodness set to music, and twined into rhythm.

The goodness of some people is rough and spiked, and we wish they were less good and more genial. But McCheyne grew pleasant in proportion as he grew holy. And there are his old church and his unpretentious grave a charm for the centuries.

We had also passed under the gate where Wishart stood and preached to the people outside the wall during the plague, and from the text, "He sent his word and healed them;" an assassin with dagger drawn waiting to stab him when he came down, the murderous intention defeated by Wishart's putting



HOLYROOD CASTLE, SCOTLAND.

his hand on his shoulder affectionately; and when the excited populace rushed on to destroy the assassin, were hindered by Wishart's defence of the desperado, as the clergyman said, "He who slays this man will first have to slay me." We have been at the table with and heard the post-prandial talk of Dundee's clergymen, bankers, and literati. We have been in the parlors with the beautiful women of Scotland—the high color of the cheek, the purity of their complexion, the elegance of their manners, the brilliancy of their repartee, and the religious fervor of their conversation making up an attractiveness peculiar to their nationality. There are no brighter homes on earth than in Scotland.

In the mood which all these scenes had induced we stepped on board the *Star o' Gowrie* for a sail on the Tay. Whether we did not pay it sufficient deference by tipping our hat to it as we started, or what was the reason, we will not guess: but the wind lifted our hat for us, and away it went into the Tay, never to be recovered, and would have left us in an awkward plight, for people only laugh at a man who has lost his hat, but we happened to have a surplus, and so were immediately refitted.

We passed under the Tay Bridge, the longest bridge across a tidal river in the world; but the whole heaven that day was an arch bridge, buttressed with broken storm cloud, mighty enough to let all the armies of Heaven cross over, and indeed it seemed as if they were crossing—plumes of cloud, and wheels of cloud, and horses of cloud, troop after troop, battalion after battalion.

There are some days when the heavens seem to turn out on parade. But there is no danger that this suspension-bridge from horizon to horizon will break, for if here and there a crystal should shiver under celestial foot, the cavalcades are winged, and the fracture of sapphire would be repaired by one stroke of the trowel of sunshine.

The banks of the Tay seem clad with a supernatural richness. The verdure and



ROBERT BURNS' COTTAGE, NEAR AYR, SCOTLAND.

foliage seem to have dripped off heights celestial. The hills on either side run down to pay obeisance to the queenly river, and then run up to the sky to report they have done so. Abbeys and castles stand on either shore, telling of the devotions and the courage of dead centuries. If you had time to stop and mount one of the casements of Elcho Castle, that old ruin on the south bank of the Tay, and should call the roll of the heroes departed, Bruce and Wallace, and Thomas de Longueville, calling loud enough, you might in the echoes hear the neighing of the war chargers, the clash of claymores, and the battle cry of Clan Chattan responded to by Clan Inhele, and all the other clans,

Bold and true  
In bonnet blue."

On this side the Tay is the ruin of Lindore's Abbey, with its great stone coffins, about the contents of which generations have been surmising, and about which Dean Stanley remarked one day to a friend—that, considering the size of the coffins, the people occupying them must have been *broad* churchmen.

And yonder is the ruin of Balnabreich Castle. A few straggling stones only tell the



DOUNE CASTLE AND GALLOWS TREE.

Doune Castle, Scotland, is the most majestic feudal remains in Great Britain, 500 years old.

place which once was the retreat of the mighty. Near by it the battlefield of Black Ironside, and the stream where Wallace and his thirsty men found refreshment.

“Drank first himself, and said in sober mood,  
The wine of France I ne’er thought half so good.”

But say some: “We have no interest in these old castles and abbeys.” That displays your own ignorance. We notice that people who have no interest in such places are unacquainted with history, and no wonder to them Kenilworth Castle is of less interest than a fallen down smoke-house. Alas for those who feel no thrill amid these scenes of

decayed architecture! Such ruins are the places where the past ages come and sit beside us, show us their leathern doublet, bend their keen-tempered blade, sing us the old songs, and halting the centuries in their solemn march, bid them turn round and for a little while march the other way.

We are apt to think, while looking upon these old ruins of barbaric times, how much the world has advanced. Yes, but not in all things for the better. Is our century which drops a bombshell able to kill twenty men any better than the century with falchion that killed one man? Are Waterloo and Sedan with their tens of thousands of slain better than the North Inch at Perth, near which we are now landing in this Scotch afternoon, the North Inch where thirty men of one clan and thirty men of another clan, picked from their nation as champions, fought until all were slain, or wounded, or dishonored, or drowned in the Tay?



MELROSE ABBEY, SCOTLAND, FOUNDED BY DAVID I., A. D. 1136.

Is murder on an immense scale better than murder on a small scale? Was Napoleon despoiling nations so much better than Robin Hood despoiling a wayfarer? Is Sin Broddignagian more admirable than Sin Lillipntian? Is Springfield Armory better in God's sight than Balnabreich Castle? But before we get the questions answered our steamer touches the wharf, and we disembark with a farewell to the beautiful Tay, which seems to answer, as we part:

"Men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever,  
I go on forever,  
I go on forever."

\* \* \*

We Republicans and Democrats in America have been brought up on the theory that the aristocracy of England and Scotland live a fictitious and stilted life in aim, and

meaningless. My own ideas on the subject have been reconstructed by that which I have seen. There are in the world three kinds of aristocracy—the aristocracy of wealth, the aristocracy of birth, the aristocracy of goodness. The last will yet come to the ascendancy, and men will be judged, not according to the number of dollars they have gathered, nor the fame of their ancestors. But if we must choose between the aristocracy of wealth and the aristocracy of birth, we choose the latter. We find that those who have been born to high position wear their honors with more ease and less ostentation than those who come suddenly upon distinguished place.

The man with a stable of fifty horses and a kennel of fifty hounds may be as humble as the man who goes afoot and has no dog to follow him. So far as we have seen the homes and habits of the aristocracy of England, we find them plain in their manners, highly cultured as to their minds, and many of them intensely Christian in their feelings.

There is more strut and pretension of manner in many an American constable, or alderman, or legislator, than you will find in the halls and castles of the lords and earls of England. One great reason for this is that a man born to great position in Great Britain is not afraid of losing it. He got it from his father, and his father from his grandfather, and after the present occupant is done with his estate, his child will get it and then his grandchild and so on perpetually. It is the man who has had distinguished place only two or three years and may lose it to-morrow, who is especially anxious to impress you with his exaltation. His reign is so short he wants to make the most of it.

Even the men who come up from the masses in England to political power are more like to keep it than in America, for the member of the House of Commons may represent any part of England that desires to compliment his services instead of being compelled to contest with twenty small men in his own district, as in America. It made no difference to John Bright whether Birmingham wanted to send him to Parliament or not. There were plenty of counties that did want to send him. Some of the most unpretentious men of England are the most highly honored. Gladstone is not afraid of losing his honors while with coat off he swings his axe against the forest trees at Hawarden, near Chester.

In a picnic of working people assembled on his lawn one summer day, Mr. Gladstone, while making a little speech, said :

"We are very proud of our trees and are therefore getting anxious as the beech has already shown symptoms of decay. We set great store by our trees."

"Why, then," shouted one of his rough hearers, "do you cut them down as you do?"



THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

"We cut down that we may improve. We remove rottenness that we may restore health by letting in air and light. As a good Liberal you ought to understand that."

So Mr. Gladstone, though holding the strongest political pen in England, is easily accessible, and is not afraid of being contaminated by contact with inferiors.

A citizen of Rochdale, in reply to my question about Mr. Bright, said :

"We do not know *Mr.* Bright ! He is *John* Bright."

Indeed, from my delightful interview with that eloquent and magnetic Englishman I could understand this familiarity with his name. . His genial and transcendent nature looked at you through the blue eyes, and spoke from the fine head, white as the blossoms of the almond tree, and without any reserve putting himself into familiar conversation on all the great questions of the day, you easily saw how, while the masses shouted at his appearance on the platform, the Queen of England sent word that when he approached her he might, according to his Quaker habits and belief, keep his hat on.

This unostentation, seen among those who have done their own climbing, is true also of those who are at the top without climbing at all.

The Marquis of Townshend, who presided at our lecture at the Crystal Palace, has the simplicity of a child, and meeting him among other men you would not suspect either his wealth or his honors.

The Earl of Shaftesbury was like a good old grandfather from whom it requires no art to evoke either a tear or a laugh.

The family of Lord Cairns, the highest legal authority in England, was like any other Christian home which has high art and culture to adorn it.

Among the pleasantest and most unaffected of people are duchesses and "right honorable" ladies. The most completely gospelized man we met was the Earl of Kintore. Seated at his table he said : "Do not forget our journey next Sabbath night."

It was useless to tell us not to forget that which we had so ardently anticipated. At six o'clock his lordship called at the Westminster Palace Hotel, not with carriage, for we were going where it was best for us to go afoot. With his servant to carry his coat and Bible and psalm-book we sauntered forth. We were out to see some of the evening and midnight charities of London. First of all we went into the charity lodging-houses of London, the places where outcast men who would otherwise have to lodge on the banks of the Thames or under the arch bridges may come in and find gratuitous shelter. These men, as we went in, sat around in all stages of poverty and wretchedness. As soon as the earl entered they all knew him. With some he shook hands, which in some cases was a big undertaking. It is pleasant to shake hands with the clean, but a trial to shake hands with the untidy. Lord Kintore did not stop to see whether these men had attended to proper ablution. They were in sin and trouble, and needed help, and that was enough to invoke all his sympathies. He addressed them as "gentlemen" in a short religious address and promised them a treat "about Christmas," telling them how many pounds he would send ; and accommodating himself to their capacity, he said "it would be a regular blow out."

He told me that he had no faith in trying to do their souls good unless he sympathized practically with their physical necessities. His address was earnest, helpful and looked toward two worlds—this and the next. In midsummer a large fire was burning in the grate. Turning to those forlorn wretches, Lord Kintore said : "That is a splendid fire. I don't believe they have a better fire than that in Buckingham Palace."

From this charity lodging-house, which the inmates call the "House of Lords," we





VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON, FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE.

went to one of inferior quality, which the inmates call the "House of Commons." There were different grades of squalor, different degrees of rags, different stages of malodor.

From there we went to missions, and outdoor meetings, and benevolent rooms, where coffee and chocolate are crowding out ale and spirits. Ready with prayer and exhortation himself, his lordship expected everybody with him to be ready, and although he had promised to do the talking himself, he had a sudden and irresistible way of tumbling others into religious addresses; so that, at the close of this Sunday, which we had set apart for entire quiet, we found we had made five addresses.

But it was one of the most refreshing and instructive days of all our lives. As we parted that night on the streets of London, I felt I had been with one of the best men of the age.

What a grand thing, when the men at the top are willing for Christ's sake to stoop to

those at the bottom. May this sort of aristocracy become universal and perpetual!

While the Duke of Beaufort is shooting pheasants in the copse at Badminton, and is distinguished for South down sheep, and a cabinet set with gems that cost £50,000, and an estate of incalculable value, most men will have more admiration for such dukes and lords and noblemen as are celebrated for what they are doing for the betterment of the world's condition. Lord



WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON.

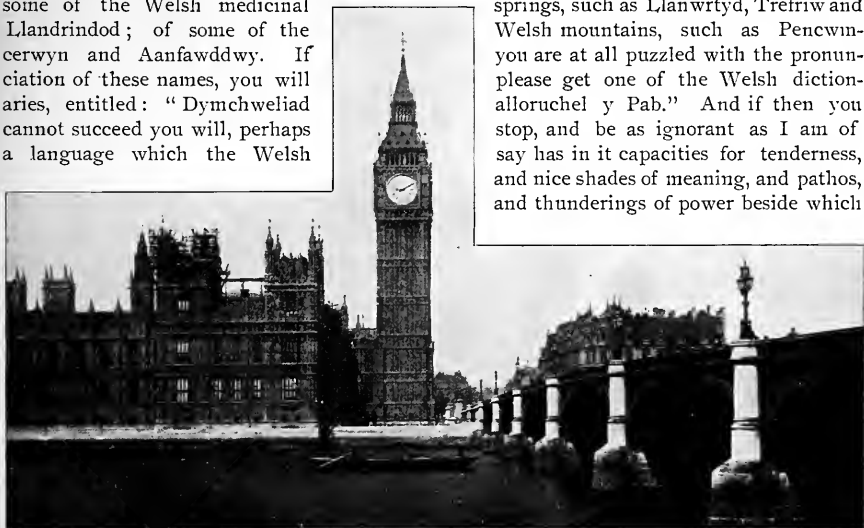
Congleton, missionary to Bagdad before he got his title, but afterward making himself felt as Oriental scholar and religious teacher; Lord Cavan, the stirring evangelist; Lord Radstock, not ashamed to carry the gospel to the Russian nobility, and Lord Kiutore who was always ready to take platform or pulpit, when there was anything good to be done, or walk through the haunts of destitution and crime, for temporal and spiritual rescue.

So in England there are whole generations on the right side. While for pretension and hereditary sham we wish a speedy overthrow, we pray God for the welfare and continuance of a self-sacrificing, intelligent, virtuous and Christian aristocracy.

We have been in the land of unpronounceable names, and for the first time in our life seen a Welsh audience. They are the most genial and hearty of all people. When they laugh they laugh, when they cry they cry, and when they cheer they cheer, and there is no half-way work about it.

Their language is said to be only second in sweetness and rhythm, but the English tongue seems to be crowding it out. The melody of the Welsh vernacular we must, however, take on faith. We give our readers an opportunity of practicing the music of the names of some of the Welsh valleys, such as Llangollen, Maentwrog and Ystwyth; of some of the Welsh medicinal Llandrindod; of some of the cerwyn and Aanfawddwy. If ciation of these names, you will aries, entitled: "Dymchweliad cannot succeed you will, perhaps a language which the Welsh

springs, such as Llanwrtyd, Trefriw and Welsh mountains, such as Pencwinyou are at all puzzled with the pronun-please get one of the Welsh diction-alloruchel y Pab." And if then you stop, and be as ignorant as I am of say has in it capacities for tenderness, and nice shades of meaning, and pathos, and thunderings of power beside which



WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AND CLOCK TOWER, LONDON.

our English is insipid. Within a comparatively few years the English Government has found Wales to be her most valuable treasure house. She has the largest coal fields in Europe, and in vertical thickness the strata surpass the world. Her iron, and lead, and copper, and zinc, and silver, and gold, must yet command the attention of all nations. Her minerals, unlike those of most countries, are within fifteen or twenty miles of the sea, and easily transported.

Considering the fact that the language is spoken by less than a million of people, the literature of the Welsh is incomparable for extent. The first book was published in 1531, and consisted of twenty-one leaves. Four years after, another book. Eleven years after, another book which they strangely called "The Bible," containing the alphabet, an almanac, the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and something about their national games.

An astounding "Bible" that was. Eighteen years after this another book appeared. The slow advancement was because the prominent men of the English nation wanted the Welsh language to die out, on the supposition that these people would be more loyal to

the throne if they all spoke the English language. But, afterward, the printing press of Wales got into full swing, and now books and periodicals by the hundreds of thousands of copies are printed and circulated in the Welsh language. But, excepting a few ballads of an immoral nature, corrupt literature dies as soon as it touches this region.

Many bad English novels that blight other countries cannot live a month in the pure atmosphere of these mountains. The fact is, that the Welsh are an intensely religious people, and one of their foremost men declares that in all their literature there is not one book atheistic or infidel.

The grandest pulpit eloquence of the centuries has sounded through these gorges. I asked an intelligent Welsh lady if there were any people living who remembered the great Welsh divine, Christian Evans. She replied: "Yes! I remember him—that is, I remember the excitement. I was a child in church, and sat in a pew, and could not see him for the crowd, but the scene made on me an indelible impression."

For consecrated fire the Welsh preachers are the most effective in the world. Taken all in all, there are no people in Europe that more favorably impress me than the Welsh. The nanby pamby traveler, afraid of getting his shoes tarnished, and who loves to shake hands with the tips of the fingers, and desires conversation in a whisper, would be disgusted with Wales. But they who have nothing of the fastidious in their temperaments, and who admire strength of voice, strength of arm, strength of purpose, and strength of character, will find among the Welsh illimitable entertainment.

On my way from Wales I met with one of the most exciting scenes I ever witnessed. We were in a rail train going at a terrific velocity. There are two or three locomotives in England celebrated for speed; one they call the Flying Dutchman, another they call the Yorkshire Devil. We were flying ahead at about sixty miles the hour. There were five of us, four gentlemen and a lady, in an English car, which is a different thing, as most people know, from an American car, the former holding comfortably only about eight persons, four of them may occupy one seat, facing four on the other seat. We halted at the "station," as they say in England, or at the "depot," as we say in America. A gentleman came to the door and stood a moment, as if not knowing whether to come in or stay out. The conductor compelling him to decide immediately, he got in. He was finely gloved, and every way well dressed.

Seated, he took out his knife and began the attempt of splitting a sheet of paper edge-wise, and at this sat intensely engaged for perhaps an hour. The suspicion of all in the car was aroused in regard to him, when suddenly he arose, and looked around at his fellow-passengers, and the fact was revealed by his eye and manner that he was a maniac. The lady in the car (she was traveling unaccompanied) became frenzied with fright, and rushed to the door as if about to jump out. Planting my foot against the door, I made this death-leap impossible. A look of horror was on all the faces, and the question with each was, "What will the madman do next?"

A madman unarmed is alarming, but a madman with an open knife is terrific. In the demoniac strength that comes to such a one he might make sad havoc in that flying rail train, or he might spring out of the door as once or twice he attempted. It was a question between retaining the foaming fury in our company, or letting him dash his life out on the rocks.

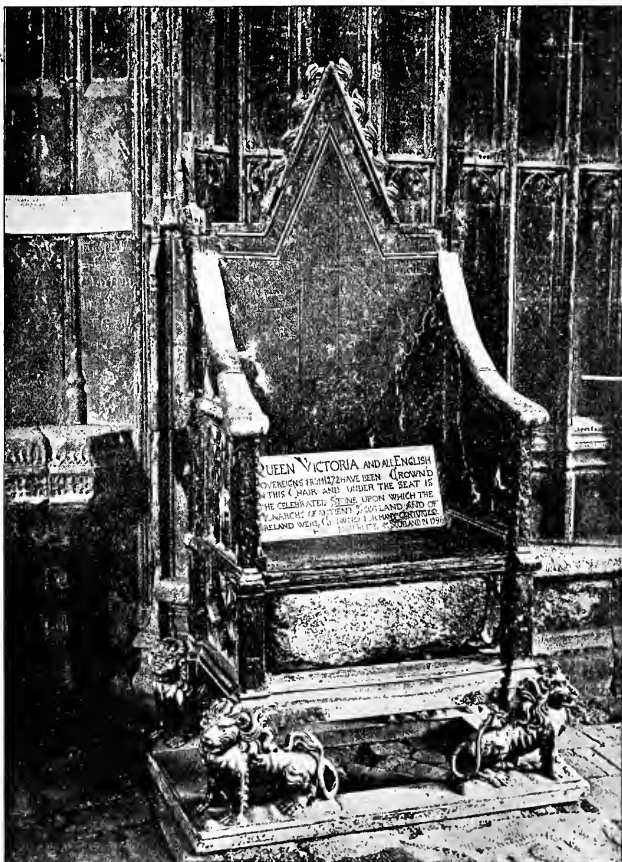
So it might be a question between his life and the life of one or more in the train. Our own safety said, "Let him go!" Our humanity said, "Keep him back from instant death!" and humanity triumphed. The bell-rope reaching to the locomotive in the English

rail trains is on the outside of the car, and near the roof, and difficult to reach. I gave it two or three stout pulls, but there was no slackening of speed. Another passenger repeated the attempt without getting any recognition. We might as well have tried to stop a whirlwind by pulling a boy's kite-string.

When an English engineer starts his train he stops for nothing short of a collision, and the bell-rope along the outside edges of the car is only to make passengers feel comfortable at the idea that they can stop the train if they want to, and as it is not once in a thousand times any one is willing to risk his arm and reach out of the window long enough to work the rope, the delusion is seldom broken. To rid ourselves of our ghostly associate seemed impossible.

Then there came a struggle as to who should have the supremacy of that car, right reason or dementia. The demoniac moved around the car as though it belonged to him, and all the rest of us were intruders. Then he dropped in convulsions across the lap of one of the passengers.

At this moment, when we thought the horror had climacterated, the tragedy was intensified. We plunged into the midnight darkness of one of those long tunnels for which English railway travel is celebrated. The minutes seemed hours. Can you imagine a worse position than to be fastened in a railway carriage eight feet by six, in a tunnel of complete darkness, with a maniac? May the occurrence never be repeated! We knew not what moment he might dash upon us or in what way.



THE CORONATION CHAIR, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

We waited for the light, and waited while the hair lifted upon the scalp, and the blood ran cold. When at last the light looked in through the windows, we found the afflicted man lying almost helpless. When the train halted he was carried out, and we changed carriages, for we did not want to be in the place where such a revolting scene had been enacted.

Thank God for healthful possession of the mental faculties. For that great blessing how little appreciation we have. From cradle to grave we move on under this light, not realizing how easy it would be to have it snuffed out.

God pity the insane. For all who have been wrecked on that barren coast, let our deepest sympathies be awakened. Nothing more powerfully stirred the heart of the "Man of sorrows" than the demoniac of Gadara, and what relief when the devil came out of him and the desperate patient, who had cut himself among the tombs, sat clothed and in his right mind.

Until that encounter in the rail train we were in doubt as to whether we preferred English or American railroading, as each has its advantages. But since then we cast our vote in favor of American travel. We cannot, excepting in two or three cases, equal the English in speed. Their tracks are more solidly built, and hence greater velocity is possible without peril. But the arrangements for "baggage" as we say, or "luggage" as they say, is far inferior. No getting of a trunk checked for five hundred or a thousand miles without again having to look at it. Nothing to show for your baggage, and only a label put on the lid announcing its destination; you are almost sure to lose it unless at every change of cars you go out and supervise the transportation. Beside that it is impossible to stop the train, however great the necessity. A prolonged scene like that which I have just now sketched in an American railway would have been an impossibility. What though occasionally a weak man may impose on the convenient bell-rope and stop the train without sufficient cause, there ought to be a certain and immediate way of halting a train in case of such a wild, appalling and tremendous exigency.

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It is well for every one crossing the ocean to know beforehand the difference between the use of certain words in England and America. The American says "depot," the Englishman says "station." The American says "ticket office," the Englishman says "booking office." The American says "baggage," the Englishman says "luggage." The American says "I guess," the Englishman says "I fancy." The American says "crackers," the Englishman says "biscuit." The American says "checkers," the Englishman says "draughts." The American says "yeast," the Englishman says "barm." The American calls the close of the meal "dessert," the Englishman calls it "sweets." The American says "sexton," the Englishman says "doorkeeper." The American uses the word "clever" to describe geniality and kindness, the Englishman uses the word "clever" to describe sharpness and talent. There are many more differences, but as education advances and intercommunication between England and America becomes still more frequent, there will be only one tongue, and all words will mean the same on this and the other side of the Atlantic.

I have at different times seen much of the English watering places. They are in full tide in September, that month in this respect corresponding with our August. Brighton is like Long Branch. Weymouth is like Cape May. Scarborough is like Saratoga. Isle of Wight is like heaven.

Brighton being within an hour and a half of London, the great masses pour out to its

beach, and take a dip in the sea. But Scarborough is the place where the high prices shut out those of slender purse. It combines more of natural and artificial beauty than any place I ever saw. It is built on terraces. Its gardens rise in galleries. Two great arms of land reach out into the sea, and hundreds of gay sailing craft float in. A castle seven hundred years old straggles its ruins out to the very precipice.

The air is tonic and the spectacle bewitching. Lords, and ladies, and gentry come here for a few weeks. The place is cool in summer, and warm in winter. In December the thermometer hovers about the fifties, and the people breakfast with open windows, while others are skating at London.

Of all the summer watering-places we have ever seen, in some respects Scarborough is the most brilliant, and is appropriately called the "Queen of English Resorts." But the prices



THE BEACH AT BRIGHTON.

are enormous and not many could meet them. Brighton is best known to American theologians as the scene of the late Frederick Robertson's ministry. We attended his little church, which would hold perhaps six or eight hundred people, but from whose pulpit he preached after death to thousands of clergymen in Europe and America, those strange, powerful, original and melancholy sermons. What a life of pain he lived, sleeping many of his nights on the floor with the back of his head on the bottom of a chair, because he could sleep no other way without torture, his wife a still worse torment.

Some of the English clergy have had wives celebrated in the wrong direction, but more of them have homes decorated and memorable with all conjugal affabilities. In the evening of the Sabbath, we worshiped in Robertson's church. We went into "the extra-mural cemetery" to see his grave. Though dead many years, his tomb bears all the mark of fresh affection. On all sides vines and flowers in highest culture. Two bronze medallions, one by his congregation, the other by the working people who almost idolized him. On the one medallion his church have inscribed, "Honored as a minister, beloved as a man,



TOWER OF LONDON FROM THE THAMES.

he awakened the holiest feelings in poor and rich, in ignorant and learned; therefore is he lamented as their guide and comforter, by many who, in the bond of brotherhood and in grateful remembrance have erected this monument." On the other medallion the working people, whose practical friend he proved himself to be, preferred the inscription, "To the Reverend F. Robertson, M. A. In grateful remembrance of his sympathy and in deep sorrow for their loss, the members of the Mechanics' Institution and the workingmen of Brighton have placed this medallion on their benefactor's tomb."

How independent of time and death an earnest man lives on. That is a poor life which breaks down at the cemetery. Many of these illustrious English preachers had insignificant looking churches. We went at Bristol to see Robert Hall's chapel. The present sexton remembered the great Baptist orator and preacher. The church in Robert Hall's day would not hold more than six hundred auditors, but there



he preached discourses that have rung round the world and will ring through the ages. The size of a man's shop is not of so much importance as the style of work he turns out. Ole Bull could play the "Hallelujah Chorus" on a corn-stalk fiddle. Blessed are all they who do their best, whether in sphere resounding or insignificance.

But the Isle of Wight, as already hinted, has a supernal beauty. If a poet, you will go there and see what was Tennyson's summer residence, and where he sauntered among the copses with his inevitable pipe as celebrated as the cigar of an American general. If you are an invalid, you will go there to bless your lungs with the soft atmosphere of its



LONDON BRIDGE.

valleys. If you are fond of royalty, you will either get into the Queen's castle at Osborne, or see her equipage on its daily "outing."

If you are a Christian, you will go to the village which Dean Richmond has made immortal. Stop at the inn called the Hare and Hounds, and visit the grave at the north-east of the church, reading on the tombstone:

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
ELIZABETH WALBRIDGE,

The Dairyman's Daughter,  
who died May 30, 1801,

Aged 31 Years.

She being dead, yet speaketh."

Or the tomb of the schoolmaster and church-clerk, whose epitaph I should think had been written by some lad who had felt the switch of the pedagogue, and took *post-mortem* vengeance :

" In yonder sacred pile his voice was wont to sound,  
And now his body rests beneath the hallowed ground.  
He taught the peasant boy to read and use the pen ;  
His earthly toils are o'er—he's cried his last *Amen !* "

Or, if you are fond of antiquities, you will go to Carisbrook Castle and see the room where Princess Elizabeth, her heart broken at the imprisonment and death of her father, Charles the First, was found dead with her head on the open Bible at the text—"Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Or, if fond of tragedy, you will stand on the bank at Sandown and look off upon the water where, a year or two ago, the Eurydice sank, with all on board, under a sudden squall. A gentleman described to me the scene and how the bodies looked as they were brought up the beach.

Oh, how wonderful for all styles of interest is this Isle of Wight—the bays, the yachts, the hills, the mansions, the arbors, the bridges, the seventy-two thousand souls augmented by the temporary population from the sweltering cities! Ventnor and Undercliff and Shanklinchine and Blackgarg!

The isle, twenty-three miles long by thirteen wide, is one great dream of beauty. What trees arch it! What streams silver it. What flowers emboss it! What memories haunt it!

" The sparkling streamlet, joyous, bright and free,  
Leaps through the rocky chine to kiss the sea,"

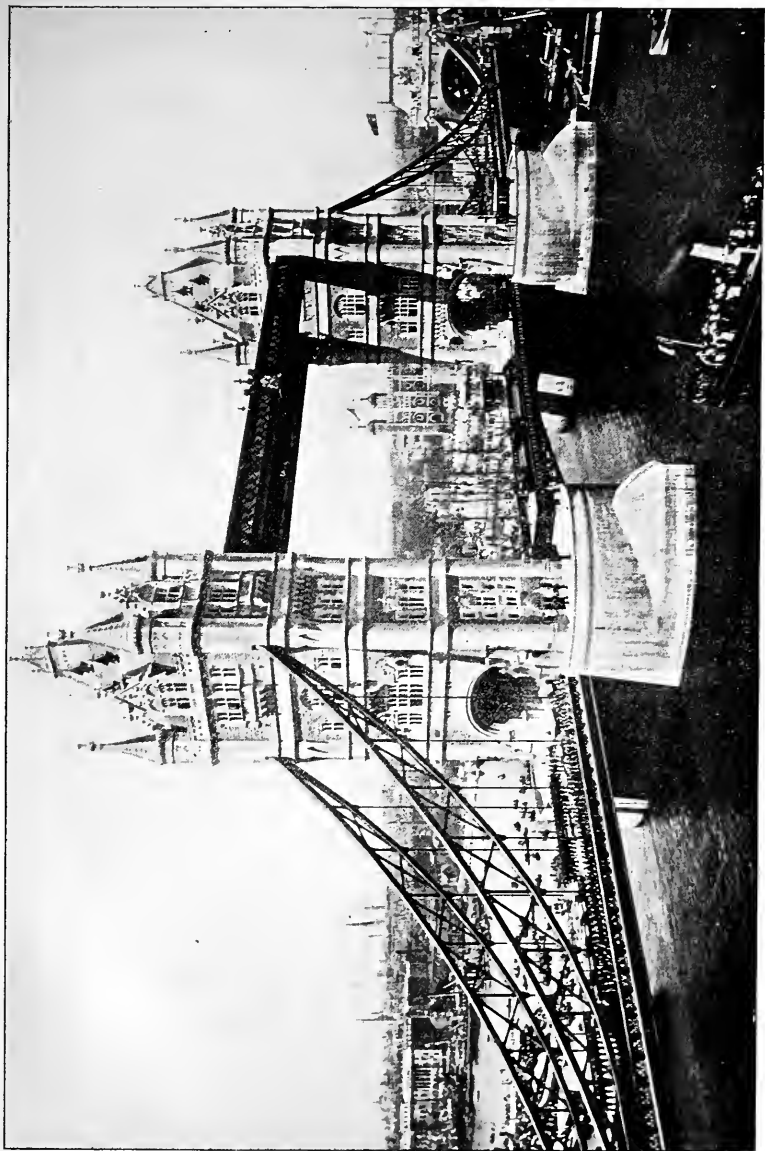
Memorable among my wanderings will be the day spent on the Isle of Wight. The long storm of weeks lifted that morning, and there were gardens above as well as gardens beneath, groined roof of cloud over tessellated pavements and field. Fleets sailing the sea; fleets sailing the sky. Boats racing in the bay, and regattas of cloud on the sky. The scene seemed let down out of heaven on two crimson pulleys of sunrise and sunset.

If you want to mingle with the jolly masses of England, let loose for a holiday, go to Brighton. If you want to see the latest fashion of the realm, and relieve the plethora of an apoplectic pocketbook, go to Scarborough. But if you want to dream of eternal woods, and eternal waters, and eternal sunshine, make your pillow somewhere on the blissful and enchanting Isle of Wight.

\* \* \*

Our hearts overflow with gratitude to God and the English people. I do not think any American ever had so good an opportunity of seeing this country as I have had. I have been from one end of it to the other, and seen its vast population by day and by night, at work and in assemblage.

Among other places I have been to Nottingham, the city of lace; Birmingham, the city of metals; Manchester, the city of cotton manufactory; Liverpool, the city of international communication; Edinburgh, the city of universities; Glasgow, the city of ship carpentry; Newcastle-on-Tyne, the city of coals; Sheffield, the city of sharp knives; Bristol, the city of West India produce; Luton, the city of straw hats; Northampton, the city of leather; Hull, the city of big hearts and large shipping; York, the city of cathedral grandeur; Hanley, the city of pottery; Perth, the city of Walter Scottish memories; Dundee, the city of Robert McCheyne; Paisley, the city of shawls; Aberdeen, the city of granite; Brighton,



TOWER BRIDGE, LONDON.

the city of summer play; Rochdale, the city of John Bright; Chester, the city of antiquities; London, the city of everything grand, glorious, indescribable—stupendous London! May she stand in peace and prosperity till the archangel's trumpet splits open the granite of Westminster Abbey, and lets up all her mighty dead from the kings of five centuries ago to Sir Rowland Hill, the author of penny postage.

But now I am going to show you something you have never dreamed of.

A grave is being opened in England that overtops all other things in stirring interest. Not the grave of a prince or king, but the grave of a whole city, the buried city of Uvicanium. Riding out from Shrewsbury or Wellington for five miles you see the soil getting black, and along on the banks of the Severn you find the site of an ancient city built by the Romans, a city seventeen hundred years old. For many centuries it has lain under ground save a fragment of wall. Fifteen hundred years ago England was covered with these Roman towns and cities. Being far from the seat of government at Rome, these distant people broke away from the home government and formed independent principalities, and these principalities finally became jealous and quarrelsome and destroyed each other.

So this city of Uvicanium perished. Charcoal in the remains of the city show that it was destroyed by fire, and the skeletons found in the cellars, some crouching and some prostrate, show that the ruin was sudden and accompanied with horrible massacre. This buried city is on the estate of the Duke of Cleveland, who is an old man and grouty and has no interest in the exhumation. The Queen and the Prince of Wales offer to contribute to the entire uncovering of this dead city, provided the title of the ground be put in a shape that will secure its permanent possession as a place of public interest. Although but a small part has been exhumed, enough has been exposed to make the place worthy of a visit by every traveler. Here is the blacksmith shop with a stone anvil where they made plows and battle-axes. Here is the bath-room with floor beautifully tessellated, showing that those citizens admired cleanliness and art. Here is the heating apparatus by which the whole house was warmed seventeen hundred years ago. There is the masonry wonderful in the fact that the mortar has never since been equaled, for it is harder than the stone, in some places where the stone has crumbled the mortar standing firm. Capitals and bases and shafts show that the second century was not a whit behind the nineteenth in some things. Here is where the form of a female was found, and there the skull of an old man with one hundred and thirty-two pieces of coin near him, and a few heads of nails and some decomposed wood showing that the money was in a box. The old man, no doubt, at the time of the taking of the city, crawled in here to save his life and his treasure. The heads on the coins were those of Constantine, Valens, Julian, Theodore, and Tetricus.

Here are the storeroom and some specimens of burnt wheat. The houses had no upper stories and no staircases. In places you can see where the stones have been worn by the feet of seventeen centuries ago. Here is a room which must have belonged to some mechanic, a worker in bone. Here are the skeletons of horses and oxen of sixteen hundred years past. We pick up and put in our pocket a few specimens of teeth that ached fourteen hundred years ago. Here is a receptacle in which the inhabitants used to sweep the rubbish of the household, hair pins, bone needles, nails, oyster shells and broken pottery. The hair pins were made of bone, and thicken in the middle so as not to slip out from the coil of hair which adorned the females. Out of these ruins have been taken steelyards, a comb for scraping the skin in the baths, artists' palettes, a horse shoe, and medicine stamps. It seems the inhabitants were troubled with weak eyes, and all the medicine stamps indicate treatment for that disorder. The name of one of the enterprising doctors of the city is thus

preserved. Tiberius Claudius was the physician's name. But they are all gone, and Dr. Claudius has overtaken his patients. There are urns containing human ashes. There is the grave of a soldier by the name of Caius Mannius. Most of the skulls of the inhabitants are, eleven out of nineteen, deformed skulls, and one might suppose that it had been a city of deformed people, but it has been found that the pressure of the ground and the action of certain acids in the vegetable mould changes the shape of the skull, and so the people of that age and that city may have been as well formed as the inhabitants of our modern cities.

Place of interest untold! For ages the ruins were untouched. The ancients believed that these ruins were devil-haunted, and no man had the bravery to touch the spot. The



VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS.

following story about the place was told to William the Conqueror. Although the place was thoroughly given over to evil spirits, one Peverel armed himself with shield of gold and a cross of azure, and with fifteen knights and others went in and took lodging. The night came on full of thunder and lightning, and all fell flat on the ground in terror. But Peverel implored God and the Virgin Mary to defend him from the devil. Then the arch fiend approached, enough fire and brimstone pouring from his mouth to light up the whole region. Peverel signed himself with the sign of the cross, and attacked the champion of hell. When Satan saw the cross in the hand of Peverel he trembled and got weak, and surrendered. Then Peverel fell upon him, and cried: "Tell me, you foul creature, who you

are, and what you do in this town. I conjure you in the name of God and of the Holy Cross!" So the devil was defeated and driven out of the dead city of Uvicanium.

In this legend we may get intimation of how the fell spirit may be driven out of our living cities. He makes as fearful a fight now as when in thunder and lightning he dropped on Peverel and his brave knights in Uvicanium. But when Peverel lifted the cross his Satanic majesty got weak in the knees, and surrendered the city he had held so long. Not by sword or gun, or police club, or ecclesiastical anathema will the Satanic be expelled from New York, or Brooklyn, or London, but by the same weapon which Peverel carried. Lift it firmly, lift it high, lift it perpetually, the cross, the holy cross, the triumphant cross of the Christian religion. One flash of that will send consternation upon all the battalions diabolic. Thus may



PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON.

the boastful and proud cities of our time learn salutary lesson, from the twilight and midnight legends of the dead city of the dead centuries. As soon as you arrive in England for sight-seeing, make inquiry for the best way of getting to Uvicanium.

#### IRELAND.

We pass over to Ireland, the country that grew Oliver Goldsmith, Henry Grattan, Edmund Burke, and Daniel O'Connell.

Some of the people here remember this last giant, and how, as an Italian writer says, that when O'Connell applauded, or cursed, or wept, or laughed, all Ireland applauded, or cursed, or wept, or laughed with him. His manner must have been overwhelmingly magnetic. A gentleman who heard him, described to me O'Connell's wonderful adaptation to the style of his audience. Appearing before a rough, out-door crowd one day, he began

his address by saying: "How are you, boys? And how fare the women who own ye?"

There are no Irishmen now as prominent as were the great men above mentioned. But if the time should come that demanded the service of such men, they would spring up from the peat beds, and out of the pavements of Limerick and Ballycastle, all armed with pen, or sword, or speech, for the emergency. The Lord does not sharpen His weapons till He wants to use them. They are all ready to be put upon the grindstone of battle or national controversy as soon as needed. No oppression, no Robert Emmet; no struggle for independence, no Patrick Henry; no Austrian outrage, no Louis Kossuth; no American Revolution, no Washington; no Waterloo, no Wellington; no Warren Hastings' career, no Edmund Burke's nine-day speech; no Catholic emancipation, no fiery Daniel O'Connell. It is absurd to think that all the patriotism and courage of the world have died out with the heroes of the last generation. Tread on them, abuse them, maltreat them, drive them to the wall, and see if the Irish of 1895 will not fight as well as their illustrious ancestry.

This island has for me a complete fascination. Most travelers writing of it give their chief time to describing its destitution, but they would tell a different story if they would



QUEENSTOWN HARBOR, IRELAND.

only compare the Ireland of to-day with the Ireland of one hundred years ago. Ireland of to-day is a paradise compared with what it once displayed of drunkenness, dueling, gambling, and public violence. Not only the students of colleges went into bloody encounters, but professors. Hutchinson, the provost of a college, challenged and fought Doyle, a master in chancery, and the provost's son fought Lord Mountmorris. Dueling clubs were established—no one allowed to be a member until he had killed some one or tried to do so. At hotels weapons were kept for guests, in case they wanted to amuse themselves by killing each other. On one occasion while two were in duel, some one said, "For God's sake, part them!" "No," said the other, "let them fight it out; one will probably be killed and the other hanged for the murder, and society will get rid of two pests."

A gentleman seated at a hotel table had a covered dish passed to him from a gentleman at another table. The cover lifted from the dish revealed smoking potatoes. After a while another dish was handed on; the cover lifted, it revealed a loaded pistol, and the dinner hour ended in manslaughter.

All this fondness for dueling has passed, and in Ireland those who save life are more admired than those who take it. It is less than a century ago when ruffianism rode dominant.

If there were a fair daughter in a household, there was not a moment of domestic safety. Companies of bandits would attack the mansion and carry off the female prize, and if in accomplishing this it were necessary to kill the father and brother, the achievement was considered all the more brilliant, and the courts were slow to punish. While there were penalties threatened against such theft of household treasures, the law was evaded by putting the female on the horse of the bandit, and he rode behind so that it might be said she took him instead of his taking her. In this way the mansions and the castles of the princely were dishonoured, and the men foremost in such outrages were greeted and admired as heroes, and walked about in pretentious uniform—top boots and red waist-



VIEW OF LAKE KILLARNEY, IRELAND.

coats, lined with lace. Such men now would find short pilgrimage to the prisons of Ireland.

A century ago Ireland's literature was depraved to the last degree of indecency. The most popular song of the day was descriptive of a prison scene the night previous to public hanging, and was entitled "The Night Afore Larry Was Stretched." Now each city of Ireland has its eminent authors. Many of the newspapers and magazines are administrative of elevated literary and moral taste. A Belfast or Dublin shorthand writer can take down a speech as rapidly as the stenographer of a London or New York paper.

A century ago the amusements of the Irish people were cruel and barbarous. Bull-baiting was in high favor, the crowds looking on approvingly while the bull, fastened to a ring with a rope furnished by "the mayor of the ring," would be teased by the dogs, and they in turn bruised and tormented until sometimes a broken leg of the dog would have to be cut off so that, with the three remaining legs, it might, unimpeded, go on with the savagery.



The public executions were one of the popular amusements. The hangman would appear in grotesque apparel, a mask on his face and a huge hump on his back. One of these hangmen, Tom Galvin by name, was particularly celebrated for his hanging drollery. Nothing affronted him so much as the pardon of a criminal whom he expected to have the privilege of hanging. He would indignantly exclaim: "It's a hard thing to be taking the bread out of the mouth of an old man like me." Tom Galvin, the hangman, lived until



BLARNEY CASTLE, SHOWING BLARNEY STONE.

recently, and when called upon by curious people would take the old rope with which he used to hang prisoners and put it slyly around the neck of the unsuspecting visitor, giving it a sudden pull that would, by way of joke, turn the visitor black in the face.

All these styles of amusement have left Ireland, and crowded concert-halls, and costly picture galleries, and jaunting cars carrying the people out into the country for "an airing,"

suggest that while Ireland may not be as good and happy as we would wish, it is far better and happier than in olden times.

Ireland of a century ago had a character which illustrated the villainy of his time. "Tiger Roche," as he was called, was as bad as he was brave, and as mean as he was generous. Indeed he was a mixture of impossibilities. He attracted Lord Chesterfield by his suavity, and frightened the mountaineers with his ferocity. He was spoiled by the caresses of the great, and instead of availing himself of the grand opportunities opened before



FINGAL'S CAVE.

him went to work to see how much infamy he could achieve. He crossed to Canada and joined the Indians in their warfare against the white population, was charged with stealing a rifle, and utterly disgraced. Then he gave his life to wreaking vengeance on the heads of his slanderers. He returned to Ireland where he was being restored to favor, when the slander of the stolen rifle reached the "Emerald Isle." But the thief who stole the rifle died, and in his dying moments confessed himself the criminal. Soon "Tiger Roche" becomes leader in the attempt to put down Dublin ruffianism. The law breaker becomes the law

executor. Then he aspires to the hand of an heiress with a very large income, but before the day of marriage, because of his large expenditures of money, he is thrown into prison. He falls under the crushing misfortune, but rises again till he gets the nomination for Parliament, but he declines the nomination. He becomes fascinated with another heiress, gets her property and spends it till she and her mother have to retire in penury. He sailed for India, but on shipboard quarreled with the captain and so was turned in to mess with the common sailors. Getting on shore he watched for the captain with murderous intent, and the captain was found one morning dead with nine stabs in his left side. "Tiger Roche" fled to the Cape. Pursued there, he fled to Bombay. There he was caught, taken back to England and through some technicality of the law, acquitted. After all he died a natural death, although every day for three-fourths of his life was a robbery of the gallows. We can hardly imagine such a character in Ireland to-day. He was applauded and imitated.



ETON COLLEGE, NEAR WINDSOR CASTLE.

But law and order are as thorough to-day in Ireland as in any nation under the sun. The Presbyterians of the North and the Catholics of the South hate each other with a complete hatred, but the only war is a war of words.

Grievous wrongs is Ireland suffering, but her wrongs will be righted. Better than she was in the past, she will be far better in the future. An Irishman has held the highest legal position in England. The voice of Ireland is potent in the councils of Great Britain. Her desolations will be furrowed into harvests of civilization and Christian prosperity. Peace upon Ireland! May her wounds be healed, and her hunger fed, and her woes alleviated!

Leaving to other articles the stories of her mountains and cities as they now are, we conclude with the poet's apostrophe:

"Great, glorious and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea!"

\* \* \*

The Irish Channel treated us better than it treats most people. It lay down quietly till we got over it. In the calm, bright noon we landed. But your first step in Ireland reminds you of her sufferings. Within sight of where you land to take the cars for Belfast is the place where the Catholics were driven into the sea by their persecutors, and where nine hundred monks were murdered by the Danes.

No country has ever endured more sorrows than Ireland. But as you roll into Belfast you are cheered by a scene of prosperity. Belfast is the Chicago of Ireland. This city presented by James I. to Sir Arthur Chichester as an "insignificant village," now has two hundred and twelve thousand inhabitants, and all sails set for further progress. She makes enough linen to provide table coverings and surplices and undergarments for all the world. By an expenditure of one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars she has made her harbor easy of access to immense shipping. The thrift of the city, with the exception of occasional depressions, is unprecedented in Ireland. The people are kind, hospitable, enthusiastic, and moral. Her multitude of churches and religious institutions has had its evident effect on the population. Her monuments, banks, colleges, and bridges absorb the traveler's attention.

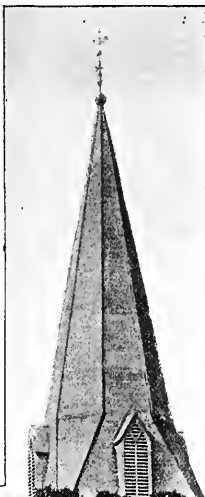
"Spanning the Lagan now we have in view  
The great Long Bridge with arches twenty-two."

Belfast has an array of very talented preachers. Her pulpit is second to no city under the sun. The churches are large and thronged. Her literary institutions have the ablest professorships, and the longest roll of students. If I wanted to live in Ireland and had my choice, I would live in Belfast.

Thence you will run up to Londonderry—a walled city, historical down to its last brick. You feel, as you enter the city, that you have passed out of this century into the seventeenth century, and you hear the guns of siege thundering against the walls. For one hundred and five days the assault lasted, till cats and dogs were attractive food to the starving inhabitants. Walker, the minister of the place, proved himself a patriot, and harangued the people to courage and endurance. A high monument has been raised to perpetuate his memory. Two thousand three hundred people died from the siege. So that the glory of the city is the glory of its majestic and Christian suffering. Ay! ay! it is always so. Nothing is won by man, or church, or community, or nation, but through fire.

In the outskirts of this city was the famous agricultural school, and on arriving I immediately asked for Templemoyle. Thackeray describes it as the most wonderful school in all the world. He liked it better than Eton. He said, after writing "Templemoyle," forty-seven years ago: "There are at this present writing five hundred boys at Eton, kicked and licked, and bullied by another hundred, scrubbing shoes, running errands and making false concords, and still calling it education!" Then he describes how superior this agricultural school was to all that, the doctor's bill for seventy pupils amounting to

thirty-five shillings per year. The boys o'clock a. m., and to have for breakfast made in stirabont, and one piint of sweet was printed at the beginning of the session, one man told me it had "gone" it had "gone up." But all agreed in the suppose that school, like many other in-by too many rules. Templemoyle is in matter of history. Walking around the can look off into the far past, and see the back King James, making themselves their courage is handed down from age shanks, Alexander Irving, James Stewart, Coningham, William Cairns, Samuel man dies well when he dies in the defence country. You take a short run by cars place on earth—the Giant's Causeway. as by mathematical calculation. A



were to rise at 5.30 eleven ounces of oatmeal milk. The bill of fare sion, and it makes me When I asked about the down," and another that fact that it had *gone*. I stitutions, had been killed private hands, and a mere ramparts of the city you apprentice boys driving immortal, for the roll of to age—William Crook-Robert Morrison, John Harvey, and others. A of his home, city or and reach the strangest The rocks here are cut man is a fool who can



STOKE POGIS CHURCH AND CHURCH-YARD OF GRAY'S ELEGY.

look at these rocks and not realize that the world had a design and a Designer. Was it nothing but chance that made them octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal? There are thirty-five thousand columns of rock more wonderful than all the sculptors and architects of the ages could have hewn them. Here are rocks called the Chimney Tops, which the Spanish Armada in the fog took for the towers of Dunluce Castle, and blazed away at, but got no answering cannonade save the echo of the everlasting hills. Here is what is called the "Giant's Organ," because the rocks resemble the pipes of that monarch of musical instruments. I would like to stand by this Giant's Organ during a thunderstorm and hear the elements play on it the Oratorio of the Creation.

Here also is the "Giant's Amphitheatre," the benches of rock extending round in



NORTH FRONT, WINDSOR CASTLE.

galleries above each other, suggesting a fit audience room for the gathering of the Judgment Day.

We got into a boat and with six oarsmen rowed out on the sea and hence into two of the caverns where the ocean rolls with a grandeur indescribable. The roof of the Duncerry Cave is pictured, and frescoed, and emblazoned by the hand of God. It is sixty feet high above high-water mark. As the boat surges into this cavern you look round, wondering whether there are enough oarsmen to manage it. A man fires a pistol that we may hear the report as loud in that cavern as the heaviest crash of an August thunderstorm. You swing round for a few moments in that strange temple and then come forth with an impression that you will carry forever. There can be no power in time or eternity to efface that stupendous memory. The rustic guides talk to you with the ease of a geologist about felspar and hornblende, and basalt, and trap rock.

Before you die you must see the Giant's Causeway. You go to look at a celebrated lake, but you have seen other lakes. You go to look at a high mountain, but you have

seen other mountains. You go to see a great city, but you have seen other cities. You go to see a famous tree, yet you have seen other trees. But there is nothing like the Giant's Causeway. It stands alone and aside from all geological wonders. The painter tries to sketch it and gives it a ten-pin alley appearance, the ten-pins just set up. There is no canvas high enough, no pencil skillful enough, no genius mighty enough to adequately present this curiosity. Ireland might well have been built, if for nothing but to hold the Giant's Causeway.

How do they account for this causeway? It seems that a Scotch giant was in quarrel with an Irish giant, and the Scotch giant told the Irishman that he would come over and give him a severe trouncing if it were not for getting his feet wet in the sea.

The Irish giant was spoiling for a fight, and so built a road across to Scotland. Then the Scotchman crossed over, and the Irishman punished him for his impudence with a shillalah. As time went by the High Road across the sea sank, leaving only the present remains called the Giant's Causeway.

But instead of this tradition, which says the road was built to let two belligerents cross over and meet each other in combat, I think it was built for the purpose of allowing the human mind to cross over from earth to heaven. It lifts us among the sublimities. I imagine that this is the last pillar of the earth that will give way. After the roof of the world has fallen in, and the capitals of the mountains shall have crumbled, and the foundation of the earth has sunk, these gray columns shall run their grandeur across the desolation, and these organ pipes of basalt sound forth the dirge of a dead and departed world.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

### ON THE HOME-STRETCH.

FIFTEEN hundred miles from Europe; fifteen hundred miles from America. Steamer *City of Paris*, of ten thousand five hundred tons. A company of passengers, intelligent and genial, and groups of female beauty, a very flower garden.

Yet condensation of all discomforts—rough nearly all the way, making the nights almost sleepless and the days dismal. Yet I am "homeward bound." I have traveled on this journey around the world, at least forty thousand miles, for it has not been a direct journey, but much of it zigzag, and up and down many countries. It has been arduous beyond description.

Would I advise others to take it? By no means, unless they have endurance and patience and courage well developed. No one can realize how big the world is nor how much energy it takes to circumnavigate it. Then there are so many exposures that no one unless in established and robust health, ought to undertake it. We crossed the tropics twice, and went



BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, ENGLAND.

from summer to winter and from winter back again to summer, and exchanged palm-leaf fans for overcoats, and went from ninety degrees heat to almost freezing point. We rode in cold cars without any stoves, and stayed in hotels where stoves had never been seen and fireplaces were unknown. Then there are all the perils of the sea, dangers of collision, and conflagration, and hurricane, and hidden rock. Then there are the possibilities of broken bridges, and misplaced switches, and mistakes of telegraphy during fourteen thousand miles of railroad travel. In India cholera was only three weeks ahead of us, and fevers were all around us. Change of water, or places where the drinking of water is suicide to a traveler. Fruits with germs of disease in them. Atmosphere surcharged with malaria.



I am glad beyond expression that I took the journey, but no inducement except the discharge of plain duty could ever start me again on such a circumlocution. The opportunities of mental enlargement are infinite. Such a journey opens a thousand more doors of knowledge than can ever be entered. It reveals religions, and displays customs, and exposes superstitions, and makes in one's mind a map of nations that no books can so fully give. Go if you have health to stand it, and can put to practical use that which you acquire by the process. Do not undertake it for restoration of health, unless you want to help occupy some foreign cemetery. Do not undertake it with the idea of pleasure, as when you go aboard a yacht, or pack your trunk for a summer watering-place, or call up the hounds for a deer hunt in the Adirondacks, lest you waste your time, and money, and



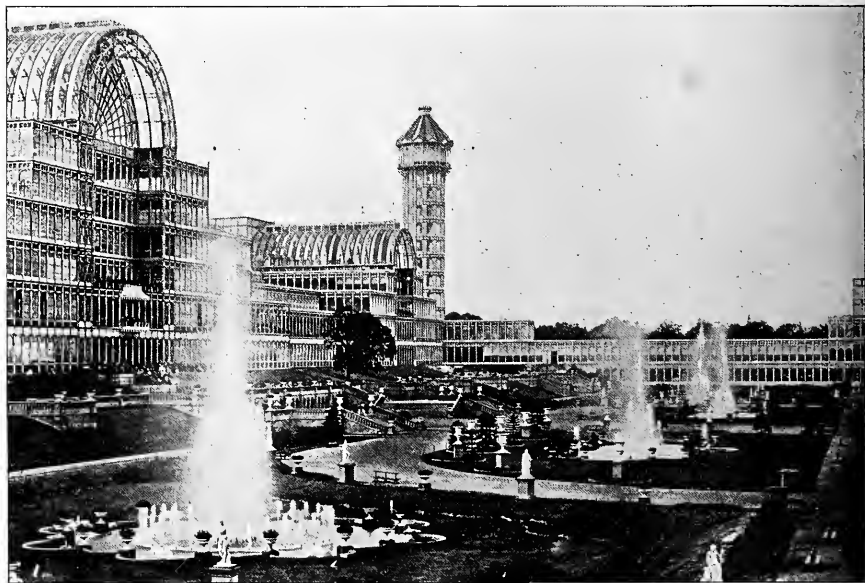
BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON.

patience on a planetary failure. To cross the Pacific, and Southern, and Indian, and Bengal, and Arabian, and Red, and Mediterranean, and Atlantic seas is a work so great that it ought to be well understood before starting.

The work is done, and I have an emotion of gratitude that cannot be expressed by any vocabulary. The ocean is a great liar. It says: "Come aboard the ship. I will rock you in what the poet appropriately called the 'cradle of the deep.' I will pass you to other continents on pavements of sapphire. Did you ever see a richer blue than that with which I dye my depths? Did you ever see a richer lace than that into which I weave my billows? Did you ever see a gayer plume than the feathery foam with which I adorn my crests? Did you ever hear a more devotional psalm than that which I chant for the voyagers? Step aboard. I am mild and beautiful and trustworthy. Such beautiful sea charts in the

captain's room! Such exquisite compass to tell the ship's bearings! Such dining-rooms of plush, and upholstery, and tables all aglitter with opulent cutlery and ruddy with fruits, and as smoke with the best food from land and sky and billow! All aboard for Melbourne, or Calcutta, or Brindisi, or Liverpool!" But twenty-four hours afloat, and her smiles are exchanged for frowns, and her dining-rooms are occupied by a few forlorn passengers holding on to plates to keep them from capsizing, and your trunks go skating up and down the room and you wish yourself ashore, and pronounce the ocean a liar. It would like to scare, to starve, to drown you. The greatest fun the ocean ever has is a shipwreck. But neither the voyage by sea nor the journey by land did me any damage. Not one accident in all the way by land or sea. Not a wound so much as the scratch of a pin.

I was impressed with two things on the journey. One was, how big the world is. Such wildernesses of water, so that I have been about seventy days on the sea! Such



CRYSTAL PALACE, SYDENHAM.

infinite land, occupied and unoccupied! A vast world. An astronomical immensity. If there had been no other world it would have done quite well for a Universe.

My other impression was, how small the world is. Around it so soon. The distances all the time abbreviated by fleetier rail trains and swifter steamships. And in all the journey I have not been a moment beyond the bounds of my parish. In all the cities, towns, neighborhoods, and railroad stations, old friends, though we had never before met. Men and women who said that I had more to do with their moral and spiritual destiny than I could ever imagine. I thought that I had found one exception at a railroad station in India where we stopped. But as I got out of the carriage a man stepped up and called me by

name, saying that he hoped he was not mistaken, and after I had assured him I was the man he spoke of, he said: "Now I can die in peace; I have seen you. Many years ago at Madras I first met your gospel message." All of which makes me want to get back again into my own study at home and get to making sermons.

I shall soon be looking for land. Yea, as I resume writing this chapter, the American shore appears. "Now that you have seen so many countries, what do you consider the best place to live in?" I answer with all the emphasis that I can command: "The United States of America." Had it not been so there would have been three hundred thousand Americans moving into Europe instead of three hundred thousand Europeans moving into America.

Have you realized our superior blessings atmospheric? Have you thought of the fact that the most of the millions of the human race are in climates frigid or torrid or horrid?



LAW COURTS, LONDON.

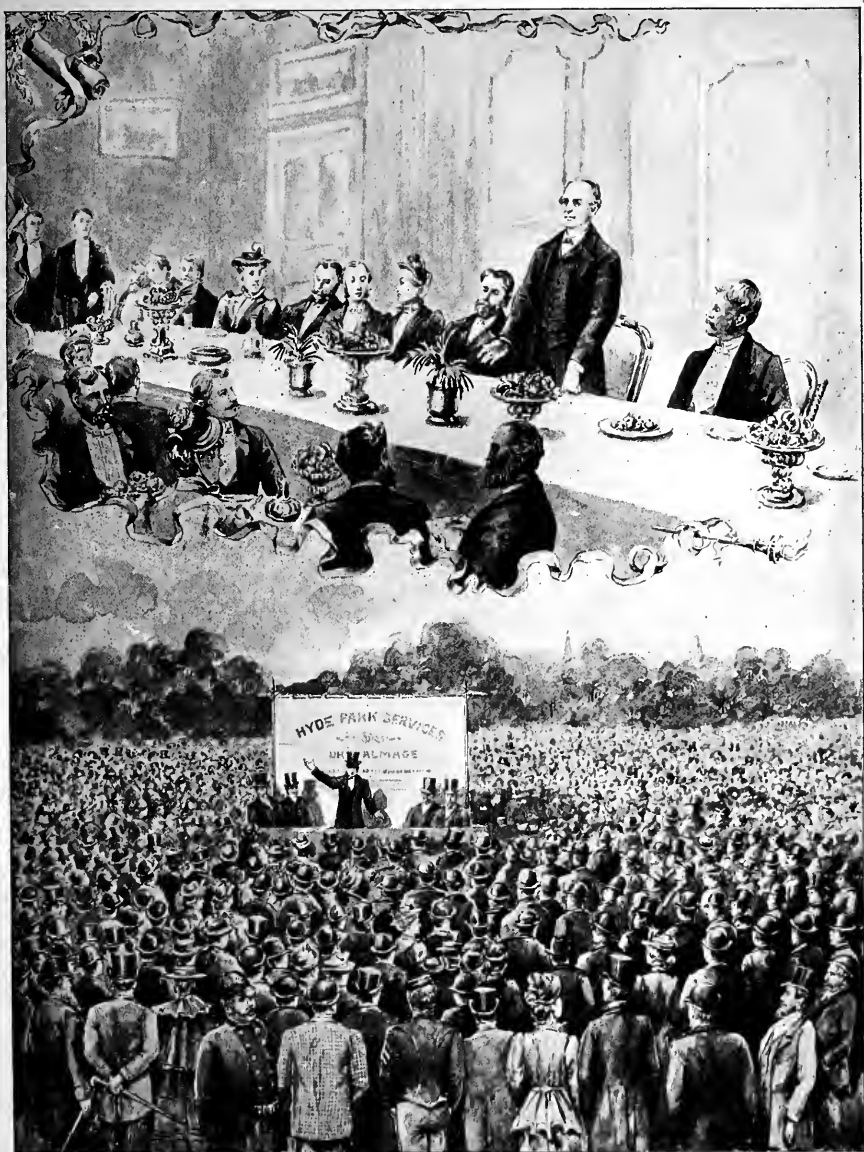
Take up the map of the world and thank God that you are so far off from Arctic icebergs on the one side and seven-foot-long cobras on the other. For what multitudes of the human race life is an Arctic expedition! Underground huts. Immeasurable barrenness. Life a prolonged shiver. Our front-door steps on a January night genial compared with their climate. Ask some of the Arctic explorers about the luxuries of life around the North Pole. Instead of killing so many brave men in Polar expeditions, we had better send messengers to persuade those pale inhabitants of polar climes to say good-bye to the eternal snows and abandon those realms of earth to the walrus and white bear, and shut up those gates of crystal, and come down into a realm where the thermometer seldom drops below

zero. Oh the beauties of Baffin's Bay, only six weeks in the year open! What a delightful thing when in those Arctic regions they milk their cows, and milk only ice cream. Let all those who live between thirty and fifty degrees of north latitude thank God, and have sympathy for the vast populations of both hemispheres who freeze between sixty and eighty degrees of latitude. Then compare our atmosphere with the heated air infested with reptilian and insectile life in which most of the human race suffer. Think of India and China and Ethiopia. Travelers tell you of the delicious orange groves, but ask them about the centipedes. They tell of the odor of the forests, but ask them about the black flies. They tell you about the rich plumage of the birds, but ask them about the malarias. They tell you about the fine riders, but ask them about the Bedouins and bandits. They tell you about the broad piazzas, but ask them about the midnights with the thermometer at an insufferable one hundred and ten. Vast cities of the torrid clime without sewerage, without cleansing, packed, and piled up wretchedness and all discomfort. What beautiful hyenas! What fascinating scorpions! What sociable tarantulas! What captivating lizards! What wealth of bugs! What an opportunity to study comparative anatomy and herpetology! What a chance to look into the open countenance of the pleasing crocodile! Hundreds of millions of people in such surroundings. I would rather live in one of our American cities in a house with two rooms than to live in the torrid lands and own all Mexico, all Brazil, all Hindostan, all Arabia, all China. In other words, I would rather live between thirty and fifty degrees of latitude and own nothing than to be between ten and thirty degrees of latitude. Thirty years of life in America, or a corresponding latitude, are worth more than eighty years of life anywhere else. We have the furs of the Arctic and the fruits of the Torrid with all the pleasurable respiration of the Temperate. God seems to say, "Come down North wind with a tonic, and come up South wind with a balm, and mix a healthful draught for the lungs of this nation!"

Again, there is not a land where wages and salaries are so large for the great masses of the people. In India four cents a day and find yourself is good wages. In Ireland, in some parts, eight cents a day for wages, in England, a dollar a day good wages—vast populations not getting as much as that. In other lands fifty cents a day and twenty-five cents a day clear on down to starvation and squalor. An editor in England told me that his salary was seven hundred and fifty dollars a year, and he seemed satisfied! Look at the great populations coming out of the factories of other lands, and accompany them to their homes, and see what privation the hard-working classes on the other side the sea suffer.

The laboring classes in America are ten per cent better off than in any other country under the sun—twenty per cent, forty per cent, fifty per cent, seventy-five cent. The toilers with hand and foot have better homes and better furnished. I do not write an abstraction. I know what I have seen. The stone masons and carpenters and plumbers and mechanics and artisans of all styles in America have finer residences than the majority of professional men in Europe. You enter the laborer's house on our side the sea and you find upholstery and pictures and instruments of music. His children are educated at the best schools. His life is insured, so that in case of his sudden demise the family shall not be homeless. Let all American workmen know that while their wages may not be as high as they would like to have them, America is the paradise of industry.

Again, there is no land on the earth where the political condition is so satisfactory as in ours. Every three years in the State and every four years in the nation we clean house. After a vehement expression of the people at the ballot-box in the annual election, they all seem satisfied, and if they are not satisfied, at any rate they smile.



DR. TALMAGE'S FAREWELL, MEETING AT HYDE PARK.

An Englishman asked me in an English rail-train this question : "How do you people stand it in America with a revolution every four years? Wouldn't it be better for you, like us, to have a queen for a lifetime and everything settled?" England changes government just as certainly as we do. At some adverse vote in Parliament out goes Disraeli and in comes Gladstone, out goes Gladstone in comes Salisbury, out goes Salisbury and in comes Gladstone again, or Lord Rosebery, or out goes Roseberry and in comes Salisbury. Administrations change there, but not as advantageously as with us, for there they may change almost any day, while with us a party in power continues in power four years.

It is said that in our country we have more political dishonesty than in any other land. The difference is that in our country almost every official has a chance to steal, while in other lands a few people absorb so much that the others have no chance at appropriation. The reason they do not steal is, they cannot get their hands on it! The governments of



CONWAY CASTLE, NORTH WALES, ONE OF THE NOBLEST CASTELLATED STRUCTURES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Europe are so expensive that after the salaries of the royal families are paid there is not much left to misappropriate.

The Emperor of Russia has a nice little salary of \$8,210,000. The Emperor of Austria has a yearly salary of \$4,000,000. Victoria, the Queen, has a salary of \$2,200,000. The royal plate of St. James' Palace is worth \$10,000,000. The Queen's hairdresser gets \$10,000 a year for combing the royal locks, while the most of us have to comb our hair at less than half that expense, if we have any to comb!

Over there, there is a host of attendants, all on salaries, some of them \$5000 and \$6000 a year. Master of Buck Hounds, \$8500 a year. Grand Falconer, \$6000 a year. (I translate pounds into dollars.) Gentlemen of the Wine and Beer Cellars, Controller of the Household, Groom of the Robes, Mistress of the Robes, Captain of Gold Stick, Lieutenant of Silver Stick, Clerk of the Powder Closet, Pages of the Back Stairs, Maids of Honor, Master of Horse, Chief Equerry, Equeries in Ordinary, Crown Equerry, Hereditary Grand Falconer, Vice Chamberlain, Clerk of the Kitchen, Master of Forks, Grooms in

Waiting, Lords in Waiting, Grooms of the Great Chamber, Sergeant at Arms, Barge Master and Waterman, Eight Bedchamber Women, Eight Ladies of the Bedchamber, Ten Grooms of the Great Chain, and so on, and so on, ad infinitum, ad nauseam.

All this is only a type of the fabulous expense of foreign governments. All this paid out of the sweat and the blood of the people. Are the people satisfied? However much

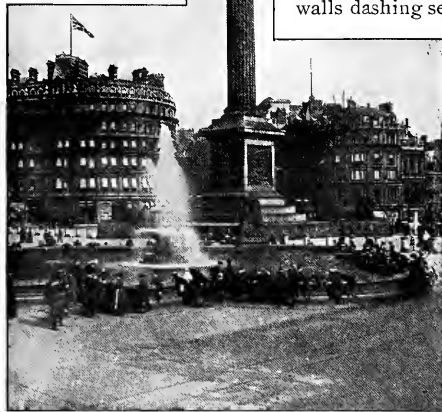


ST. JAMES PALACE, LONDON.

the Germans like William, and the Spaniards like their young King, and England likes her splendid Queen, these stupendous governmental expenses are built on a groan of dissatisfaction as wide as Europe. If it were left to the people of England, of Germany, of Austria, of Spain, of Russia, whether these expensive establishments should be kept up, do you doubt what the vote would be?

Now, is it not better that we be overtaxed and the surplus be distributed all over the land among the lobby men, and that it go into the hands of hundreds and thousands of people—is there not a better chance of its finally getting down into the hands of honest people, than if it were all built up, piled up, inside a garden or palace?

Again, the monopolistic oppression is less in America than anywhere else. The air is full of protest because great houses, great companies, great individuals are building such overtowering fortunes. Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor, stared at in their time for their august foreheads or New some imply a man's head proportioned size us compared with ecclesiastical expense and sup-sometimes in an or thirty people dollars. Cathedral masterpieces of



NELSON'S MONUMENT, TRAFALGER SQUARE, LONDON.

tunes, would not now be pointed at in the streets of Philadelphia as anything remarkable. These vast fortunes for pinchedness of want for others. A great protuberance on implies the illness of the whole body. These estates of dis-weaken all the body politic. But the evil is nothing with the monopolistic oppression abroad. Just look at their establishments. Look at those vast cathedrals built at fabulous ported by great ecclesiastical machinery at vast expense, and audience room that would hold a thousand people, twenty gather for worship. The Pope's income is eight million drals of statuary and braided arch, and walls covered with Rubens and Raphael and Michael Angelo; against all the walls dashing seas of poverty and crime and filth and abom-

ination. Ireland to-day one vast monopolistic devastation. About forty-five millions of people in Great Britain and yet all the soil owned by about thirty-two thousand. Statistics enough to shake the earth. Duke of Devonshire owning ninety-six thousand acres in Derby. Duke of Richmond owning three hundred thousand acres at Gordon Castle. Marquis of Breadalbane going on a journey of one hundred miles in a straight line, all on his own property. Duke of Sutherland has an estate as wide as Scotland, which dips into the sea on both sides. Bad as we have it in America, it is a thousand times worse there.

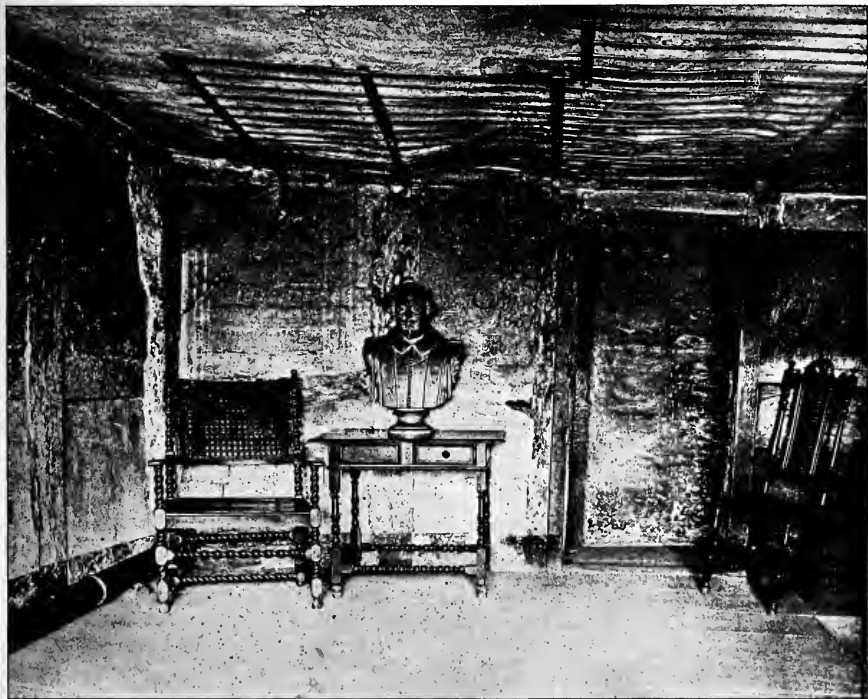
Beside that, if in America a few fortunes overshadow all others, we must remember there is a vast throng of other

people being enriched, and this fact shows the thriftiness of the country. It is estimated that there are over six thousand millionaires in the United States. In addition to this, you must remember that there are successes on less extended scales. Tens of thousands of people worth five hundred thousand dollars; scores of thousands worth one hundred thousand dollars each. Yea, the majority of the people of the United States are on their way to fortunes. They will either be rich themselves or their children will be rich.

If I should leave to some men the question: "Will you have a fortune and your children struggle on through their lives in the struggle you have had to make—will you have the fortune, or would you rather that they should have the fortune?" Scores of men



would say : " I am willing to fight this battle all the way through and give my children a chance ; I don't care so much about myself ; it's only for ten or twenty years, anyhow ; give my children a chance." If anything stirs my admiration it is to see a man without any education himself sending his sons to college, and without any opportunity for luxury himself, resolved that though he shall have it hard all the days of his life, his children shall have a good start. And I tell you, although some of our people may have great commercial struggle, there is going to be a great opening for their sons and daughters as they come on to take their places in society. Beside that, the domains of Europe and Asia are



ROOM IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

already full. Every place occupied, unless it be desert or volcano or condemned barrenness, while in America we have plenty of room, and the resources are only just opening. In other lands, if fortunes fatten, they must fatten on others ; but with us they can fatten out of illimitable prairies and out of inexhaustible mines.

We have only just begun to set the Thanksgiving table in our country. We have just put on one silver fork, and one salt cellar, and one loaf of bread, and one smoking platter. Wait until the fruits come in from all the orchards, and the meats from all the markets, and the vegetables from all the gardens, and the silver from all the mines, and the dinner

bell rings, saying: "Come and dine. Come all the people from between the two oceans. Come from between the Thousand Isles and the Gulf of Mexico. Come and dine!"

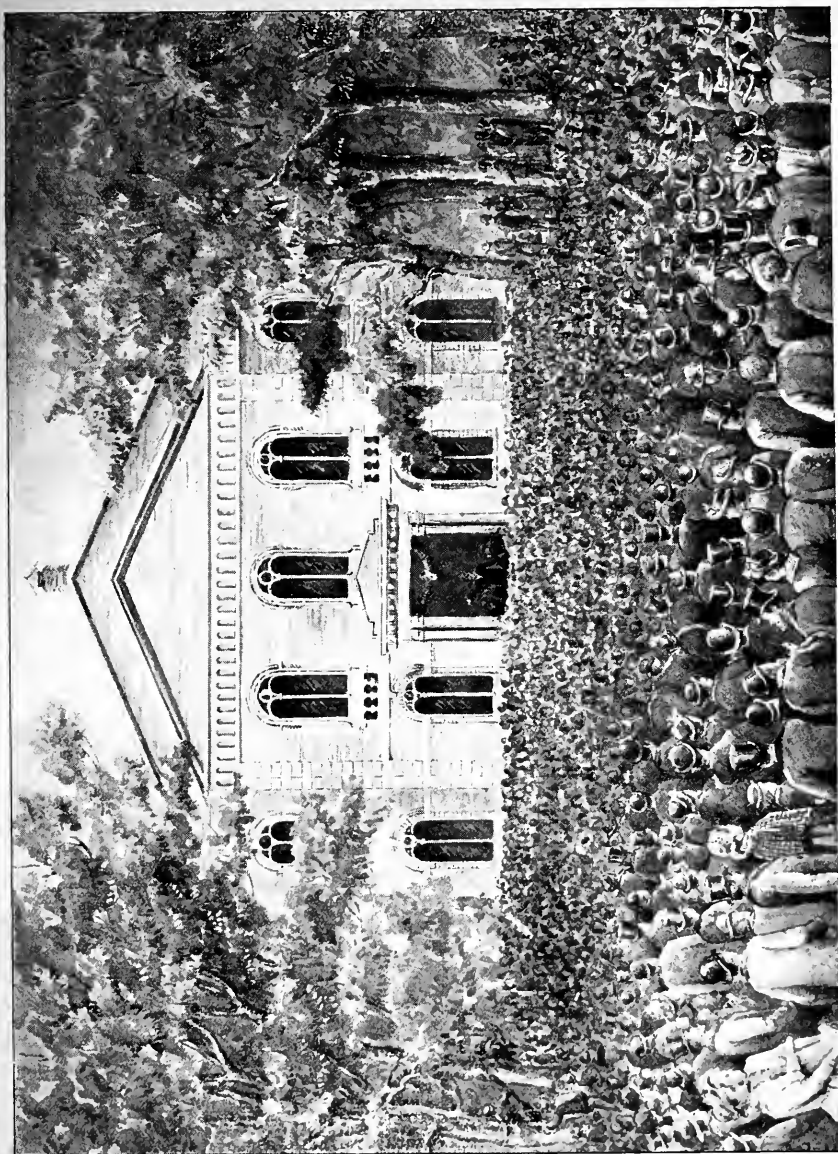
Again! our nation is more fully at peace than any other. At least fifteen million of men belong to the standing armies of Europe to-day. Since we had our conflict, on the other side the sea they have had Zulu war, Afghan war, Egyptian war, Russo-Turkish war, German-French war, Japan-Chinese war. No certainty about the future. All the governments of Europe watching each other, lest one of them get too much advantage. Diplomacy all the time nervously at work. Four nations watching the Suez Canal as carefully as four cats could watch one rat.

In order to keep peace, intermarriages of royal families; some bright princess compelled to marry some disagreeable foreign dignitary in order to keep the balance of political power in Europe, the illy matched pair fighting out on a small scale that which would have been an international contest, sometimes the husband holding the balance of power, sometimes the wife holding the balance of power. One unwise stroke of Gladstone's pen after Garnet Wolseley had captured Tel-el-kebir, and all Europe would have been one battlefield. Crowded cities, crowded governments, crowded learned institutions, crowded great cities close by each other.

You get in the cars in America, and you ride one hundred or one hundred and fifty miles; then you come to a great city, as Philadelphia, as Albany, as Boston. I got on the cars at Manchester, and closed my eyes for a long sleep before I got to Liverpool. In forty minutes I was aroused out of sleep by some one saying, "We are here; this is Liverpool." The cities crowded. The populations crowded, packed in between the Pyrennes and the Alps, packed in between the English Channel and the Adriatic, so closely they cannot move without treading either on each other's heels or toes. Sceptres clashing; chariot wheels colliding. The nations of Asia and Europe this moment wondering what next. But on our continent we have plenty of room and nobody to fight. Eight million square miles in North America and all but one-seventh capable of rich cultivation, implying what fertility and what commerce! Four great basins pouring their waters into the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic and Gulf of Mexico. Shore line of twenty-nine thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine miles. The one State of Texas with more square miles than all France, than all Germany.

That our continent might have plenty of elbow room and not be jostled by the effete governments of Europe, God sank to the depths of the sea a whole continent that once ran from off the coast of Europe to the coast of America—the continent of Atlantis—which allowed the human race to pass from Europe to America on foot, with little or no shipping; that continent dimly described in history, but the existence of which has been proved by archaeological evidences innumerable; that whole continent sunken so that a fleet of German, British and American vessels had to take deep sea soundings to touch the top of it; that highway from Europe to America entirely removed so that for the most part only the earnest and the persevering and the brave could reach America and that through long sea voyage.

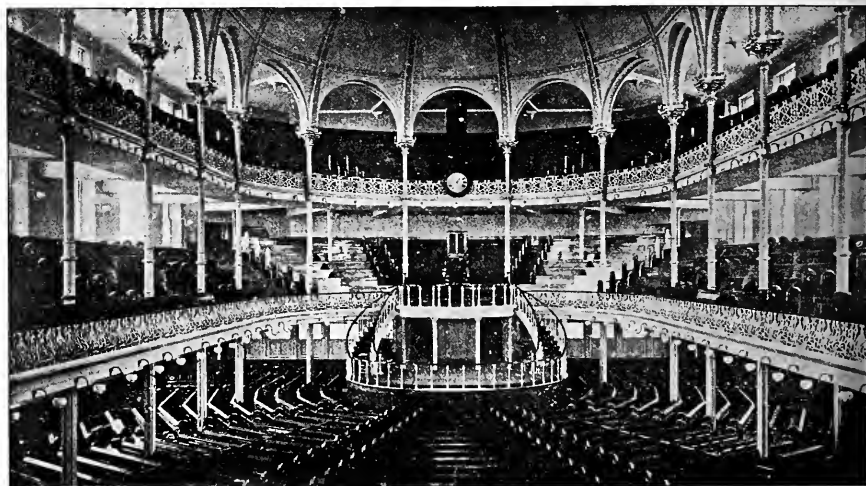
Governments on the southern tip of this continent are gradually coming to the time when they will beg for annexation. On the other hand beautiful and hospitable Canada, the vast majority of the people there are more republican than monarchical in their feelings, and the chief difference between them and us is that they live on one side of the St. Lawrence and we on the other. The day will come when Canada will be found waiting for our government to propose marriage, and when we do so, she will look down and blush, and,



DR. TALMAGE ADDRESSING A MONSTER OPEN-AIR SERVICE AT JOHN WESLEY'S CHURCH.

thinking of her allegiance across the sea, will say: "Ask mother." Peace all over the continent, and nothing to fight about. What a pity that slavery is gone! While that lasted we had something over which the orators could develop their muscles of vituperation and calumny.

We are so hardly put to it for military demonstration that guns and swords and cannon were called out a few years ago to celebrate the bi-centennial of William Penn, the peaceful Quaker for whom a gun would never have been of any use except to hang his broad-brim hat on. Oh, what shall we do for a fight? Will not somebody strike us? We cannot draw swords on the subject of civil service reform, or free trade, or "corners" in wheat. Our ships of war are cruising around the ocean hoping for something interesting to turn up. Sumter and Moultrie and Pulaski and Fortress Monroe have not spoken in twenty-nine



SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE.

years. Gunpowder out of fashion, and not even allowed the juvenile population on Fourth of July. Fire crackers a sin.

America is struck through and through with peace. There is hardly a Northern city where there are not Confederate generals in its law offices or commercial establishments or insurance companies. There you sit side by side—you who wore the blue and you who wore the gray—you who kindled fires on the opposite side of the Potomac in the winter of 1862—you who followed Stonewall Jackson toward the North and you who followed General Sherman toward the South. Why are you not breaking each other's heads?

Ah! you have irreparably mixed up your politics. The Northern man married a Southern wife, and the Southern man married a Northern wife, and your children are half Mississippian and half New Englander, and to make another division between the North and the South possible you would have to do with your child as Solomon proposed with the child brought before him in judgment; divide it with the sword, giving half to the North

and half to the South. No! there is nothing so hard to split as a cradle. Intermarriage will go on and consanguineal ties will be multiplied, and the question for generations to come will be, how we people in America got into such an awful wrangle and went to digging such an awful grave trench.

Again! we have a better climate than in any other nation. We do not suffer from anything like the Scotch mist or the English fogs or from anything like the Russian ice blast or from the awful typhus of Southern Europe or the Asiatic cholera. Epidemics in America are exceptional—very exceptional. Plenty of wood and coal to make a roaring fire in winter time. Easy access to sea beach or mountain-top when the ardors of summer come down. Michigan wheat for the bread, Long Island corn for the meal, New Jersey pumpkins for the pies, Carolina rice for the queen of puddings, prairie fowl from Illinois, fish from the Hudson and the James, hickory and hazel and walnuts from all our woods,



NEW YORK BAY, CASTLE GARDEN AND STATUE OF LIBERTY.

Louisiana sugar to sweeten our beverages, Georgia cotton to keep us warm, oats for the horses, carrots for the cattle, and oleomargarine butter for the hogs! In our land all products and all climates that you may desire.

Are your nerves weak and in need of bracing up? Go North. Is your throat delicate and in need of balmy airs? Go South. Do you feel crowded and want more room? Go West. Almost anything you want you can have. Plenty to eat, plenty to wear, plenty to read.

Yes! yes! I have seen the world for myself, and I come home more in love with America than ever before.

What a delightful time this noon to be sailing up the New York Harbor! The fact is, I am afraid of the sea. Few people confess it, but I must confess it. With few exceptions it has treated me well. But this Atlantic voyage is one of the exceptions. So also was the shaking up we got the first night out from San Francisco, and the last night before reaching

New Zealand, and the voyage from there to Australia. I admire the sea when I stand on shore and look at it, but when sailing upon it and watching some of its paroxysms of rage, its billows seem like so many raving monsters ready to devour. At Calcutta, at the Zoological Garden, I saw the Bengal tigers and heard them growl, and saw them paw the iron bars in effort to get at us. Yet they were caged, and there was no danger. But the ocean is one hundred thousand Bengal tigers, and they run their paws up the side of the ship and say: "Why take those people into New York Harbor? Give them to us! You must think that ocean billows are never hungry! How we would like with our long tongues to lick their blood! Give us that ocean steamer!" Yes, I am afraid of the ocean. Were it not for the entertaining sights on the other side of the sea and the enlargement foreign travel gives to the traveler, I would never step on board a ship. The only part of an ocean voyage I enjoy is going ashore, and I shall soon have that opportunity. Yet this I write on board as grand a steamer as ever with its screw bored its way through the Atlantic; a steamer commanded by Captain Watkins, than whom no more competent or affable officer ever trod the ship's bridge in a cyclone; a steamer in which all the appointments are so complete that I cannot think of a possible improvement. The Bible says a thing which exactly suits me where it prophesies the arrival of a time when "there shall be no more sea." I should like to preach its funeral sermon, but it will take a big cemetery to hold the dead Atlantic, and the dead Pacific, and the dead Mediterranean, and the dead Indian Ocean.

Through the narrows and into New York Harbor. Sandy Hook even looks beautiful: I think I must be a poor sailor. Statue of Liberty still holding its torch on one side. Staten Island with its wealth of comfortable homes on the other. Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton with their dogs of war chained and their lions of terror sound asleep on their iron paws. New Jersey over there, the place of my cradle. Long Island over there, the place of my grave. Between the shores the great sapphire pathway of nations. The mammoth ship on which we sail but one of whole fleets of vessels which, bearing all flags from all nations, have floated here. What innumerable keels, wooden, or iron, or steel, have plowed here for what harvests of commercial ingathering! What foreign "men-of-war" in Revolutionary times passing up to sink at Hell Gate! Up this bay have come what patriots from all lands; what escaped captives of all tyrannies; what friends and coadjutors from all zones—Lafayette, Kosciuszko and Kossuth! Mighty New York Harbor! Every curve of its shores; every shimmer of its waves; every toss of crystalline brightness from the cut-water of its shipping, suggesting the prosperities of the past and the greater prosperities of the future. Glorious New York Harbor! This is the thirteenth time I have entered it from transatlantic voyage, but it never looked so inviting as to-day; perhaps because I am home-sick after the longest absence of a lifetime. But it does seem as if the banks were more graceful, and as if the sunlight had threads more golden, and as if the breath of the orchards, and gardens, and fields were more aromatic, and as if the clouds now hovering had charioteers more richly attired to guide them. Yes, there are the spires of the old churches where many generations have worshiped. There are the storehouses where the merchants of other days bartered. There are the streets along which the beaux and belles of this century, when it was young, walked, and smiled, and coquetted. And there is the Brooklyn Bridge throwing its arm from city to city as sister links her arm in the arm of sister. Lovely New York Harbor! Happy be all the hearts that sail over it! Welcome all the be-stormed crafts that seek its shelter! Blown to atoms be all the foreign war shipping that shall put its accursed prows into its now peaceful waters!



HOME AGAIN—DRAWING ROOM IN DR. TALMAGE'S BROOKLYN RESIDENCE.

And now my long journey is ended. I have girdled the earth with travel, and am at the front steps down which I came on the night of May fourteenth, to start on my journey around the world. How different the emotions with which I ascend them from the emotions with which I descended them. Then the journey was before me; now the journey is behind me. Then it was good-bye; now it is welcome. The door is opened, and I pass in and am at home, the brightest place on earth. During my journey I have been in larger dwellings, and amid costlier tapestry, and amid more expensive pictures, and under grander arches, but in my memory they all fall into insignificance compared with this abode. Every room associated with some scene of domestic life. This one a birthplace; that one a bridal arch; another a death chamber; and for seventeen years associated with stirring experiences



SLEEPING ROOM AT DR. TALMAGE'S HOME.

in which sunshine and shadows have chased each other. Cowper sang the praises of the sofa; if I were a poet I would put into rhythm these chairs, and tables, and family pictures. But as I enter after long sojourn they all chime their own rhythm; they all ring their own cantos; they all speak their own salutations. Home! It is a charmed word. Through that one syllable thrill untold melodies, the laughter of children, the sound of well-known foot-steps, and the voices of undying affection. Home! I hear in that word the ripple of meadow brooks in which knee-deep we waded, the lowing of cattle coming up from the pasture, the sharp hiss of the scythe amid thick grass, the creaking of the hay rack where we tramped down the load. Home! Upon that word there drop the sunshine of



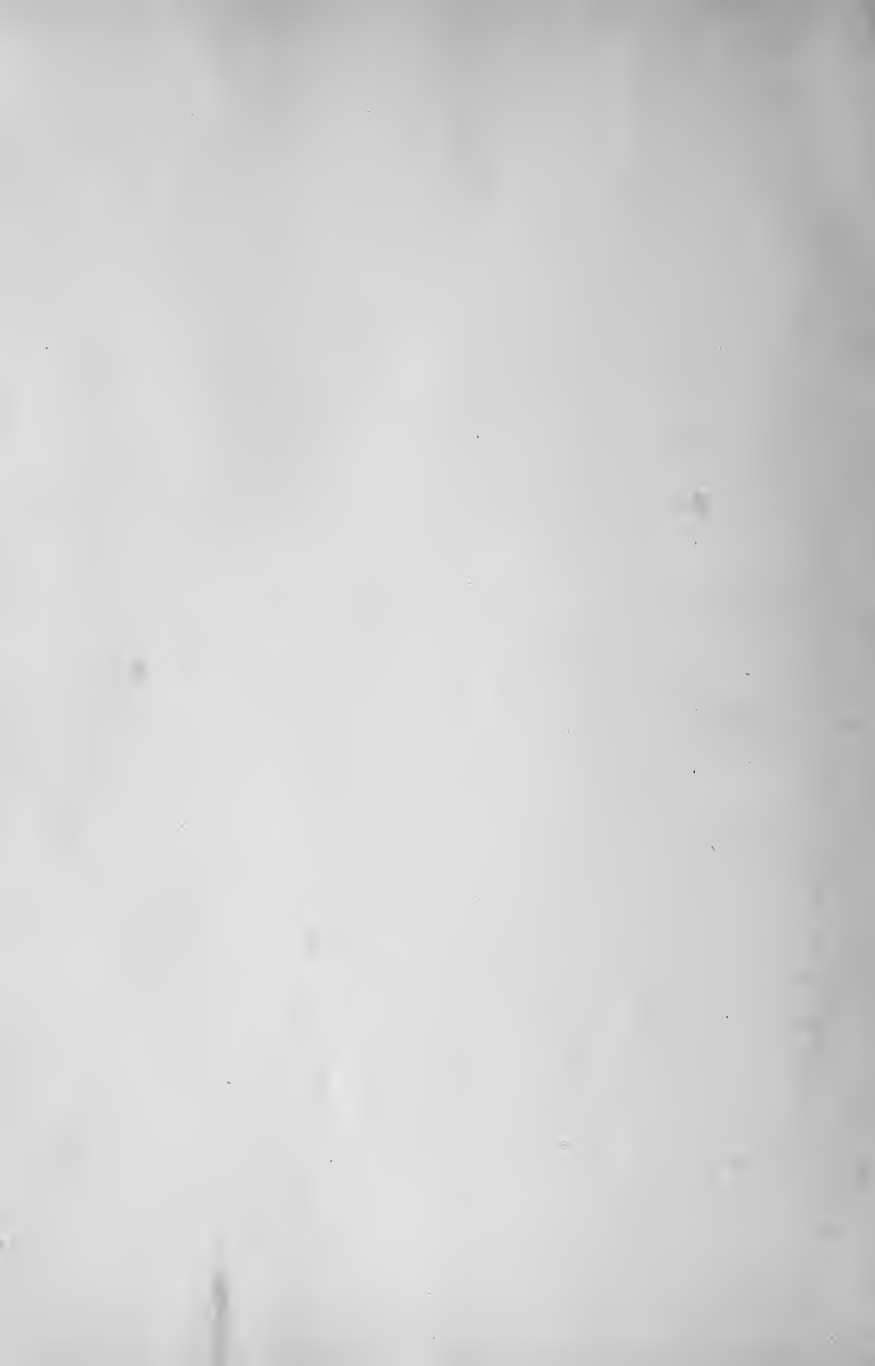
boyhood, and the shadow of tender sorrows and the reflection of ten thousand fond memories. Home! When I see it in book or newspaper, that word seems to rise and sparkle and leap and thrill and whisper and chant and pray and weep. It glitters like a shield. It springs up like a fountain. It trills like a song. It twinkles like a star. It leaps like a flame. It glows like a sunset. It sings like an angel. And if some lexicographer, urged on by a spirit from beneath, should seek to cast forth that word from the language, the children would come forth and hide it under garlands of wild flowers, and the wealthy would come forth to cover it up with their diamonds and pearls; and kings would hide it under their crowns, and after Herod had hunted its life from Bethlehem to Egypt, and utterly given up the search, some bright warm day it would flash from among the gems, and breathe from among the flowers, and toss from among the coronets, and the world would read it bright, and fair, and beautiful, and resonant as before, Home! Home! Home!



A BURMESE BELLE.

Burmah, like Siam, its close neighbor, is the land of the White Elephant and of other strange conceits in social customs as well as religion. The illustration above represents a young lady of the aristocracy, clothed in the most costly and fashionable raiment of the period. A habit among these people, especially prevalent among rich ladies, is that of chewing the betel-nut, which colors the teeth a jet black, and a majority of them are also inveterate cigarette smokers.







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